This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

**Usage guidelines**

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

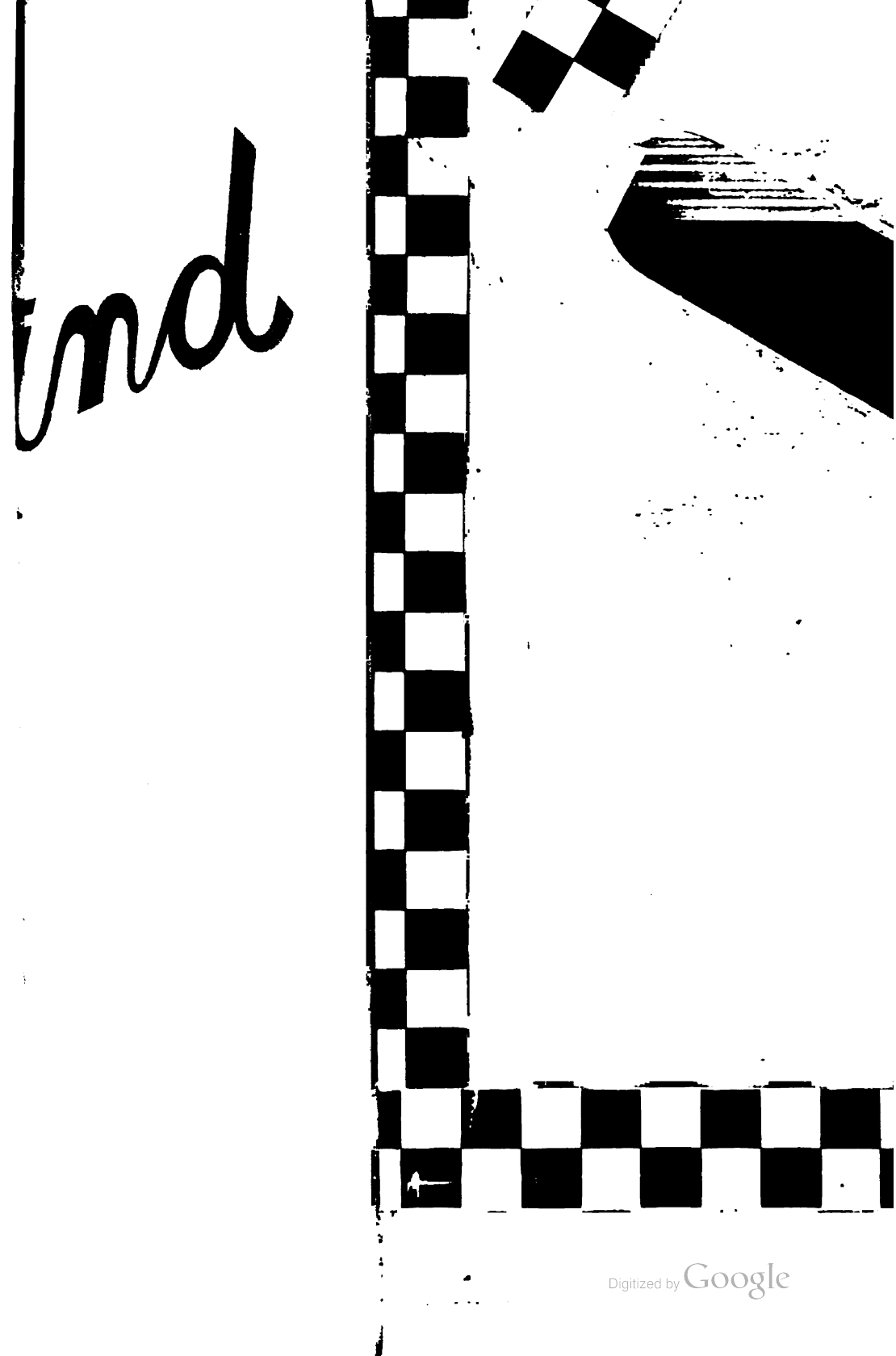
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

**About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`



Digitized by Google

~~Phil 22.7~~
KF 2062

HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY

FROM THE BEQUEST OF
JAMES WALKER
(Class of 1814)
*President of Harvard College*
"Preference being given to works in the Intellectual and Moral Sciences"

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

# MIND

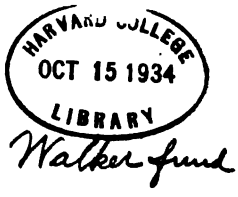
VOL. II.

APRIL—SEPTEMBER, 1898.

NEW YORK
THE ALLIANCE PUBLISHING COMPANY
"LIFE" BUILDING

Digitized by Google

Δ
~~Phil 22.7~~
✓
KF 2062




COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY
THE ALLIANCE PUBLISHING COMPANY

Digitized by Google

THE whole nation needs a new religious view and inspiration. The churchman, the politician, the business man, the workingman—all need a new and higher sense of the dignity of human nature, and of the divine, eternal issues of human life and destiny.—*Edwin D. Mead.*

Digitized by Google

# MIND: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF LIBERAL AND ADVANCED THOUGHT.

JOHN EMERY McLEAN, Editor.


## Business Announcement.


MIND is issued on the first of every month.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION for the United States, Canada, and Mexico, $2.00; single copies, 20 cents. Foreign countries in the Postal Union, ten shillings; single copies, one shilling. In advance, post-paid.

REMITTANCES may be made by cash, draft or check bankable in New York, or postal or express money order.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—The address of subscribers will be changed as often as desired. Both old and new addresses must be given.

MANUSCRIPTS.—Articles, poems, etc., submitted for publication must be accompanied by postage for return, if found unavailable.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—Copy for advertisements should be delivered not later than the 20th of the month, if intended for the next issue. Rates made known upon request.

AGENTS.—Liberal commissions are allowed to agents who have an extensive acquaintance among interested people.

COMPLAINTS.—Subscribers who fail to receive the magazine regularly, and those who are unable to purchase it at any news-stand, will confer a favor by notifying the publishers.

COMMUNICATIONS intended for the editorial department should be addressed: "Editor of 'Mind,' 'Life' Bldg., New York," and those intended for the business department: "The Alliance Publishing Co., 'Life' Bldg., New York."


## PROSPECTUS CONDENSED.

Sincere friends of the cause of spiritual freedom and universal brotherhood have for some time been impressed with the need of a strictly high-class periodical representing *all* phases of the "new thought." It is confidently believed by keen observers that their fundamental principles are identical, and that the establishment of this unitary basis would greatly facilitate the work in every legitimate field of action.

In full recognition of this demand, The Alliance Publishing Company begs to announce the publication of "MIND." This periodical will owe allegiance to no school, sect, system, cult, or person. Its sole aim will be to aid in the progress of mankind through a cultivation of the knowledge of Truth wherever found, regardless of individual prejudices and preconceptions. The responsibility for statements made in signed articles will be assumed by the individual contributors; but it shall be our constant endeavor to get such material only from authoritative sources.

A question of vital importance to humanity is the prevention and cure of disease through the understanding and application of Law, which regulates life in its varying phases of spiritual, mental, and physical development. Our treatment of this subject will be truly instructive and educational. The teaching will relate to practice as well as to theory. Although this science of healing through mind is taught under many names and has various modes of application, yet it is essentially simple and practical, and we shall hope to give to the abstract principles a concrete setting at once beneficent and convincing.

Among the many occult and psychic questions that may be regarded as within the purview of this magazine are: Reincarnation and Adeptship; Telepathy, or direct thought-transference; Hallucinations and Premonitions; Phantasms of the living and Apparitions of the dead; Clairvoyance and Clairaudience; Psychometry and Psychography, or independent and automatic writing; Inspirational Speaking; the Mediumistic Trance; Spirit-photography, so called; Phrenology and Palmistry; Astrology and Symbolism; Hypnotism, its therapeutic and medico-legal aspects and attendant phenomena of auto-suggestion and multiplex personality. The study of comparative religions will be made a feature of this magazine and dealt with in an impartial and satisfactory manner. Well-written articles of moderate length are solicited from competent authorities on these and kindred subjects.

While granting due credit to Hindu metaphysics and the mysticism of the Orient in general, we are yet inclined to look for the development of a Western Psychology that will harmonize with the conditions of life in the Occident, at the same time tending to promote the spiritual welfare of the race as a whole. "MIND" hopes to become a factor of increasing importance in its growth, and in the work herein outlined we invite the co-operation and support of all true lovers of humanity.


Digitized by Google

# MIND.

VOL. II. APRIL, 1898. No. 1.

## MENTAL TELEGRAPHY.

BY DOCTOR C. W. HIDDEN.

Mental telegraphy—the direct transference of thought from brain to brain without a material conductor—is a subject that has deeply interested the writer for many years. The word *telepathy* is commonly used to express the same idea. Some scientific investigators affect to sneer at mental telegraphy, declaring thought-projection to be an impossibility, at the same time accepting without question stupendous stories founded upon the inferential and purely speculative—albeit bearing a tag marked "scientific." Such persons, however, are apt to forget that what we laughed at yesterday is the admitted truth of to-day, and that the dreams of to-day are likely to become the demonstrated facts of to-morrow.

The rocks on the shores of Bornholm shoot magnetic rays over the water, affecting the compass of ships nine miles away; but the human mind project a thought-wave—never! An invisible, mysterious thing called "magnetism" may be projected from pole to pole; but the human soul think outside imaginary fixed limits—never! Man may apparently set Nature's laws at defiance; Tesla may rend an iron bar by destroying the cohesion of its particles; we may build, destroy, and rebuild; but think beyond the confines of the skull—never! And yet these things occur every hour in the day.

Digitized by Google

We have frequent illustrations of the direct transference of thoughts, impressions, and promptings. For instance, we meet a person for the first time; we are courteous, as becomes polite custom, but hesitate to continue the acquaintance. We shake hands with one, and politely overlook the proffered hand of another. One person pleases, another displeases; one enters our presence scattering sunbeams by the way, the other brings cloud and storm. Again, we speak of a friend, and a moment later he appears; we feel impressed we shall see or hear from a dear one, and receive a letter or a despatch announcing an early home-coming; we are depressed, certain that "something has happened," and get early news of an accident to some member of the family. Men, women, and children give expression to the same thoughts simultaneously; writers produce poem, song, or story, only to find that another has already published, or is about to publish, the same thing. It is plain that "coming events," in the shape of thoughts, impressions, and promptings, *do* "cast their shadows before." To the thoughtful it is no longer the fact, but the explanation of the fact, that puzzles.

Like most things under the sun, thought-transference, mind-reading, and the like, are not new. Far from it. Ancient history abounds in examples explainable upon no other known hypothesis. A case in point is revealed in the account wherein the King of Syria, complaining that his movements must have been made known by one of his servants, is told: "None, my lord, O King; but Elisha, the prophet that is in Israel, telleth the King of Israel the words that thou speakest in thy bedchamber." The sensitive, or percipient, is able to-day, as of old, to absorb thoughts at a distance, as well as to receive and transmit them direct.

In the practise of telepathy, time and space are not important factors, and distance is no barrier to the exercise of the faculty. There is nothing mysterious about it:

Digitized by Google

telepathy, in a word, is merely thinking plus projection—a phenomenon as simple and as natural as the act of breathing. Travelers say that the men that compose what is known as the "secret mail" in India have long practised the sending of thought-messages, and Stanley says they gave out in the marts of Calcutta news of important battles fought in the interior days in advance of the arrival of the government courier. Writers of repute state that mind-reading and thought-transference are not unknown among nuns and ascetics; Mr. Newcomb and the Psychical Researchers have published accounts of their work along similar lines; and the present writer has been sending mental despatches for years.

The chief difficulty in the way of a clear understanding of the simplicity that attends the study and practise of telepathy may be summed up in the phrase *faulty training.* We have been so trained in the practical, yet skeptical, that we have come to reason that nothing is to be accepted or believed in save that which can be seen, felt, and handled—much as we see, feel, and handle a block of wood or a lump of coal. We are too apt to regard new things as deep, puzzling, abstruse, etc., forgetful that there is naught in life that savors of mystery but those things to which we ourselves impart that quality. There is nothing really deep or puzzling when we once grasp its fundamental principle. Simplicity is the supreme and guiding star throughout the whole of Nature. And this is as true of telepathy as of any other natural phenomenon.

The idea has become fixed in our minds that the sending of a despatch implies, necessarily, a system of batteries, poles, wires, and other familiar paraphernalia. But we should not allow ourselves to forget that, at an experimental station in England, telegraphing has been carried on for years without poles or wires; that despatches can be transmitted between ships at sea; that messages have been exchanged between express trains moving in opposite

Digitized by Google

directions; and that Tesla declares his ability instantaneously to send a message completely around (or through) the earth without the aid of either pole or wire.

Regarding a medium of communication in mental telegraphy, I believe there exists in Nature an atmospheric stratum, or thought-ether, through which mind can communicate with mind, consciously as well as unconsciously. Things are constantly occurring in our lives that prove that mind can communicate with mind independent of the usual channels, and take cognizance of events transpiring at great distances. The writer has no hesitancy in prophesying that mental telegraphy will yet become a fact beyond dispute even by the most skeptical; that trained psychics will send thought-messages to and fro over the land and beyond the seas; and that the handling of such communications will be reduced to an exact science and made of practical use in the every-day affairs of the world.

This leads, naturally, to a consideration of the origin and scope of thought. Men are seeking to learn its source, and are even speculating with regard to thought-composition. The writer has always maintained that thought is real—that "thoughts are things." In support of this belief, we have recent and unexpected evidence in thought-photography; in the mechanical registering and measuring of thoughts; and in the boring of a hole through an inch plank by the power of thought applied to specially devised apparatus. Surely, in view of such striking proofs of materiality, thoughts may be regarded as at least kin to reality.

Incidentally, it is in order to discuss the brain as an agent in thought-production. We have been taught that thought has its origin in the gray matter of the brain; but now daring writers are beginning to inquire, "Which brain"? The one with which we are familiar is not the only piece of thinking apparatus in the human body. The

Digitized by Google

muscles possess a sense of their own, called "the muscular sense"; the spinal column appears to have a special consciousness of its own; the solar plexus, which is so intimately connected with the operation of the involuntary functions, "is made up," as one medical writer puts it, "of millions of little brains." All the more important organs reveal a special complement of gray matter at particular points or parts, and seem to think and act on their own account, independent of the brain.

Then what of thought? Is it a direct or an indirect product of the brain? or is the brain merely an instrument utilized in giving expression to thought? It seems to me that, while the brain may be convenient for the storage and expression of thought energy, thought itself is not wholly dependent upon it.

What, then, is the office of the brain? What part does it play in the human economy? The brain is a thought-storehouse; a battery, or combination of batteries, for the production and distribution of nerve-energy; an instrument played upon by the Soul-man; an organ of value to us in many ways while we live here, but of as little use as any other vacated apartment when we move on to the "house of many mansions."

The more we study and the closer we investigate, the more convincing appears the evidence that the brain is not the source of thought. Its true source is as yet beyond the grasp of physical science: it seems dependent upon some outer agent, or agency. The exercise of the faculty of clairvoyance, by means of which we see at a distance; telepathy, or sensing at a distance; telergy, or action at a distance; mental telegraphy, or telegraphing from brain to brain, from soul to soul—all these prove, or at least indicate, the possession of special senses, or rather special extension of the ordinary senses, by means of which we are able to come in contact with forces with which

Digitized by Google

something higher than mere brain-substance is forever in accord and attune.

Nerve-centers and nerve-cells appear to be but way-stations, receiving impressions from a source that breathes defiance to the scalpel and the microscope. Thought is an expression of spiritual energy. Its source must be sought by method and rule not set forth in books. The brain must be studied along psychical as well as physical lines. Only in this way shall we arrive at the truth with respect to the office of this interesting and important organ; and only in this way shall we be able to master the principle and the law governing telepathy and cognate themes, open wide the eyes of the world to the literal nearness of the unseen, and hasten the dawning of the morning when the sun-rays of truth shall dispel the chilling mists of the soul's night of gloom and despair.

## THE LAMP OF LOVE.

BY CLARKE BARROWS.

The realms of joy are sunless, for the soul
  Hath in herself a source of purest light;
A primal beauty that the cosmic Whole
  Reflects as it receives, or dark or bright.
The maiden Moon that with her silver comb
  Doth part the jeweled tresses of the Night,
The golden Sun that from his molten dome
  Illumes green Earth upon her orbed flight,
Ay, and the Earth herself, with all things fair
  (Whose magic is the fire of perfect truth),
Are but the strange and varied mirrors where
  The soul beholds the wonder of her youth.
Oh, may she ever shun all transient flare,
  And never know dark pain or blinding ruth!

Digitized by Google

# THE EVOLUTION OF POWER.

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

Janus, the two-faced god of Roman mythology, was believed to be the janitor of heaven, and on earth the guardian deity of gates and doors. Numa Pompilius called the first month of the Roman year after Janus, and dedicated a covered passage near the Forum to him. This passage contained a statue of the god, and had two entrances, which were always kept open in time of war and closed in time of peace.

While the Janus of mythology has been relegated to oblivion, and is no longer worshiped, yet we find an exact correspondence between the Roman deity and the mind of man. The human mind is the janitor of heaven and has the keys of the doors of earth. Mind is the servant of the soul and master of the things "here below." It stands between the world of force, on the one hand, and the world of expression on the other. It is double-faced in that it has the power to unlock the gates of the inner life and to solve the mysteries of the outer. When both passages are kept open, it receives on one hand and gives on the other. There is an influx of life from the soul that manifests itself in the world of form.

Life on this plane of expression may be likened to a battle-field. The kingdom of heaven is taken by violence. Through struggle and suffering is man perfected; through weakness his power is made manifest. Now, the Janus that sits midway in the passage must see that both doorways are kept open during the battle, so that he may

Digitized by Google

receive light from each. The exercise of certain qualities of mind are necessary in order to succeed in this. Three great essentials may be summed up in three words: meditation, contemplation, and concentration.

(1) Meditation is the entering into the inner consciousness of life; the communing with God; the becoming one with the eternal Source and Fount of life. It is purely subjective, dealing alone with the spiritual side of being. Here the mind receives its force and power and is acted upon by the causes of life. Life, in all true meditation, is *one.* Personality and the myriad things of the outer world are lost sight of; the spirit in man and the universal Spirit blend in the unity of life, so that God lives in the life of man and man lives in the life of God. But this inner force must find expression—must make itself manifest; and the human mind becomes the vehicle for its manifestation. With the force and power acquired in the inner life, the passage-way of the outer world is opened.

(2) The mind uses another faculty—concentration—to make manifest that which it has received. Concentration is neither force nor power; yet, without it, man cannot manifest either force or power in the outer world. Lacking in concentration, the mind dissipates the force acquired in the inner world. We may take a sun-glass and allow the rays of the sun to pass aimlessly through it; the force passes through the glass but produces no visible manifestation. When we bring the rays to a focus, however, power begins to manifest itself. The glass and the focus are not power, but they serve as means by which the expression of force becomes a visible reality; in other words, the invisible produces its action on the visible. So with concentration of the mind: of itself, it is neither power nor force; but it is the vehicle through which comes the greatest expression of force and power. Concentra-

Digitized by Google

tion deals always with the objective; it concerns itself with the things of the outer world.

(3) The third faculty is contemplation, which, to a degree, unites the other two faculties. Contemplation may partake of both inner and outer impressions; it is the connecting link between meditation and concentration. In the contemplative state, the mind may be said to go easily to one point or the other. It may be compared to the time of peace, when the gates of the passage of Janus were closed. It is the point of poise between the inner and the outer—when there is a cessation of activity; but this cessation is not lasting, for the mind alternately acquires force and power in the inner world and uses it in the outer.

It is well to know that power is not acquired in the outer world; that concentration can never, in and of itself, give power; that if the mind engages itself exclusively with the things of the outer world, no matter how great the concentration may be on this plane of action, a time will surely come when the mental energies will become dissipated and fruitless. Concentration in the outer world, with no meditation in the inner world, will inevitably produce the condition known as "paresis," or a kindred malady. In fact, concentration of mind may become a factor in the more speedy development of serious mental and physical troubles. Every faculty of mind has been given to man with a wise object in view—its perfect development, or development according to the divine laws of Being. Every faculty may be used (in the true way) to bring about its perfection; but it also lies within the province of man to pervert it, and through such perversion to express in a discordant way the things of life.

I should say, therefore, to those desiring to develop concentration of mind: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," and concentration (with all other

Digitized by Google

needed things) will be added. The kingdom of God is found in the world of cause. The expression of God's kingdom may be without, but the power is within. The desire of the mind should be, that it may have a greater realization of the power of God in its own life; that it may become the true servant of the soul; and that, through coming in touch with the inner life-forces and knowledge acquired in the world of cause, it may use the keys to unlock all the doors of the outer, disclosing the power it has received from within in such a way that its action shall be beneficial in the world without.

"Enter into thy closet, and . . . shut thy door." Realize that the power of God is *one;* that "all is of God that is, or is to be, and God is good." Let your life become filled with this thought of unity—of goodness; then in the power of your might enter the realm of effect, or outer (visible) world, and "whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." The light received from the inner world will transform and illuminate the mind, so that each mental picture you conceive will have the halo of the inner life thrown about it, and the will of God shall be manifested in the outer world as in the inner.

The way of life is straight and narrow. It is not complex, as many would make it. It is knowing that the source of all power is in God, and that in our inner, conscious life, through true meditation, we draw from this one Source.

Again, through contemplation and true mental imagery of the things of the outer world, the mind becomes centered and uses its forces as needed on the external plane. While concentration is not *force,* it may yet be said to *conserve* force in such a way that it is not dissipated without accomplishing its purpose.

In the evolution of power, something other than the faculties already mentioned assists in determining whether

Digitized by Google

the knowledge acquired in the inner world shall be expressed outwardly in part or in whole. The true or the false action of *will* must determine this. Will is the great executive power of the universe. But, as a later paper will be devoted entirely to this subject, we need not stop here to define it. I wish only to speak at present of its action on the life of man.

Every faculty of mind and every organ of the body is dependent on the will. It makes itself felt in everything that we do. As its force is directed aright, it strengthens both mind and body. The more powerful it becomes, the more character is evolved. Meditation is the door to the inner life; concentration is the door to the outer: but will is the very force of life itself. Entering by the inner door, it passes through the outer.

Great as the will undoubtedly is, however, its true direction depends on our divine intelligence. There is a *spirit* in man that guides the action of will; hence, in the individual soul, this faculty conforms perfectly to the law of its existence when under guidance of the spirit of truth. The freedom and power of the will, in individual life, consists in its conformity to the law of God. The bondage and weakness of the will come solely through its being led by the spirit of the world—choosing the shadow of things in preference to the reality. "He who runs may read." There are but two ways. The will must choose between them. There is no other alternative. Following the true course, or willing to be led by the law of the spirit of truth, brings a conscious recognition of our union with all Power. It brings the realization that we are one with the Energy that brought us into conscious, individual existence; that the life of man is not in any sense separate or detached from God; and that to know God is eternal life and power.

Digitized by Google

# AN EVENING WITH THE STARS.*

BY ISABELLA INGALESE.

For some time I had been attending a series of lectures on hypnotism, given by an eminent professor of metaphysics, and was desirous of having some of his statements demonstrated, when, one evening, I suddenly decided to visit an old friend who had dabbled a little in occult science but whose passion for astronomy was so great as to overrule all else and keep him chained to his observatory and astronomical instruments.

"I am utterly discouraged," said the professor, after I had been admitted to his private study. "It seems impossible to demonstrate *anything* accurately in astronomy. There is so little that is really known to us, and so much

*NOTE.—The narrative presented herewith is offered as the record of an actual occurrence, transcribed from stenographic notes in possession of the author. The only important data withheld are the names of the participants in the remarkable experiment. These persons, however, are known to us as thoroughly trustworthy residents of Chicago, Ill., who have spent many years in an impartial investigation of occult phenomena, but who are unwilling publicly to identify themselves with such researches until further results shall have been obtained. The psychic experience described in the following pages is not entirely new or novel, and it may not be of great importance in the development of scientific truth; but it throws much light on the unique possibilities of the human mind in the annihilation of time and space. We have the writer's positive assurance of the truth of her recital, which is placed before the readers of MIND as an interesting contribution to the psychic literature of the day.—ED.

Digitized by Google

that has to be given out as theoretical, that it is most unsatisfactory to any one thirsting after actual knowledge. To-night I met with another disappointment. My new lens, on which I have spent so much time and money, is a failure. I can do no better with it than with the old one. There is a terrific disturbance in the heavens, at a point too far distant for me to distinguish anything correctly. I want to examine it, but find it impossible."

"Why not try hypnotism, as a means of reaching the disturbance?" I suggested, timidly.

"What!" exclaimed the professor. "Why did you not think of this before? I will secure a subject this very night, place him upon this couch, send him to the point I desire to examine, and bring my stenographer to take down his statements!"

"But here a difficulty arises," I remarked. "Where shall you find a subject who can bear so long a strain as will be required of him in the experiment?"

"I shall try my daughter Eugenia," he said, after a pause. "She is tractable; and, if she can be made to do the work, this matter will not reach the ears of the public —till we are ready, at least."

"Why a woman? I should think a male subject better."

"There you are wrong. Hypnosis is induced less easily in a man than in a woman. Eugenia's organism is peculiar. She is never refractory, and speaks as freely and coherently while in the deepest sleep as when in a normal condition."

My friend touched an electric bell. "Send Miss Eugenia to me immediately," he said to the boy who answered his ring. And soon the girl entered the room. She was tall and slender, with soulful eyes, pale face, and coal-black hair. Turning to her father after greeting me, she inquired what he wanted with her.

Digitized by Google

"I am about to make an experiment in hypnotism, and want you for my subject. I shall send you into space, to report to me the cause of a certain disturbance at a point too far away for my telescope to reveal. Will you do this for your father, Eugenia?" and the professor waited eagerly for her answer.

"With delight," she replied, and her face lighted up with pleasurable anticipation. "I shall be very happy. When shall we begin?"

"This moment. I will send for my stenographer and have the descriptions reported exactly as you give them;" and the old scientist warmly embraced his daughter, after which he violently rang the bell. "Send Robert to me," he commanded the boy. "Tell him to delay not one moment!" and the professor began arranging the pillows upon the couch. "Go, Eugenia," he said, turning to his daughter; "put on a loose gown—something that will not impede your circulation. Unbind your hair, and put on bedroom slippers. To-night, through the spiritual eyes of this girl, we shall see one of the grandest astronomical displays that were ever witnessed by the gods themselves;" and the old astronomer led his daughter to the door and bowed her out with a Frenchman's gallantry.

"Ah, she is a treasure," he murmured, as he restlessly paced the floor while waiting for the stenographer. At last that functionary knocked and was admitted; and when Miss Eugenia returned, robed in white and looking like a spirit, all were ready to begin. A few minutes were required to produce the hypnotic sleep, but at precisely half-past ten Eugenia was in the desired psychical state. Then the silence was broken by the professor: "Well, what do you see?"

"I am standing beside my body," said the girl. "I seem to have been drawn from it, as a letter is drawn from its envelope. In this condition I am a spirit, yet a perfect

Digitized by Google

counterpart of the body lying upon the couch. Truly, I am now in another world."

"Eugenia, what is this?" asked her father. "I have never before had such an experience with a subject. My child, why do you not obey my will? I care not for spirit-forms; I desire you to go immediately to the point in the heavens to which I have directed you and tell me of the disturbances there."

"I hear you, and hasten to obey. I am now conscious of whizzing through space with the speed of the wind. Looking downward, I see the earth (a diminishing ball) sinking away from me. For the first time in my life, I am experiencing the exhilaration felt by an aeronaut as he looks over the edge of his car and finds that he is alone in space.

"And now I shall explain to you something at which, I believe, scientists have only guessed. The wise men of the world dream dreams, theorize upon the creation of planets, indulge in speculations, and give them to the ignorant for facts. They write essays on astronomy, estimating the ages of such worlds as ours, and of others of which they catch glimpses through their tiny glasses. They tell of planets that have long been dead, and, speaking learnedly of 'cosmic dust,' attempt to explain the part it plays in the creation of worlds.

"Of all this, however, they really know very little, since most of their statements are based entirely upon theory. But I am now a liberated soul, and while in this condition will tell you just how planets *are* created; and, if you desire, will go further and explain how they have evolved—from the moment the first golden gleams of light were shot from the center of universal Consciousness into immeasurable space, in the beginning of a great period of activity, till the last throb of that immense heart shall be given, when darkness shall again spread itself upon all worlds, the

Digitized by Google

great Consciousness shall become Subconscious, and the universe shall sleep.

"Now I have entered another atmosphere. The deep blue ether, through which I have been passing, has disappeared, and I am surrounded by millions of brilliant, scintillating particles, which are whirling, floating, sweeping, eddying in all directions. The air seems completely filled with this strange substance. I believe it is 'cosmic dust,' out of which worlds are made; yet it does not seem possible that *our* old, dark, dreary earth is composed of this bright stuff; but had I been present on the morning of its creation, I suppose I would not have spoken thus, for all worlds are constructed according to the same law and from the same material. Through the agency of powerful electric currents, these particles are kept at a tremendous rate of vibration; and this wonderful radiation, apparently, is produced by the rapidity of these vibrations.

"The scene before me is beautiful and wonderful, yet awful. I am looking upon a throbbing, pulsating mass of brilliant 'cosmic dust.' Above, below, beyond, as far as I can see, are mountainous heaps of this silvery, foamy substance. Sometimes it seems like great clouds of steam in prismatic colors illuminated by calcium lights. Again they assume the hue of smoke, curling and twisting like huge serpents in a fearful embrace. Now stream forth from this heaving mass sharp, red, forked tongues of fire, which blaze fiercely for a time and then disappear to be replaced by banks of billowy cloud. In deep, diapason tones, now crescendo, again diminuendo, I hear something that sounds like the vibrating notes of innumerable pipe-organs played in unison—the exquisite music of a master.

"This is a magnetic center in space, toward which everything that floats within a certain radius is attracted. This center was formed by the union of several great electric currents, which at this point are generating what will

Digitized by Google

be, in the course of ages, a terrestrial globe, bearing upon its surface men and animals, as well as all kinds of vegetable and mineral life.

"Now I am conscious of a sound as of hissing steam and a shrieking of the elements, as if a terrific storm were rising. In the distance I see a blazing ball of fire coming toward me. Behind it is a brilliant train of fiery sparks, and as it approaches I see the flash of jagged lightning and hear the peal of thunder. I believe I am about to witness the grandest spectacle ever seen in the heavens—the coalescing of a comet with a conglomerate mass of 'cosmic dust.' This fiery monster looks like a horrible dragon, with body, head, and legs a mass of sulphurous flame. The creature seems to fill the whole heavens. It is sweeping everything before it and drawing everything behind it. I can feel the intense heat it causes. I can see the clouds bursting apart, as though torn by angry hands, and then thrown aside to melt into a molten sea of fire behind this monster of the skies.

"What a fearful report! The shock was awful! But now there is darkness and silence; the travail is ended; the first point in the evolution of a planet is gained; a world has been born into space; its gravity is established, and it will now continue to follow its orbit, while cooling and shaping into a condition to sustain upon its surface living creatures. Because of its brilliancy I would name it Aurora."

Here a long silence followed, and I began to feel nervous because Eugenia lay so still and looked so pale; but presently she resumed:

"Now I am approaching another world. It is beautiful. From this distance it seems a perfect globe, suspended in space and shining like the full moon. It is surrounded at a great depth by five broad rings, in all the colors of the rainbow, shining in their reflected brilliancy like the light

Digitized by Google

from separate suns. Close to its silvery surface is a broad border of orange, which, I believe, is composed of life-forces so powerful as to become visible as a *color*, and which have been drawn from the great ocean of space, the repository of all things. As these currents are condensed into this pulsating circle of light, they are drawn into the planet by the attraction of its magnetic center, thereby permeating every atom of which it is composed and increasing the vibration of those atoms as their evolution requires.

"Beyond this broad band of orange, yet blending beautifully with it, is a circle of dark, deep red, which melts again upon its outer edge into a circle of green. These colors correspond to the lower animal soul, which is now being individualized in the creatures that inhabit this globe. Beyond the green is a belt of deep indigo blue; and beyond that, upon the extreme outer edge, is a border of pale yellow. The last two colors are placed in readiness for use in spiritualization; but I apprehend that they will not be utilized for many ages.

"At last I have arrived upon this wonderful world. It is indeed a child compared with our earth. There are no smoking factories, no whirling wheels, no clanging bells, nor shrieking whistles. I see no palatial residences nor lofty steeples; yet the air is filled with life and brightness. The grass is like soft, green velvet; its color is lighter and its texture finer than that upon the earth. The trees are magnificent—their foliage exquisite. There is a beautiful river. Its waters are so transparent that I can see the bottom at a depth of forty or fifty feet. Millions of tiny fish are swarming near the surface, and they swim so closely to the grassy banks and seem so fearless that I believe one might take them in one's hands. The birds are of rarely brilliant plumage. Some are of deep scarlet, with orange collars and wing-tips; others are of a dark indigo blue, with white-crested heads and white wings and

Digitized by Google

tails. There is a large green bird about the size of a parrot, but not so uncanny in appearance. Everywhere my eyes rest upon some beautiful scene, and the universal repose seems so delightful that I wish it were possible to remain here forever! The air is sweet and balmy, and the light from the sun is so softened by the broad belts of color surrounding this world that, instead of scorching and blinding, it seems to shine through stained glass—a subdued shade, restful to the eyes and soothing to the nerves.

"But I see no human inhabitants here. Surely this charming place was not created for birds and fishes alone! There is a herd of deer, grazing upon a little hillside at a short distance from me, and squirrels are skipping among the boughs of the trees; but no *wild* animals are visible. Hark! A band of 'Brownies' is approaching me! Is this fairyland? Am I in an enchanted world? These little creatures apparently represent the highest form of animal life yet developed here. Some look like dolls imbued with life; they seem happy and are carrying flowers and ferns. Evidently a queen is to be crowned, for festival preparations are making.

"I hear the murmur of voices, as of many children together; and in the distance I see another crowd approaching. These are of a higher type than the others; they are larger, and look more like human beings. Those who came first are their servants, and seem to have been sent in advance to prepare an altar. The crowd advances, and now I recognize its members as liliputians, chattering like magpies. Carried upon the shoulders of some of the stronger ones is a platform covered with moss, grass, and flowers. Upon this recline a youth and a maiden; they are larger than the others, and their faces indicate a higher grade of intelligence. I believe these two are worshiped by their race, and have been brought hither for a religious

Digitized by Google

ceremony. Ah! Now I understand! They believe the god of winds will send his spirit upon these two chosen ones, after which they will marry, establish a kingdom of their own, and raise a progeny of gods and goddesses. The maiden's eyes are soft and beautiful, like those of a gazelle, and the expression of her face is gentle and sweet as an infant's. The youth is not so pleasant to look upon, nor does he seem so intellectual as she; but both are yet devoid of human souls, and belong to a class of beings but little higher intellectually than the domestic animals of our earth. Still, having reached a point where they realize the need of spiritualization, they are earnestly seeking it.

"At last the circular altar is built, and the platform, with the youth and maiden still resting upon it, is placed within the inclosure. The worshipers prostrate themselves; rising again, they indulge in a wild dance round the altar. Faster and faster they whirl; louder and louder they shriek, when finally the maiden rises to her feet, and, with uplifted arms, murmurs an unintelligible chant. The youth also rises, and, folding his arms upon his breast, bows his head upon them. The maiden is invoking the god of the winds to crown both her and her companion with knowledge. There is a flash of light, and the maiden falls upon her knees. The whole assembly pauses as if spellbound. For a moment there is silence; but soon they shout with joy, for they believe their god and goddess have been endowed with divine intelligence.

"And now the ceremony is ended. The newly enlightened and wedded pair will rule this people, and henceforward they believe that no soulless creatures shall be born upon their planet."

Notwithstanding the intense interest of the narrative to which I had been a favored listener, I felt quite solicitous concerning the apparent weakness of my friend's

Digitized by Google

daughter, and begged that the experiment should end at this point. Somewhat reluctantly, the professor attempted to comply with my request, when to his surprise and alarm the girl gave no response to his command to waken. Placing my finger upon her wrist, I observed that the pulsations were very faint, whereupon I called a servant and dispatched him at once for a physician, who soon appeared and pronounced Eugenia's condition critical. He declared her to be in a state of complete syncope, from which she would not be likely to recover for several hours.

All through the night the anxious father, the physician, and I watched the apparently lifeless body of the motherless girl for signs of returning consciousness. At last, just as day appeared, a faint trembling of the eyelids was to be seen; then followed a few convulsive gasps, and she opened her eyes and looked about the room.

"Thank God, my Eugenia lives!" the father whispered.

"But," I said, "I wish to ask if you were not struck with the similarity of your daughter's description of the creation and evolution of those planets with your own belief?"

"Certainly. These experiments have proved to me that my theories are correct. What has hitherto been mere belief is now an established fact." And the old astronomer leaned back in his chair with a satisfied expression on his face.

"But *have* they proved all this? Did not Eugenia give back to you, in *her* beautiful language, your own thoughts; and are you really any nearer the truth now than you were before?"

The professor smiled dubiously, and politely bade me adieu.

---

BEAUTIFULLY shines a spirit through the bruteness and toughness of matter. Alone omnipotent, it converts all things to its own end.—*Emerson.*

Digitized by Google

# THE FAILURE OF AGNOSTICISM.

BY JAMES ARMSTRONG.

"It is vain to attempt the establishment of virtue on the foundation of reason alone."—*Rousseau.*

In his lecture on "The Gods," Colonel Ingersoll says that "Nature produces man without a purpose and obliterates him without regret." In the same lecture he encourages us to be good; to be kind; to be human. He asks us to be generous; to labor for the good of others; to make sacrifices for the benefit of all mankind. He would have us cultivate the vine and flower of our nature, watering them with tears as they cling and climb about the brutal wall of might to give their fruit and fragrance to a suffering world. He also asks these questions: "Can the intelligent man discover the least wisdom in covering the earth with crawling, creeping horrors that live upon the agonies and pangs of others? Who can appreciate the mercies of so making the world that all animals devour animals, so that every mouth is a slaughter-house and every stomach a tomb?"

This is seemingly the strongest possible argument against the existence of a supreme Intelligence directing the universe; for, indeed, we are not only unable to discover the inscrutable processes of the cosmic mind, but we even fail to grasp the motives that direct our own thinking and doing. But, admitting his questions to be unanswerable by finite intellects, let us see how his philosophy will stand a like test. Let us frame analogous questions concerning Agnosticism. Can the intelligent man discover the least wisdom in a philosophy that tells

Digitized by Google

us to suffer in order that others may enjoy—to endure cold, hunger, and fatigue—for which generosity we shall be obliterated without regret? Who can appreciate the wisdom of a "creed" that tells men to brave all the perils of sea and land, of storm and scaffold, of rocks and racks —all for the accomplishment of nothing?

It seems to me also that a real Agnostic might be described nearly as Ingersoll describes Nature: He would neither weep nor rejoice. He would do good without a purpose and evil without regret. He would feel no distinction between the beneficial and the hurtful to his fellows. Poison and nutriment, pain and joy, smiles and tears, would be alike to him. He could not be flattered by worship, nor melted by tears. He would not even know the attitude of prayer, and his ears would be deaf to the voice of supplication. He would appreciate no difference between the poison in the fangs of snakes and mercy in the hearts of men, but use either to the promotion of his purposes. Only through himself would he take cognizance of the good, the beautiful and true; and, so far as we know, regard for self would be to him the highest intelligence.*

In his argument on the eternity of matter, the Colonel says: "Every cause must produce an effect, because until it *does* produce an effect it is not a cause. Every effect must in its turn become a cause. Therefore, in the nature of things, there cannot be a last cause, for the reason that the so-called last cause would necessarily produce an effect, and that effect must of necessity become a cause. The converse of these propositions must also be true. Every effect must have had a cause, and every cause must have had an effect. Therefore, there could have been no first cause. A first cause is just as impossible as a last effect."

*See "The Gods," by R. G. Ingersoll, page 60.

Digitized by Google

If such reasoning proves the eternity of matter, similar reasoning will prove the eternity of mind. Sentiment, as we see things, is of mind, not matter. Wood, iron, stone, and flesh neither love nor think. The brain is the instrument of thought, not thought itself. Our actions are thus the result of motives, which do not originate in the brain any more than in the heart, but which originate in what we term the mind. Every good or bad deed (cause) must produce happiness or misery (effect), because, until it does, it is neither good nor bad. All happiness and misery must in their turn produce good and evil deeds. Therefore, in the nature of things, there cannot be a last good or evil deed, for the reason that a so-called last good or evil deed would necessarily produce happiness or misery, and the happiness or misery must of necessity result in good or evil deeds. The converse of these propositions must also be true. Every joy must have been preceded by a good deed, and every pain by an evil deed. Every good and every evil deed must have been produced by joy or pain. There could have been no first good or evil deed. A first good or evil deed is just as impossible as a last joy or pain.

The reasoning, therefore, proves the eternity of mind as well as the eternity of matter; and if that which we feel within us, the thinking principle, is eternal, we may as well call it God as call it Nature. It does not follow that the rib story is literally true; that Jonah voyaged in the stomach of a whale; that the Bible is inspired, or that Christ is the only son of God;—all the churches may be wrong and every creed false. But it *does* follow that God (or Nature) does not produce man (or any other animal) without a purpose and obliterate him without regret. Matter being incapable of moral action, and mind being eternal with it, it follows that what we call death is merely a passing from one condition to another, and that

Digitized by Google

the soul, or thinking principle, must ever remain subject to happiness or misery. Virtue and joy, vice and sorrow —these being cause and effect, which are eternal, it inevitably follows that every good deed and every bad deed was born of all the ages gone before, and will in its turn give birth to generations of joy or sorrow.

For my own part, I am of no "church," and of no "creed." It seems to me, since the soul has existed always, and I have no memory of an ante-natal career, that life is as a night between two days—a night of pleasing or of terrifying dreams—from which, awakening through death, we may remember yesterday and live to-morrow. Within the boundless future there may be other nights and days, eras of recuperation and achievement; and thus may the soul eternally progress from pain to peace. This is perhaps a fantastic structure, reared on dreams; but it gives the heart a *motive* for being kind, generous, and true. It teaches the higher egoism of self-denial. For the mistakes of all mankind it makes kindness blossom on the lips of love, and for their crimes it breaks open the fountain of human sympathy. "It sows the earth with Orient pearl," "clothes the mountain with aerial hue," and subdues the heart with the ecstasy of life and love.

In his lecture on "Individuality," Ingersoll says: "Over the vast plain called Life, we are all travelers. In my judgment every human being should take a road of his own." The Colonel has taken one road and I another. The difference between the two roads is this: he is confident that his road leads Nowhere, while I am certain that mine leads Somewhere. He jogs on through heat and cold, fatigue and frost—on burning sands, 'neath blistering skies—and just to reach a point where he shall be "obliterated without regret." As he goes along he calls aloud to other travelers to join him; and

Digitized by Google

he has gathered quite a throng about him. Every one of those who follow him, though journeying toward "obliteration," is devotedly attached to Reason. In fact, Reason is a kind of God the Father with them all, Love God the Son, and Freedom God the Holy Ghost. Yet they are most absurdly unreasonable; for, ask any of them whither he is going, and he answers, "Nowhere."

"What are you going for?"

"I do not know."

"Well, then, if you are going to no place, and do not know what you are going for, why go any farther?"

"Oh, I am going along because I love my fellow-travelers and wish to make them free."

"But what is the use of your having loved and made them free if they and you, with love and freedom, have been made without a purpose and shall be 'obliterated without regret'?"

"I do not know."

It is true, as Ingersoll says, that each nation in the world's history has created a god, which has always resembled his creators. No one can deny that the theology of every people is a reflection of itself. In the "creation" of anything, man cannot go beyond his own experience. And what is true of theology is also true of legislation, art, and science. There is the same difference between the mythology of Egypt and the orthodoxy of England that there is between the pyramids and Westminster Abbey; or between the absolutism of Chosroes and the limited prerogatives of Victoria; or between the rude picture of some hierophant on a baked brick and the illustrations of the modern press. If the ideas of a race are crude, every manifestation of them is cruder, since man can never perfectly materialize a thought. The customs, language, laws, music, religion, and architecture of savages are equally crude.

Digitized by Google

Everything that men make is but a partial realization of their ideas; and, since every man lives up to the level of his understanding, he does the very best he can at the present moment, and should be helped and magnified rather than belittled and despised. The human mind is a glass in which the outer world is mirrored. If the glass is full of flaws, every object appears distorted. If the glass is perfect, the image is just like the object. The endless harmonies of the universe are then clearly seen; and, tearing away all that he has made, man reaches his most perfect condition—conformity to God, Necessity, or Nature.

Thousands of years ago the human mind was full of flaws. It reflected everything imperfectly; hence every one of primitive man's creations was a monstrous deformity. As Ingersoll says, their gods "were manufactured after numberless models and according to the most grotesque fashions. Some had a thousand arms, some a hundred heads; some were adorned with necklaces of living snakes; some were armed with clubs, some with sword and shield; some were invisible; some showed themselves entire; some were foolish; the most of them were revengeful, savage, lustful, and ignorant." Such are the words of Agnosticism concerning the gods, and they may be applied with equal truth to everything that man has made.

Man never made anything that was not in the image of something else. Imagination (combination) is the center and circumference of man's potentiality and power. When the human hand first tried to paint, it made a daub; when it first tried to build, it made a rude hut; when it first tried to be musical, it made a noise. Is it surprising that when it first tried to make a god it made a monster? If Agnosticism is the logical result of a study of theology, it also results from a study of

Digitized by Google

architecture, music, painting, and sculpture. In these branches, the goal is Beauty. The hand of the artist and the voice of the poet are but the hand and voice with which millions express the rapture that like a sea floods their souls perpetually. In religion the goal is Immortality.

In his attempt to be artistic, the "man in the dug-out" appears to us ridiculous; in his attempt to be musical he becomes a nuisance; in his attempt to be religious he becomes a murderer. But, all in all, he was striving to attain the good and the beautiful and true. We laugh at his huts, his tom-toms, and his gods; but we are unreasonable to laugh at one any more than at the others. And if laughing at his gods leads to doubt concerning immortality, then laughing at his other products should lead to doubt concerning beauty in architecture, sculpture, poetry, and music. Beauty, like the soul of man, is not a material thing. The object we admire is the body in which beauty dwells. When the column falls, or the arch is broken, the soul of beauty, like the spirit of man when the body dies, is gone—departed to the all-pervading, inscrutable Source whence it came. But while they stand we know there is a presence besides that of stone and mortar; and while man still lives we know there is a presence besides that of flesh and blood. It speaks to us in the patriot's words, the poet's songs, and (more than all) in the divinity of woman's love. Who is it that loves, and is beloved, but feels his Agnosticism and his materialism to be as unstable as "the baseless fabric of a dream"? It is not the material Ingersoll that hates the flesh of a Napoleon; but the soul of the lover of his kind that hates the soul of the destroyer of his fellow-men. It is not the bone and blood of the matchless orator that hear "the sweetest music in childhood's merry, rippling laughter"—

Digitized by Google

that deifies the "liberty of man, woman, and child." That which we *see* is just like what we see of the meanest beggar in the street; for it has been proved that "all organizations, from the lichen up to man, are composed mainly of one sort of matter; that every living action, from the bite of an insect to an oration of Ingersoll, is accompanied by and in a sense finds an equivalent expression in a definite waste of material tissue; and that thought and love, indignation and fear, which find expression in 'The Gods,' also find expression in the production of carbonic acid, urea, and water." But that which we *feel* is the soul divine.

It may be, as Ingersoll says, that all the gods are fading from the skies. "Broken are the circles and the cromlechs of the ancient Druids. The divine fires of the Persians and of the Aztecs have died out in the ashes of the past, and there is none to rekindle, none to feed their holy flames. The hand of Orpheus is still; the drained cup of Bacchus has been thrown aside; Venus lies dead in stone, and her white bosom heaves no more with love. Hushed forever are the thunders of Sinai; lost are the voices of the prophets; and the land once flowing with milk and honey is but a desert waste." But, amid the wrecks of Time and Death, the principle—immortal and divine—that made the circles and the cromlechs, lit the fires and fed their flames, strung and played the Orphean harp, and in the trembling arms of Venus dreamed the gorgeous dream of love, still lives, and is as much the imperishable part of him who stands erect in Freedom's fane as it was of the untutored worshiper who knelt to tell the stars a prayer. Again says the Colonel: "In that vast cemetery, called the past, are most of the religions of men; and there, too, are nearly all their gods." And along with their creeds and gods countless languages are buried. Along with "the sacred temples of India" have

Digitized by Google

passed the songs of her poets. But, although all languages must grow old and die, Love, which gives them birth, is ever young. Languages, like temples, flourish and decay; but immortality, like love, remains forever.

Thousands of years ago, men played a tom-tom and thought it enchanting, made a daub and thought it glorious, piled together an awkward mass of stone and thought it grand. They also made a god "with a hundred heads and a necklace of living snakes" and thought it worthy of worship. And, standing upon the heights of modern achievement, the Agnostic gazes downward and outward into the valleys of the ages gone. He sees the savage in his dug-out. He sees him worship. From the altar of his idolatry the smoke of human flesh ascends. He sees the bigot's knife, the fanatic's sword —fagots, thumbscrews, inquisitorial fires, and every instrument and device with which the genius of malevolence searches out the seats of pain. He sees the "very heavens full of death, the lightning regarded as the glittering vengeance of God, and the earth thick with snares for the unwary feet of men. His heart bleeds as he contemplates the sufferings of the millions now dead—of those who lived when the world appeared insane."

He turns at last from the vision with the conviction forced upon him that religion is a fraud; that it is born of ignorance and fear, reared by guile and greed, and supported by fraud and force. Upon the heights he dreams of a better "creed." "Agnosticism" springs from his brain, Minerva-like, full grown. Henceforth he will preach the gospel of despair. Directing the eyes of men to the darkness of everlasting night, he will ask them to be kind, to be gentle, to be true. He will wage war on all religions. He will labor until "the foundations of their temples crumble; until the walls

Digitized by Google

are cracked, the pillars lean, and the great dome sways to its fall." It is not enough to scourge ignorance, fear, and murder from the citadel of faith and love and hope. In every brain there shall be sown the seeds of doubt. He will not only put out the fires of hell, and brush aside "the webs of an infinite spider catching the souls of men": he must even quench the holy flames that Hope and Love, like vestals, burn at the shrine of Grief and Death.

Life is a mad, wild sea; hope the sky above; every dream of Paradise a star that guides the voyagers of time to the shores of joy. Imagine Agnosticism, piloting the human ship, doubting the sky and the stars, and telling every eager questioner that "whether in mid-ocean or among the breakers of the farther shore, every life must at its close become a tragedy as dark and deep and sad as can be woven from the warp and woof of mystery and death!" Then, if we "dash against the rock and hear the billows roar above a sunken ship," why lash ourselves to broken masts and spars to float through frozen seas—we know not whither? Why not in a moment sink and be at peace? Why not anticipate a few days of cold and hunger? For if we must die, and dying is the end, how much better off is the man that sees a century than the insect whose span of life is but a day? What is our advantage over the "man in the dug-out?" The savage filled the heavens with infinite horror, and the Agnostic fills the future with infinite despair, while the lives of both are as fleeting as the sunbeam that dies the moment it is born. Unless human happiness springs from the dark, the fearful, and the terrible—unless man can be said to be nearing happiness only in the agony of self-inflicted death—the mission of Agnosticism is the most perfect failure in all the world.

Ingersoll has said that, "in the presence of eternity,

Digitized by Google

the mountains are as transient as the clouds." And with equal truth it may be said that in the presence of eternity the life of the mastodon is as fleeting as that of the ephemeron. The longest life is but a "snowflake falling on a river: one moment white, then gone forever." And if Agnosticism is the height of wisdom, life is a phantom chased by fools along the field of time—until through death they lose sight of it forever.

There is something in a creed that looks to life eternal; there is reason in a philosophy that, like a warrior, scales the walls of doubt and death to take the citadel of perpetual joy. But there is nothing in the "creed" that begins with the cradle and ends with the grave. It cannot give the wisest of its disciples an excuse for living, since there is no difference between the savage and the sage when both are dead. "Six feet of earth make us all of a size" is essentially a tenet of Agnosticism. And if it does, how much better off will be the Agnostic, the man of intellectual development, than the "man in the dug-out?" And when humanity is dead, and the sterile, frozen earth rolls darkling through the infinite void, how vain, how unspeakably foolish, will have been every speech that Ingersoll ever made and the lives of him and those who toiled and suffered to place Liberty upon the thrones of Jupiter and Jehovah! And could "the gentleman in the dug-out" and the champion of Agnosticism be called for a moment from oblivion, how happily could they congratulate each other as two of the most stupendous failures that ever flitted shadow-like across the stage of time!

WOULDST thou rather be a peasant's son that knew, were it never so rudely, there was a God in heaven and in man; or a duke's son that only knew there were two-and-thirty quarters on the family coach?—*"Sartor Resartus."*

Digitized by Google

## LIMITATION.

BY FRANCES A. MORONG.

The savage deftly twines and weaves the woodland rushes;
The poet fashions from a thought sweet flowers of rhyme;
The artist catches, ere they fade, morn's rosy blushes;
The sculptor chisels beauty from the stone, defying Time.
And those there are that gather from the moaning ocean,
From songs of birds, from sky, from star, from balmy air,
Grand symphonies, that move the heart-depths to devotion,
And lift each lofty aspiration into prayer.
But lives there one in all earth's wide domain who maketh
From naught in Nature's treasure-house a living soul—
Though he, for years the vital spark pursuing, taketh
The essence of his own and addeth to the whole?
Nay! Boast not of thy skill, vain man, since to *thy* clod
No soul canst thou impart; *this* secret rests with God.

Digitized by Google

## VALUE RECEIVED.

BY FLORA P. HOWARD.

The laws of man require us to give "value received." The law of God commands us to do the same, else man himself would not. The wisdom of the Creator requires his children to return full value for all that has been given to them. "Unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required." Give back the best, therefore, to Him that sent you—by living your highest and bringing forth your loftiest hopes, aspirations, and desires. By so doing you return full value for all that you have received—at the same time getting back more than an equivalent in a life of completeness "pressed down and running over" with good.

Concentration of your life forces brings all things to you, to scatter to all humanity—only to be renewed again and again from within. "Give, and it shall be given unto you." First, give forth all your inherent powers, and receive the highest from the ones that you make your beneficiaries—by demanding full value from them. It strikes a chord in their hearts that sets in motion a current of love —of justice between man and man—and brings them up to a higher standard of right. Your highest word spoken to them becomes a leaven that brings out *their* highest. It may not return to you, but it shall go to some one; it is passed on and on. The end we know not; neither do we care: for we have sowed our seed faithfully, though some one else may reap the fruit. Christ said: "Herein is that saying true, One soweth and another reapeth." We, therefore, have nothing to do with the reaping, but all to

Digitized by Google

do with the sowing. "My word shall not return unto me void"; so, if you do not receive the fruitage of your thought, word, or act, some one else shall. Law cannot be set aside.

I know that by filling your own heart with a divine abundance and giving of your store to one who is in the thought of poverty, you will bring him out of it; he will see his own riches within. And the same is true with regard to health. The health word that the spiritual healer gives his patient does not stop with its utterance; it goes out into the atmosphere of pure spirit, and thousands will receive the thought of health thus spoken originally to one. This is equally true of thoughts of poverty and other forms of distress. This is "preaching the gospel" to every one—also getting "value received" by silently demanding that the truth be passed on. The demand is the sowing; the supply is the reaping: and we cannot expect the harvest till after sowing. It awakens each one to a realization of his own God-given power, which usually lies dormant till some one calls it forth by rousing him to do his part in life's work. Love is the greatest propelling power in the universe.

While life is the active principle, all growth is silent. The best and greatest work is performed in perfect stillness. Although the body may be active, yet *it* is not the worker. It is only an instrument used by the soul—the receiver, revealer, and applier of wisdom. If one receives but does not apply, it does no one good, but rather injury, because he is hiding his light instead of placing it in view of those who need its rays. Man is ever unfolding from his divine center toward the heights of spiritual understanding; but as yet he is only on the threshold of his powers. He has not yet entered the "holy of holies," where he shall see all, know all, and be all; then "he can go in and out and find pasture." "*In*" means to be

Digitized by Google

"endued with power from on high"; "*out*," to give it forth to all humanity.

Each one has a vocation, a task that no one can perform but himself. No one is fitted to accomplish anything but the one to whom Nature assigns it. You never will accomplish your life's work by saying that you have not the ability to do it. Say, rather, that you *have* the requisite ability and force of will, and then proceed to prove your words true. Man has no rival; therefore, he governs every intelligence that is lower in the scale of being than himself. Being limitless, there are no heights he cannot climb; as fast as he reaches a certain standard it rises, and again he pushes it on to a still greater elevation. You are constantly pushing the standard that you have set up for yourself away from you—only to reach it in the next climb; for the voice of the Spirit is "Onward!"

"Some feet will tread all heights now unattained;
Why not thine own? Press on! Achieve! Achieve!"

God needs you to make all things complete quite as much as you need Him to help you do it. You need not drift aimlessly on the sea of circumstances, for you have the power and are yourself the pilot to guide your life-boat through all streams of error into the harbor of perfect freedom from all limitations. We are ever building our "temple without the sound of the hammer being heard" by our thought-force; and it depends on the dweller how it shall be built, whether intelligently or ignorantly. If the former, it is builded on a rock, and you have made your life a grand and noble one; if the latter, you have built on a sandy foundation and are subject to a "washout" at any time. Let your words (prayer) ever be, "Teach me how to live truly," for the grandest heritage of life comes not with the acres or the gold you possess, but with the true riches that abide within every soul. So if we build from the center-piece—the divine center of man—we build better

Digitized by Google

than we know. Later on we begin to see the ideals, which we have struggled for so long by sending our thought-force into the universal ether, begin to shape themselves into our lives.

All the time you are unfolding the God-nature from within—rounding out your life on all sides. Do not be content with your life as it is, ceasing all desire and locating anywhere on the line. Press onward; do not compare yourself to any one else, unless by comparison you are spurred on to reach the height that another has attained. Know that the power that helps one will help all, if demanded with a determination of making life a success; for you will get "value received" for all you give, and give the same for all you get. The real price of work is true wisdom. Do not think that you will ever obtain any valuable thing without working for it; and, truly, if a thing is not worth working for it is not worth having. You do not want anything free; and if you did you could not get it, for the price of your work lies in the completeness of what you have striven for and achieved. I do not believe in any sort of free salvation—save what I work out for myself.

I would not take a book or a paper I could not pay for, though many publishers advance the doctrine that "the truth is free." In sending out their publications, however, they charge a certain price; and this is just, for otherwise no one would appreciate their wares, and neither party would be a gainer, because there would be no sacrifice on the reader's part—he would not be giving "value" for what he has "received." Emerson says that "the borrower runs in his own debt," and that the highest price he can pay for a thing is to ask for it. He also says: "Put God in your debt; every stroke shall be repaid." Full value shall be measured to us if we broaden and deepen our lives—we shall receive life more abundantly.

Digitized by Google

Our life-work is to scatter seeds of truth. No soul can do this until it has itself been unfolded thereto. The one that speaks from the soul's inner recesses always finds response in the heart of the hearer. I know of several young women whose whole life current was changed by overhearing a "word fitly spoken" on the street; also young men whose entire lives have been altered to lives of truth by a few words that were not even addressed to them. "Be instant in season and out of season"; be true to yourself; live your own life; do your own work; do not try to guide your life or words by the compass of any one else, but ever hearken to the indwelling Christ for wisdom; do not force your convictions on any one; let each mind be free to think. He whose freedom has been dearly bought is glad to see others free. The very liberty that we have gained through suffering gives us a holy calm of perfect rest within—we do not wish to interfere with another's life. Each life is sacred unto itself; it must unfold in its own way—must learn its own lesson. No dear, loving mother can experience anything for us; even God is powerless here. Each one's life-lesson is only attained by living it. Do not try to coerce any one; simply state truth as you see it.

Christ said, "Do you will to be well?" and again, "As thy faith is, so be it unto thee." He did not say, "As *my* faith," etc. It remains with *you* to stand or fall. Then let us stand firm, and many will be drawn to our side. "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." We must first elevate ourselves into the realm of spirit, where "spiritual things are spiritually discerned," where we can learn a lesson from every event in life, and where the things that were once so deep and mysterious are made plain. From this height we can look back over the journey from Jericho to Jerusalem and see where we fell many times under our load of troubles, disappointments, heart-

Digitized by Google

aches, the falsity of friends, or perhaps a stab of malice or jealousy. We can use all these painful experiences as stepping-stones in our progress toward higher attainments, thanking God from a sincere heart that we had them to prove our standing. This it is that brings out true manhood, develops character, and gives the integrity of a deep spiritual nature that comes only to an awakened soul. Thus do we bear witness of our light.

Phillips Brooks once said: "The way to be humble is not to stoop until you are smaller than yourself, but to stand at your real height against some higher nature, which shall show you what the real smallness of your greatness is." It is by reason of our very smallness that we attain to greatness, adhering closely at all times to the Christ, who was "meek and lowly in heart," yet his greatness surpassed all human magnitudes. So, when you measure yourself by another, take your own measure always. Let it be by the Christ-principle, and your holiest aspirations will ever precede you ere you can form them into words. They will shape themselves in the visible as you have shaped them in the invisible. You will be led until you assume your own leadership, and you will be instructed until you assume your own instruction. Then bondage gives place to freedom, and you receive full value by demanding your rightful inheritance and living up to it in a life of completeness in ministering to all. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

MIND is the realm of harmony. Thought is the mediator between mind and body. When the force of love sweeps the nerve-wires of the sensorial system it warms the body; permeates its every atom; radiates throughout its surface, till a divine energy—a living principle—draws the physical powers into unison and re-establishes their uniform and mutual functions.—*Rev. Henry Frank.*

Digitized by Google

## A SUGGESTIVE VISION

BY JULIA A. CASTERLINE.

I awoke with a start. The music of a bell sounding in my ears seemed to say: "Set your heart beating in unison with the great Heart Throb!"

For a time shorn of environment, I seemed visiting at will. Far away, in an unfamiliar land, I had seen a most perfect people—a model race of individualities. I said to myself, I will stay and solve the secret of such perfection.

From an upper stratum of atmosphere, which seemed "filled" to my weightless form, I observed an ocean of symbols, from which all things seemed born to earth—except the ideal world of mind and its emanations. All thoughts born of true love, faith, and charity, arose and made a beautiful impress on this ether. They were apparently akin to the most enchanting of earth's mirages; yet they were *real*. From each individuality, or real mind, there seemed to emanate a distinct world, so to speak—some in embryo, others half completed.

Again I saw beautifully finished homes, evidently awaiting occupancy. "Why do they wait tenantless?" I asked, when suddenly one of the most beautiful abodes was approached by an angelic form. As she entered, the walls seemed to infold her; they were a part of herself—her very own. Soon she arose and disappeared from my sight. I thought: "These must be the 'mansions' that are 'not made with hands, eternal in the heavens'; they only await completion, and when the spirit leaves its earthly tenement it enters its own above."

Digitized by Google

I had observed in the earth-realms, from which perfected emanations had been projected into these spiritualized homes, that animal life was scarce, being represented only by lovely birds and domestic quadrupeds. I was told that not a poisonous thing existed there. At a very remote period, however, the shade of a serpent had crept into the land, when a child that knew nothing of poisonous things caressingly wound it around her head and neck as she would a pretty ribbon. One day, going to where it had appeared, she found only a white stork, its neck very erect and much lengthened. Had it undergone a strange transformation? The serpent had disappeared, and the stork was thereafter regarded as a lucky omen, an emblem of good overcoming evil.

I wished to discover where poisonous emanations were placed in the great reservoir of existence, when some one said: "You cannot find out here; there are none." I said, "Tell me why it is so." I was told that in this land there were no emanations unfiltered of spirit—"fire purified"; no unnatural deaths; no suicides, nor accidents; and no "heart failure." I asked the secret of the perfect harmony that existed in this spiritual zone. Then I heard a silver-toned bell ring out upon the clear air: "Set your heart beating in unison with the great Heart Throb!" I had heard that sound and those words before. Again I asked: "How is this done? How shall we attune our hearts of earth to the Infinite?" Again the bell rang out: "Love, and love alone, is the keynote to infinite harmony!"

A sigh escaped me as I thought of the inharmony of the lower sphere whence I had come, and to which I must return: its confusion, heart-aches, injustice, and premature deaths from hardship and accident. The sigh itself seemed to unite me to the negative elements, and soon I was descending with a rapidity that seemed to carry me beyond the place I started from—into a lower stratum than any I

Digitized by Google

had yet seen. It seemed at first to resemble the earth's surface, and later its dark inner recesses—damp, moldy caverns, with raging fires at the center. I saw loathsome vermin and poisonous reptiles, and knew that Hate (or Hades) was represented there; that the unripe minds of men and the poisonous thought-emanations that issued therefrom inevitably sunk to the lowest level—earth-bound. I seemed to realize that, until the fire (symbol of purifying consciousness) had utterly cleansed the earthy, peace could not come, nor poison disappear; that redemption is secured only through law; that all reality is good, and needs only man's conscious realization and co-operation to bring it into visible being—to make manifest the eternal good. And until man shall banish vicious thoughts from his own mental storehouse, and give place only to the Christ-principle of "peace on earth, good-will to men," the lion and the lamb cannot lie down together, nor poisonous serpents cease to sting.

I said: "Oh, that the time may hasten when from man, God's highest representative, may proceed no seeming need of contrast, no 'bad and good,' but just the All Good!" And from a far distant point my sensitive ear caught the sound of a bell: "Set your heart beating in unison with the great Heart Throb! Love, and love alone, is the keynote to infinite harmony!"

THE Japanese are ruthless in their tampering with nature. If they decide that they want a bird or an animal of a certain shape or color they set about manufacturing the article, so to speak, by the exercise of exceedingly clever ingenuity and untiring patience. Here, for example, is how the white sparrows are produced: They select a pair of grayish birds and keep them in a white cage in a white room, where they are attended by a person dressed in white. The mental effect on a series of generations of birds results in completely white birds.—*Rural World.*

Digitized by Google

## THE UTILITY OF FAITH.

BY ANNA PAYSON CREELMAN.

"According to thy faith." Centuries ago were these words spoken, and their echo has come down to us—sometimes faint, again louder—as the years have passed; but through the lapse of time they have lost none of their force and meaning. As the Teacher of Nazareth went up and down among the people of Palestine, healing bodily ills and administering comfort to distressed souls, the almost invariable condition, either on the part of the afflicted persons themselves or those who made the request for help, though expressed in various ways, was: "Be it according to thy faith." And so essential was this condition that even the Master was hindered and limited in his work by unbelief on the part of those whom he fain would serve.

"The kingdom that represents our highest ideals is within. We unfold within that kingdom an ideal that we strongly desire to make real. Knowing the action of universal law, this becomes possible. By constantly holding in mind the thought-picture of what we wish, the forces of our being gradually reach out and organize on the outer plane this image of our minds. Little by little the obstacles that seemed to stand in the way of a fulfilment of our ideal apparently melt away, and we feel within ourselves a growing courage sufficient to overcome even greater difficulties in the future. Every victory makes the succeeding one more easy. And so, as we go on we see that there is nothing to bind or limit us but our ignorance of the law of life, which may be manifested in us to the extent of our recognition of it and to the extent of our faith."

Digitized by Google

Success comes to those who take hold of the work in hand with determination, enthusiasm, energy, and perseverance. Probably self-distrust is one of the most potent causes of failure. A man that, however much he may conceal the fact from observation, feels in his heart of hearts that he is not capable of doing the work he has undertaken is almost sure to fail. If faith in his ideal, and in his power to make it real, is not strong enough, it remains an ideal for lack of strength and continuity of purpose. To succeed in life one must have absolute and persistent faith in one's pursuit, whatever it may be. Those who believe first and last that they can do a thing will generally succeed in accomplishing it.

There are two classes of persons in the world—one successful, while the other fails. The winners of the prizes in life are those who have the utmost confidence in their ability to win. One must not be egotistic or over-confident, but must certainly believe that in the undertaking he has in hand he will succeed, else he will either fail utterly or make only a partial success. "Though opposed, thwarted, ridiculed, and persecuted, Columbus would not yield his idea about a new world beyond the seas, and his faith and belief in himself, in the face of the most adverse circumstances, made him invincible. In the darkest hour he never lost hope. His faith in himself finally triumphed."

The great Buxton said, near the close of his life: "The longer I live, the more I am certain that the great difference between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the magnificent, is energy; invincible determination; a purpose once fixed; and then—death or victory. That quality will do all that can be done in this world, and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities can make one an overcomer without it." Our joys and happiness, our successes and achievements, are all brought about by per-

Digitized by Google

sistent, intelligent, and well-directed effort, either on our part or that of some one else. Whoever allows the possibilities and powers within him to lie dormant for lack of effort to bring them up to the highest expression of which he is capable; whoever weakly allows himself to be overcome by circumstances and environment, instead of becoming himself the victor, sins against his own soul, and will surely be called to account for the misuse of the talents intrusted to his care. "Whatsoever is not of faith is sin."

To live up to the highest ideals of which he is capable is obviously the duty and privilege of every one; to neglect them is as surely a neglect of duty. A high standard is a necessity to one who would develop a strong, vigorous, magnetic character. Have faith in God. Have faith also in yourself.

CHRIST taught the unity and harmony of all life. External institutions were but means for realizing this unity in the unity of man with God and with Nature. Man's faculties achieved their highest purpose through co-operative effort. To the established Church, this idea of fellowship was a conception vague and uncertain. But Christ proclaimed the fellowship of sacrifice, and for this fellowship the world calls to-day. Society is an organism, composed of mutually dependent parts, bound together in one mighty unity, and growing together into the perfect life through the combined efforts of individuals to save, not themselves, but others. The idea that the Church is an institution organized on the principle of a life-insurance corporation is a relic of paganism. The result of such a doctrine will probably manifest itself in what has been called an anarchy of good individuals, but it will never find expression in a Christian commonwealth. Christianity, then, is not a creed; it is not a church; it is not a system; it is not an institution. Christianity is a life.—*Exchange.*

How indestructibly the good grows and propagates itself, even among the weedy entanglements of evil!—*"Sartor Resartus."*

Digitized by Google

# A DAUGHTER OF LOVE.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

## *CHAPTER VI.*

### BATTLE BEGUN.

It has always seemed to me that, from the time I met Carmagno on the train until I took Mrs. Cathcart's hand in her drawing-room, I was in a sort of dazed state, something like sleep-walking. How I was conveyed, through that impassable snow-storm, to his rooms; by what means, while I was there, the impressions were produced that I seemed to receive; and what I did or where I was for the two days after that, I cannot tell to this day. But, at the moment when she took my hands and told me that Tania had vanished, I recovered myself, so to say, and resumed possession of whatever faculties I normally own. I realized that Carmagno was the Mahatma, and that he it was who had taken Tania away.

In thinking over my interview with him (which I distinctly remembered), it struck me that he had explicitly disavowed any power finally to control Tania's freedom of choice in the matter of marrying or giving up Holinder. All he could do, he intimated, was to exercise every available influence to induce her to surrender her lover of her own free will, and in obedience to a higher law than that of sexual love. No doubt those influences would be the strongest possible short of compulsion. That he should have been able to spirit Tania away did not, in view

Digitized by Google

of my own experience, surprise me. And when I thought of what I had seen—or believed I had seen—in that old-fashioned oval mirror, I could understand that Carmagno, as he called himself, would stand a very good chance of carrying his point with her. His power was incalculable; yet it must have limits; else, why had he appealed to me to reenforce it with my friendly offices?

I must admit, too, that what he had said had its effect on me. If Tania were really one of those redeemers—those messengers of the Holy Spirit who occasionally visit the human race—it was of course immeasurably important that she should not be swerved from her true mission by any merely mortal or temporal considerations. Every person of exceptional spiritual faculties must pass through temptations before entering into complete command of his resources; and these will be severe in proportion to the potency of the subjects of them. The highest illustration of this is found in the Savior of Christendom; he was tried as never man was tried, and he was victorious. What if he had succumbed? Tania—if I interpreted aright the somewhat obscure intimations that had come to me from more quarters than one—had already failed once, in a previous incarnation. A fresh opportunity was now provided: who dared say how much of human welfare might be involved in her triumph over herself? It could not be denied that humanity stood to-day in a position where it seemed threatened by the gravest dangers, and in sore need of help from some source beyond itself.

But was Tania designed to be the instrument of that help? Certainly there was, so far as one might judge, nothing in herself or in her history to negative the idea. Her origin was mysterious; her nature was exceptional; her powers seemed to approach the confines of the miraculous, if they did not overpass them. And then

Digitized by Google

there was that strange story of her previous life on earth, with its implied connection with one of the most striking episodes of the sacred chronicles. And there was Carmagno, too, an incomprehensible being, transcending all ordinary limitations, professing to have been implicated with her in that transaction. A mortal love had been responsible for her failure then; was that same love, reborn with her after so many centuries, to be the occasion of another failure now?

Assuming that the love between her and Holinder was the form that her temptation was to assume, doubtless no stronger one could have been devised. No human love could be more nearly irresistible than that of two persons endowed as they were; and no arguments could be more convincing than were those that urged marriage between fitting partners in this life. All nature, all creative truth, advocated and symbolized it. And yet, was that saying of Carmagno's not the truth—that the highest beings were solitary, and that for them the general law had no application? Did not sacred history warrant the assertion? And if so, how could I, as a well-wisher of my fellow-man, escape the obligation to place what little weight I might in the scale for universal as against personal interests?

It was true, again, that the whole case for Carmagno was based upon surmise, doubt, unproved assertion. It could freely be accepted or rejected. But was not this also the case with all the highest truth? Was it not so with the Christian dogma? Belief, in the purest sense, is not predicable of those things that can be demonstrated to the senses. We do not believe in a stone or in a house. We may believe in a better world to come, and in all that is above the sensuous plane. Faith, except with the alternative of infidelity, can never find its home in any human heart. We must choose, not by the light without, but by

Digitized by Google

that within. So, if I could believe in the divine mission of Tania, I must support Carmagno; if I discredited it, I might help Holinder to recover her.

These reflections passed through my mind while I was greeting Mrs. Cathcart and hearing her story. Like many other persons similarly placed, I did not feel able to make an immediate decision. I wanted time for meditation—to make up my mind. Possibly Carmagno had foreseen this attitude, and had calculated, if not upon enlisting me in his service, then at least upon taking the heart out of my resistance to him.

Meanwhile I listened to Mrs. Cathcart's story.

"I had been sitting with her in the gold room off the studio," she told me, "and we had been talking about nothing more important than a new dress that I was having made for her to wear at a reception we were planning. Tania was not showing much interest in it; yet she was doing what she could—she was not absent or preoccupied. Suddenly I thought I heard my husband's voice calling me from the drawing-room; I knew he had been snow-bound in Philadelphia that morning, for I had had a telegram from him, so it surprised me immensely. I got up and ran toward where he had seemed to be, but I did not find him; I had been mistaken—or deceived. After searching a few moments, I came back, feeling uneasy. I spoke to Tania as I came through the studio, saying I feared something had happened to Tom; but when I got to the gold room it was empty."

"And the blizzard outdoors?" said I.

"Yes, indeed; and besides, you know how the rooms are: she could not have got out of the house without passing me in the anteroom."

"But, my dear lady, she is flesh and blood—she must have got out somehow."

She looked at me intently for a moment, and then said: "She is gone; and we have had no word from her since."

Digitized by Google

"Do you think any harm has come to her?"

"You ask me questions; but you know what I know—and more, perhaps!" she replied, with the insight that was partly her natural womanly endowment, and partly, perhaps, due to the peculiar spiritual faculty that I had already noticed in her. "Are we not both thinking of the same thing—the same man?" she added. "Surely you have seen him?"

"You have never spoken to me of this before," said I; "therefore, I didn't speak of it to you. Yes; I suppose I know what you mean. I have seen something—some shadow, or some substance, I hardly know which. Holinder and I have talked of it. But you must have known it, or him, much longer and better than I. You must have known his object in visiting Tania. Had you no forewarning of what might come of it?"

She shook her head. "I could know only so much as he chose to let me know."

"Well; let us assume, now, that by some hocus-pocus he has contrived to get possession of her: we need not go beyond plain hypnotism to guess how that might have been managed. The practical questions are, What does he mean to do with her? and, Is there any possibility of getting her away from him?—if to get her away is what you want!"

"Ah, you know a great deal," said she, bending forward, and concentrating the gaze of her beautiful eyes upon me. After a pause she went on: "Of course he will not harm her; in spiritual potency she is his equal, though in experience he is far her superior. But he will bring tremendous influences to bear on her; and she may yield."

"Let us understand each other, my friend. Is it your wish that she should marry Holinder? or do you wish her to enter upon the career that this transcendental attache of hers seems to have so much at heart?"

Digitized by Google

"It is easy for you to ask me that; but how am I to answer?" she said, tears gathering slowly in her eyes. "I love her; no mother could love her child more. I love Holinder, too. I would give my life to see them happy. But what right have I to be guided by my wishes? These things are in a sphere far above my reach."

"You have been a happy wife: why should you think that there can be anything higher than love? But never mind. How is it with Tom and Holinder? Are they disposed to adopt your view of the matter?"

"Thank heaven, no!" she exclaimed, impulsively. She was going to say more, but checked herself. But I inferred, from her exclamation, that, whatever her reverence for the higher spheres might be, she was still capable of very human feelings. Like other women, she might set her face one way and her heart another. "I think they have just come in," she added; "they will tell you themselves." And as the voices of the two men were heard upon the stairs, she rose and went out.

Tom welcomed me with open-hearted pleasure. For some reason, he had formed a flattering conception of my cold common sense; and though I am not sure that he ever followed my advice, yet he was always asking it, and doubtless imagined himself the better for obtaining it. Holinder shook hands with an unmoved face. At the first glance, you would have said that this event, on which that which was dearer to him than life was involved, had disturbed him not a whit. But I could see a little further, and perceived that the whole man was in arms and sternly bent upon doing battle to the uttermost. In a man of Holinder's caliber, that meant something serious, even against such an opponent as his.

"My dear fellow, you're just the one we want," said Tom. "You've heard, of course? She's been kidnapped; and for the last thirty-six hours we have been on her trail—

Digitized by Google

that is, we've been hunting for the trail and haven't found it. I'm pretty near done up. But there's one consolation, as I tell Holinder: she's too near an angel for any one to harm her. She'll turn up all right sooner or later. Have you no news, or suggestions?"

Now, it is an odd circumstance that I fully intended to tell of my adventure with Carmagno, and to state my conviction that Tania was in his house, or at any rate that he knew where she was. But when I opened my mouth to do this I was conscious of an impalpable resistance, or barrier, preventing me from saying what I wished; and the words that *did* come forth were of quite another tenor. "Your wife told me the news not half an hour ago," I said; "but was she kidnapped? or might she have gone of her own free will?"

I was looking at Holinder as this sentence, much to my own perplexity, came from me. His dark eyes kindled as they met mine; but there was no sign of emotion in his even voice as he answered.

"Whether she went of her own will is of less weight than whether she wills to stay," said he, impassively. "I have confidence in her and in myself. And I have learned two things worth knowing: that I have a man to deal with who, at bottom, is no stronger than I, and that he fears the issue enough to resort to desperate measures. Sleight-of-hand and illusions are amusing and puzzling, but they are not weapons to be afraid of. They may serve to postpone the final result, but it will be decided on other grounds; and if I am beaten, there will be good reason why."

I cannot convey the impression of adamantine strength that went with these words. It convinced me that Carmagno had a conflict on his hands such as might give even an immortal pause. And it was a new revelation of the power that simple manhood may contain.

Digitized by Google

"What do you mean to do now?" I asked.

"Search for her till I find her, or she comes to me," he replied. "I owe her that, at least. My antagonist will have to meet me, sooner or later, on my own ground—just as he had to come to mortal terms in order to get hold of Tania. If he can hold her, it will be with her consent; and if with hers, then with mine too. But I don't think the end will be that way."

It was a grand defiance; and it was only that singular constraint that was upon me that withheld me from avowing myself his ally—as at heart I certainly was.

(*To be continued.*)

THE cognizing of things impalpable to the touch, invisible to the eye, soundless, and without odor, the perception and delineations of conditions and events belonging to the far distant past, and the recalling of conversations held in a former generation, would fifty years ago have been looked upon as mythical and repugnant to common sense. But sense is not so common as it used to be; our senses are widening in their scope and activity. The "inner sense" is supplementing the outer ones, and bringing into our cognition a field that was before unrecognized and undreamt of, save by the enlightened seer who realized but knew not how to convey to the materialistic perceptions of man his idea. Buchanan's discovery of psychometry, or cognizing and measuring things by their spiritual qualities, and Denton's application of it to geology and archæology, have demonstrated the fact that the visible is duplicated in the invisible, that all events are indelibly recorded, and that "'thoughts are things." The universe is like one vast instrument with innumerable octaves and tones, and every definite thought evolved is in harmony with one of its strings.—*Harbinger of Light.*

THE true Shekinah is Man: where else is the God's-Presence manifested, not to our eyes only but to our hearts, as in our fellow-man?—*Saint Chrysostom.*

Digitized by Google

# EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

## VOLUME TWO.

THE first milestone on the journey of MIND was reached with the last number. The completion of a volume is always a gratifying incident in the history of a new periodical. It affords the editor and publishers an opportunity to congratulate themselves upon the attainment of a definite degree of success—at the same time furnishing occasion for a review of past efforts and a remodeling of plans for the future. A mental inventory of the ups and downs that are inevitable in an experiment of this character, as well as a study of what has been accomplished on the lines laid down at its inception, cannot fail of profit to both reader and publisher.

* * *

MIND is unique. Its scope is exclusive and distinctive. Its province is not to supersede any analogous publication in popular esteem; neither is it to augment the number of *class* journals already in the field. Its mission is to create an entirely new thought-atmosphere in the realms of science, philosophy, religion, psychology, metaphysics, and occultism. We hope to do this by spreading the light of modern discovery concerning the *psychic* factor in human development—not only in a single channel or phase of activity, but along the *many* avenues of investigation afforded by man's infinitely varied possibilities.

* * *

Abundant evidence is forthcoming that the epoch of *theory* is well-nigh past; hence, the work of MIND is being more and more

Digitized by Google

widely related to the world of *fact*—to the discovery of truths that shall ere long be self-evident to the most ordinary observation. We are committed to the dissemination of spiritual *knowledge*, not mere belief, being convinced that a tremendous stride in human progress shall be taken when the nature of the Soul-man is popularly understood. "Spiritual science" is no longer viewed as a contradictory expression even by the most rabid materialists; indeed, its scope embraces every important fact of materialistic science, and the devotees of that school are prone to concede that their entire domain is but the outer and transitory effect of an inner and imperishable cause. The dove-tailing of these two great branches of human knowledge, which have hitherto been regarded as quite incompatible, would seem, therefore, to be on the verge of actualization.

* * *

During the six months that have elapsed since the issuance of our first number, the above tendency toward a closer union between the materialistic and spiritual schools of thought has been most noted in the practise of the healing art. Medical journals of the most orthodox kind frequently publish affirmative editorials on mental therapeutics, the office of suggestion, the psychic origin of disease, the dominant relation of mind to body, and the religious element of an ideal ministry of cure. Opposition to the so-called "irregular" methods of healing is becoming less rampant in all our States, and the calling of mental practitioners in consultation with medical doctors is not of infrequent occurrence. The psychic power of discernment in diagnosis, the logic of establishing correct and natural action in the mental processes of the patient, the futility of the unaided use of drugs, the far-reaching power of the imagination for both good and evil—these are among the absolute facts that are no longer bugbears of absurdity among the medical fraternity.

* * *

Then, too, the materialization of thought in the theological

Digitized by Google

world is far less productive of apprehension than it was a decade or two ago, when anything savoring of a scientific religion or creedless spirituality encountered its most bigoted opposition from the orthodox pulpit. To-day the principles of spiritual science may be heard expounded in churches of the most varied ecclesiastical character. Many of the former essentials of orthodoxy, some of which were considered indispensable to a Christian life only a few years ago, have joined primitive Calvinism in the limbo of obsolete "beliefs." Religion is becoming rational, reasonable, and respected for its own sake. The dignity of human nature and the true majesty of the human soul are rapidly supplanting the puerile conception of man as a "worm of the dust" and a needy supplicant at the feet of an angry Jehovah. Atheism and agnosticism have less excuse for existing—their *raison d'être* is disappearing with the spiritualizing of religion along scientific lines; hence, the sum total of the bitterness of human dissensions is being appreciably lessened.

* * *

In harmony with the changes that have been wrought in the respective attitudes of science and religion is the altered basis of Philosophy. This branch of human thought is to-day neither abstract nor abstruse. It has a foundation of tangible reality—demonstrated spirit—and is rendered applicable to individual needs. Philosophy is no longer the plaything of speculative intellects. Psychology, too, is advancing, *i. e.*, the old is giving place to the new. "The science of the soul" is now a logical reality, because the existence and immortality of that spiritual entity have ceased to be hypothetical. This branch of study, as taught by modern thinkers, is not a mere outgrowth of theology, but a system of classifying demonstrated facts that are vital to man's knowledge of himself. And Metaphysics is no longer transcendental, but rather a practical, every-day affair; neither can it be successfully restricted to a single line of investigation or mode of application to human require-

Digitized by Google

ments. Since it has been proved that the mind is *not* a product of the brain, metaphysics has assumed a new dignity and an added importance; it is a science without which "physics" were meaningless. Finally, Occultism is being divested of superstition and charlatanism; it is now viewed in its true light as a means to an end—not the end itself. Like other facts in Nature, its revelations are appreciated by candid minds and utilized only to suggest eternal principles—the proper use of all natural phenomena.

* * *

It is by no means extravagant to say that all this advancement is directly due to the influence of the New Thought movement of which MIND is conceded to be a potent representative in the literary world. In view of the progress above outlined, it may be said that Volume II. opens auspiciously, not only for its publishers but for its readers—consequently for the thinking world at large. A constant improvement in the magazine, from month to month, is confidently predicted; for our motto is ever "Onward!" and articles are now in preparation that will exceed in value and importance anything hitherto published in these pages.

* * *

The usefulness of MIND is limited only by its circulation; hence, we are offering many special inducements (as shown by our advertising pages) to the reading public to augment the subscription list. If you receive this number as a sample copy, you are earnestly invited to become a regular subscriber and to urge your acquaintances to do the same. The assistance of the friends of the higher life in buying the magazine from newsdealers and promoting the circulation in other ways is hereby gratefully acknowledged. The motives that have prompted to the founding and continuance of MIND are of the most unselfish kind, and in sending your subscription you are contributing far more to popular enlightenment than to the prosperity of a business enterprise.

Digitized by Google

## MENTAL HEALING.

Shall we ignore it, condemn it, tolerate it, or make use of it and add it to our already long list of legitimate remedial measures? We cannot afford to ignore it, for too large a number of patrons are deeply interested in it and will not permit it to remain unnoticed. We cannot condemn it, for although its sins of omission are great, our own shortcomings unfit us for the task even if it were otherwise possible of accomplishment. And then, too, its claims for recognition, like our own, are based upon what it has done and not upon what it has failed to do. As to its toleration, this will not be a matter of choice with us, for it has evidently come to stay, and its friends and advocates and defenders are too great and too enthusiastic a host to be downed by any action, however concerted, upon our part.

It is certainly old enough to be entitled to recognition, for mental healing has been employed for the cure of the sick from a time so long ago as to be completely lost in the vista of the centuries. Its special claim to recognition in our own time lies in the fact that it now claims to be established upon a scientific basis and is no longer a mere superstition, a sentiment, a religious fanaticism. . . . Observation, reason, and experiment have been furnished with a substantial basis for their operations not previously enjoyed, and the claim of mental healing as a scientific means of cure can by no means be considered as absurd.

Many of the inconsistencies constantly encountered in any individual experience between mental and physical conditions, and the confusion occasioned by observing the great discrepancies between mental fancies and physical facts, can be readily accounted for and explained by recalling the double nature of man, whether considered physically or mentally. . . . The two natures of man, the external and internal, or the personality and the individuality, or the objective and subjective, or whatever else they be termed, are always more or less at variance in every human being. And hence the incongruities which are constantly arising between the fancies of the external, the personal, the objective, which habitates the cerebro-spinal system, and the internal, individual, or subjective, which has its dwelling-place and finds its bodily expression through the sympathetic.

Digitized by Google

This is why in serious illness many times the faith and trust deeply implanted in the sympathetic nerve may serve to effect a restoration to health in spite of the fact that the cerebro-spinal organization is thoroughly impregnated with the fear of perpetual illness or speedy death; or, on the other hand, how a deep-seated conviction that the end has come, when operating through the sympathetic nerve, can bring to an untimely end all the activities of the body, and prescribe death in spite of all the hopes, aspirations, and expectations entertained by the spirit of the cerebro-spinal nervous system. In other words, it is our book of life, the unconscious, the involuntary, internal, personal, subjective part of us that holds our keeping in its hands, and prescribes for us our days and conditions, that registers our histories and unfolds our prophecies. . . .

That mental forces are capable of exercising action, sufficiently deep-seated to affect the intuitional part of man's nature, which presides over his functions and nutritions, has now been demonstrated so plainly and repeatedly that any one who is at all open to conviction may easily become persuaded of the fact by carefully conducted investigation. In this great fact mental healing finds its excuse for existence and for recognition, and also justifies its claim of a scientific basis of operation, for all cures, be they accomplished through physics or metaphysics, are universally effected through the agency of the blood-vessels, under the immediate command of whatever influences the sympathetic nervous system to action. . . .

Any system of cure that ignores the factor which the soul-life of the patient plays in the problem of disease is too superficial and elementary to be permanently, and in many cases even temporarily, effective. . . . To ascribe all disease to physical causes in this age of enlightenment is both illogical and childish. The psychic factor demands and must receive recognition. . . . The senseless rivalry between legitimate curative agencies should be speedily cried down. Prejudice, bigotry, and intolerance have lived long enough. The harm which they have already accomplished to humanity is incalculable, and there is now a crying need for a broader philanthropy more in keeping with the free spirit of the age. Whatever will heal the sick should concern doctors, be it mental or

Digitized by Google

physical; and the efficacy of mental healing, properly and scientifically applied, especially when used in conjunction with well directed physical measures, it seems to us has now been so thoroughly established as to entitle it to recognition as a worthy, accurate, scientific, and desirable aid in the healing of the sick. It belongs on our list of legitimate remedial measures, and its study should be prosecuted with the thoroughness and vigor that characterize all our investigations. —*Dr. E. H. Pratt, in the Journal of Orificial Surgery.*

## IMAGINATION.

No great discovery is made without the use of imagination. It enables the man of science to think beyond what has been actually discovered; then, by the use of the scientific method, can be verified what was conceived as possible. Imagination is to the scientist what the lamp is on the cap of the miner; it enables him to see a little beyond his present position.

They who indulge in diatribes against the imagination do not know what they are talking about. Imagination, not undisciplined and uncontrolled, but subject to reason and reflective thought, is necessary to advancement in science through discovery and invention, which have been such important factors in modern civilization. It was Tyndall who told us that, even in relation to physical experiments, the capacity to go beyond the vanishing point of matter and to fall back upon what he called "the picturing power of the mind" so as to make the imagination a trustworthy guide beyond that point, makes all the difference between the mere man of routine and the man of genius. In his delightful lecture on "Crystalline and Molecular Forces," he describes an experiment up to the vanishing point, and then bids us follow and draw inferences concerning the unseen. "You imagine where you cannot experiment," said he; and then he talked about a scientific entity as "intellectually discerned," and said: "The man who cannot break the bounds of experience, but holds on only to the region of sensible facts, may be an excellent observer, but he is no philosopher, and can never reach the principles that bind the facts of science together."—*B. F. Underwood.*

Digitized by Google

## NARCOTIC ABUSES.

Is the abuse of narcotics declining? Dr. J. B. Mattison says that it is. He relates that codeine—an opium product of comparatively innocent character—has largely replaced morphia for the relief of pain; that phenacetine and other coal-tar products have largely replaced cocaine, that most dangerous and deadly of drugs, and that trional, sulphonal, etc., have substituted chloral. This is good news if it is true! But is it true? So far as the prescriptions of physicians are concerned it is probably true. Doctors are more and more cautious not to breed the morphine, cocaine, and chloral habits by too much prescribing those drugs. So far also as the conscious and inebriate use of such drugs is concerned there is doubtless an improvement.

But is all this not more than offset by the reckless greed of the patent-medicine manufacturers? Recent chemical analyses have shown that of five "nerve" remedies four had for their active principle one-eighth of a grain of morphia to the dose. This means that morphine fiends are being manufactured by wholesale. Again, of nine "sure cures" for catarrh, seven consisted chiefly of cocaine, which does not cure catarrh at all, but temporarily relieves its symptoms only to aggravate them afterward, and meantime makes cocaine victims of those who ignorantly use it.

A physician in one of our State hospitals for the insane tells us that the percentage of increase in insanity from the use of patent medicines of the cocaine and morphia variety very greatly outruns the percentage of the total increase in insanity. What can the doctors do so long as any quack can thus mislead sufferers, while any druggist can advertise a vicious and villainous cocaine preparation by offering "sample packages" free, as a Broadway druggist recently did?

Why should not our law protect the public as the French law does, by forbidding the sale of any patent medicine until its formula shall have been approved officially, after which physicians themselves are free to prescribe it? A few years ago the doctors made many narcotic victims by indiscreet prescriptions. Now that they have reformed, the patent-medicine men are playing the mischief. There ought to be law to stop the whole thing.—*New York World.*

Digitized by Google

A TRULY amazing story of clairvoyance comes from Montpelier, which is so well vouched for that incredulity seems unreasonable. Dr. Grassett, a professor at the medical university of the city, has a friend at Narbonne, Dr. Ferroul, formerly a deputy, who has discovered the clairvoyant in question. To test her powers, the professor sent to his colleague at Narbonne a cunningly-devised packet. In the middle was a half sheet of paper on which was written a French couplet, together with three words—one Russian, one German, and one Greek. The paper was folded so that the writing should be within. Around it was a sheet of tinfoil, and around this a mourning envelope. A paper fastener was then run through the packet and the ends were sealed with wax. The missive thus securely hidden was sent in an envelope with a message to Dr. Ferroul, who, of course, only opened this outer cover. When he called upon the subject to make an appointment, she suggested that she should read the paper immediately, though it had been left at Dr. Ferroul's house, five hundred yards away. The clairvoyant proceeded to repeat the couplet with only three trivial mistakes. She did not perceive that the message was in verse; she omitted the word "trop" and said "le soir" instead of "ce coir." The other words, sixteen in number, were correct. She could not read the Russian, Greek, or German words, but imitated their letters with her fingers. This is prodigious, and there appears to be no loophole for fraud. Nevertheless, the Montpelier academy is going to have the experiment repeated to make doubly sure.—*Liverpool Weekly Mercury.*

NOT mankind only, but all that mankind does or beholds, is in continual growth, regenesis, and self-perfecting vitality. Cast forth thy act, thy word, into the ever-living, ever-working universe: it is a seed-grain that cannot die; unnoticed to-day (says one), it will be found flourishing as a banyan grove (perhaps, alas, as a hemlock-forest!) after a thousand years.—"*Sartor Resartus.*"

MAN at his best should possess a character that combines intelligence and piety. The highest type of being is a man wise and good. He attains his moral and intellectual altitude by rectitude of purpose and intelligence of mind.—*Confucius.*

Digitized by Google

## REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

OCCULT PHILOSOPHY OR MAGIC. By Henry Cornelius Agrippa. 288 pp. Cloth, $5.00. Hahn & Whitehead, publishers, Chicago.

Probably no word in the English language has been so degraded or perverted from its original meaning as the term *magic*. The fact that such a thing as "natural magic" exists is known to comparatively few; yet the present work is devoted almost wholly to an exposition of the philosophy and experiments of one of the greatest sixteenth century occultists—a man whose discoveries are singularly in line with the modern development of metaphysics. The volume is the first of a series of three books by the same author, edited by Willis F. Whitehead, whose careful and intelligent labor entitles him to the gratitude of the world of letters. In addition to Agrippa's seventy-four chapters on Natural Magic, he presents a sketch of the famous mystic's life, many annotations, and other original and selected matter. The work is an occult library in itself—one, too, that is not accessible elsewhere in English. Among other unique features, it contains full instructions concerning the manufacture and use of "magic mirrors"—an ancient method of psychic development that is again coming in vogue. The volume is embellished with many explanatory diagrams and charts and a frontispiece portrait of the author. It is a beautiful specimen of the book-maker's art, and without it no library is complete.

IDOLS DETHRONED. By Flora P. Howard. 87 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Published by the author, Los Angeles, Cal.

The sub-title of this book is "Dominion Over the Animal Kingdom." The author's virile style is splendidly revealed in her article, "Value Received," in this issue of MIND. Mrs. Howard has a national reputation as a writer and lecturer in the New Thought field, and her book is destined to prove a practical blessing to all who read it. It will doubtless take a leading place among the agencies that are ushering in the new era of scientific religion and enlarging the domain of human wisdom and usefulness. The argument is lucid and unanswerable, the uplifting thoughts being couched in short,

Digitized by Google

pithy sentences—terse, clear, and vigorous. Every page burns with the fervor of the author's spirit; it glows with an intense individuality that irresistibly carries conviction. The book is written with a purpose—to convey a personal message of truth to individual minds; and in this attempt the author is eminently successful.

BETWEEN THE LINES. By Hannah More Kohaus. 114 pp. Cloth, $1.00. F. M. Harley Publishing Co., Chicago.

While this is not strictly a "new" book, yet its subject-matter will be found fresh and bright at all times. It is a "condensed statement of the truth of Being," presented in the form of question and answer. Its apparent aim is to solve some of the enigmas of "Christian Science" through simplifying the teachings of that school; to impart substance to its platitudes; and to rationalize its principles by showing the needlessness of its emotional theology and disregard of logic. The ideas presented, though having a familiar ring, are yet well adapted to all grades of intelligence. They epitomize the essential doctrines of Being that are promulgated daily by teachers of various cults in America, and will prove equally welcome to the novice and the initiate. The author writes with a keen perception of the intricacies of her subject as well as of the needs of the aspiring mind.

THE SCARLET-VEINED AND OTHER POEMS. By Lucy Cleveland. 135 pp. Cloth, $1.00. A. D. F. Randolph Co., publishers, New York.

A handsomer volume than this has not yet come to our library table. Its scarlet cover is decked with the most beautiful symbolic designs in gold and blue, which are full of significance to one skilled in mystic lore. The contents, too, are exquisite. The lines are vibrant with the rhythm of a seer, a patriot, a musician, an artist, a poet. They are artistic, and suggestive of Browning at his best. The eight "Patriotic Poems," one of which is addressed to the author's distinguished uncle, Ex-President Grover Cleveland, give the volume a peculiar timeliness at this critical period. The other divisions are "The Scarlet-Veined," "Voices," and "Poems of Nature." The blank verse especially, which abounds, reveals a deep knowledge of metaphysical truth on the part of the author. The book is a literary treasure.

Digitized by Google

# MIND.

VOL. II. MAY, 1898. No. 2.

## THE TRUE BASIS OF MORALITY.

BY THE SWAMI ABHEDANANDA.

From ancient times, various attempts have been made in the Western world to explain the moral nature of man. One numerous class of people refrain from violating "God's commandments" because they think eternal torment will be the sure result of such disobedience; consequently, their basis of morality is *fear of punishment.* They dare not ask questions regarding those commandments, and feel bound to accept them because they see no other alternative. They often, however, bury certain reservations and doubts in their bosoms, being too timid to express them in public.

There are others, again, who try to interpret the moral law, not through scriptural superstitions but through *reason.* Such persons are known as Western "philosophers" and "great thinkers." The oldest of these were the Greek philosophers that flourished before the Christian era. In the fifth century before Christ arose Socrates, who tried to establish virtue and moral conduct on a firm intellectual foundation. Thenceforward the basis of morality became the principal theme of the Greek philosophers. Socrates taught that all virtue is knowledge—justice being the surest guide for every moral action. "A virtuous or a moral act is one that proceeds from a clearly conscious perception of those things to which it relates; that is, of the end, means, and limitations by which it is conditioned.

Digitized by Google

Good and evil are determined by the presence or absence of insight. Men act wrongly only because they form erroneous judgments."

A similar explanation of the basis of morality was given by Plato, who based the whole of the moral fabric upon justice; but by justice he meant the *State*—the moral life in its complete totality. Plato believed that social ethics can alone govern the sensuous principle, which is so mighty in man. Social institutions, according to this prince of philosophers, can suppress the "lower" nature and make man moral. Virtue must begin in the State and then manifest itself in the individual. Hence come the severity and rigor of the Platonic teachings regarding the State.

The ethics of Aristotle differs in many respects from those of his predecessors. Aristotle did not view the moral element as purely intellectual; he said it was the outcome of the physical nature. Socrates regarded the moral and the natural as opposites, and moral conduct as the result of rational enlightenment, while Aristotle held that one proceeds from the other. He said the chief peculiarity of human nature is rational activity. Man, being naturally intelligent, is bound to act rationally; hence, morality arises from innate virtue. The Aristotelian basis of ethics, therefore, upset the Socratic basis of morality. According to Aristotle, ethical culture and moral activity are conditioned upon a properly regulated social life. Man is a political animal; a truly *human* life is possible only in a society. Therefore, "the State is superior to the individual, and even to the family; individuals are only accidental parts of the political whole."

Then came the Stoics. Their ethics was most closely connected with their physics. The moral code of the Stoics was about as follows: "Follow Nature, or live in harmony with Nature. Live in natural simplicity, and

Digitized by Google

do not be corrupted by art. Be consciously and voluntarily what thou art by nature. Pleasure has no moral worth, and is not the end of Nature; it comes accidentally. Consequently, whatever action ends in pleasure cannot be moral." In this consists the whole severity of the Stoic morals. Everything personal must be cast aside. According to the Stoics, a perfect moral act is possible only when the actor has a thorough knowledge of the good and the power completely to realize it.

Then a reaction came; and the result was Epicurianism and Skepticism. The moral nature was denied. "Seek pleasure and avoid pain as long as you live" became the highest ideal. Thus ended the speculations of the Greek philosophers of the pre-Christian era.

Soon afterward the Christian idea of morality entered Europe. Starting from belief in the sayings of Jesus and the revelations of Scripture, the moral precepts of Christianity slowly grew into the scholasticism, theology, and priestcraft of the Middle Ages, which dominated the minds of Western people for centuries. Various objections to that belief were raised from time to time, but they were promptly suppressed by dogmatic assertions, threats, and persecutions on the part of the ecclesiastical authorities.

Then came the Reformation. Philosophers arose in different parts of Europe to discuss various questions bearing upon the nature of the soul, God, and the moral law. But all these ended in the skeptical and nihilistic doctrines of Hume. And ethical science gradually became identified with social and political laws as the science of human conduct in the secular State, or community.

But the appearance of Kant in Germany marked a new and important epoch in the history of philosophy in Europe. Kant tried to re-establish the rules of morality on an enduring basis. He taught that there is an innate moral law within each person that stands preëminent above all those

Digitized by Google

that relate to the ends called pleasure and pain in daily life; consequently, by irresistible necessity each person is bound to follow that law, which is absolutely free from sensuous motives. The moral law, according to Kant, is not a *hypothetical* imperative that promulgates that such and such means will end in such and such results; it is rather a *categorical* imperative—in other words, an absolute command. It does not originate in reason, motive, impulse, or desire, but in *pure reason*, which is autonomous, one, and universal.

Through this law is determined also the idea of freedom. The moral law says: "Thou oughtest; therefore, thou canst;" and thus assures us of our freedom. It is not bound by the objects of desire. "Utilitarian morality" is no morality at all, because it is conditioned by the objects of desire. "Theological morality" is likewise a misnomer, because it depends upon the punishment and rewards that proceed from a personal God. It does not proceed from freedom, but from the desire and hope of obtaining reward and avoiding punishment. According to Kant, we do not call that act a moral act that proceeds from the motive of obtaining happiness or sense enjoyment. When an act is performed solely for the sake of the law *per se*, it is moral. Moreover, Kant reduced religion to morality. Religion, said he, cannot be the basis of morality; it is itself based upon morality. If religion be the foundation, then fear and hope will be the prime motives of all moral action!

Belief in God does not necessarily make one moral; the idea that "I *ought* to believe" must precede all such belief. Religion, when separated from morality, is nothing. The church is simply a moral community. A dogma has worth only so far as it has a moral content. We do not derive any benefit from *believing* in the Trinity. There is no moral difference between a belief in a Godhead consisting of three persons and that in a Godhead consisting of ten.

Digitized by Google

According to Kant, reason is the highest interpreter of the Bible. If the records of revelation do not appeal to reason they ought to be rejected. The German philosopher says that the foundation of a complete ethical religion originally lay in the human heart. Thus, according to the Kantian system, a religion beyond morality is unnecessary. It is a mere theory. We have obscure ideas of God and immortality. We cannot go further, *i. e.*, beyond such theoretical ideas.

Post-Kantian philosophers, such as Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel, starting from the conclusions of Kant, developed other systems, each having peculiarities of its own. Each of these thinkers brought forward his own speculation, but failed to give a better explanation of the basis of morality than that given by Kant. The result was considerable heated discussion throughout Germany for many years, when at last a reaction came with the appearance of Schopenhauer. This noted philosopher taught that all our actions proceed from certain motives, which can be divided into two classes: The first, desire to further well-being; the second, desire to cause ill. These underlie all our actions; hence, every act that a man can possibly perform must have as its aim either one's own well-being or another's ill, or *vice versa.*

Each human action, therefore, can be divided into four classes, according to its relation to the four motives. First, an act intended for another's ill is called malice; secondly, for one's own well-being, egoism; thirdly, for another's well-being, compassion; and fourthly, for one's own ill, asceticism. These four classes of motives determine the moral merit or demerit of human actions. The first two motives are called, by Schopenhauer, Will (to live), or the affirmation of Will; and the last two, compassion and asceticism, are the denial of the Will. This denial of the will to live is, according to Schopenhauer, the true basis of morality.

Digitized by Google

Acts that are performed, not for the affirmation of the will to live but for its denial, are moral and virtuous; for when it is denied, then come rest, happiness, and freedom. Thus the defects of the Kantian system have been supplied by Schopenhauer. But the latter acknowledges allegiance to the wisdom of the Upanishads, or Vedanta (the highest philosophy, according to many Western scholars, that the human mind has ever produced), which he calls *sacred* without the least hesitation. "In the whole world there is no study so beneficial and so elevating as that of the Upanishads." These are the words of the greatest of the post-Kantian philosophers.

Schopenhauer's great disciple, Dr. Paul Deussen, says, in his "Metaphysics," that Christianity, like all other great religions of the world, inculcates the highest moral law, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." But *why* should we do so? The answer we do not find in the Bible, but in the Vedas. It is in the great formula, *Tat twam asi*—"That thou art." You shall love your neighbor as yourself because *you* are your neighbor. Mere ignorance of the real nature of our higher Self has produced the idea of separation—has made us think we are separate from our neighbor and from the universe. But the whole basis of morality cannot be any other than *oneness*. Love means the expression of oneness. We should love our neighbor as ourself, not for his beauty, or good nature, or the kindness that we might receive from him, but for his soul. The Soul, or Spirit, in my neighbor is the same as that in me.

That love, however, must not be confined to our neighbors; it must include all living creatures, because we are one in spirit with every other living creature. The Vedanta says: "Love every living creature as thyself"—because the same Self, or Spirit, is there. First of all, "realize the Self, or Spirit, in thee; then thou shalt be able to realize the Self, or Spirit, everywhere." He that realizes

Digitized by Google

that one universal Spirit everywhere cannot kill spirit by spirit. The moment we realize that we are Spirit, all selfishness vanishes. It is on account of selfishness, which proceeds from the idea of separateness, that we do not recognize the rights of others. Because of selfishness we try to enrich ourselves by injuring others and depriving them of their rights.

Selfishness is the cause of all evil and immorality; and unselfishness is but another term for the recognition of oneness. That which proceeds from the idea of separateness, *i. e.*, from selfish motives, is immoral and sinful; and that which leads toward unselfishness is moral, virtuous, and good. That which prevents us from realizing our oneness with God and humanity is wrong; and that which helps us in loving every living creature as ourselves is moral, godly, and divine. All the commandments, "Thou shalt not" and "Thou shalt," which we find in various Scriptures, may be summed up in two simple sentences: "Do not be selfish; be unselfish." Therefore, unselfishness, or the recognition of *oneness*, is the true basis of morality.

WHATSOEVER an individual does by the laws of its nature, it has a sovereign right to do, inasmuch as it acts as it was conditioned by nature and cannot act otherwise. This is identical with the teaching of Saint Paul, who acknowledged that previous to the law—that is, so long as men are considered as living under the sway of Nature—there is no sin.—*Spinoza.*

REFORMATION of the world must begin in the world of thought and of idea. Absolutely correct adjustment must first obtain there, or else fallacy will be manifest and an inadequate system put forth.—*The Flaming Sword.*

IF Nature is one, and a living, invisible Whole, much more is mankind, the image that reflects and creates Nature, without which Nature were not.—*"Sartor Resartus."*

Digitized by Google

# NEW LIGHT ON INDIA.

BY M. E. CARTER.

"Once upon a time," not a hundred years ago, we were taught by recognized authorities that the age of this old world of ours was about "six thousand years." There are Bibles in plenty at present, with marginal dates arranged according to that chronology. All of these old figures, however, are now relegated to deserved oblivion, and, along with them, has gone much of the fossilized theology through which they originated. *Pax vobiscum!*

Both theology and chronology belong to the dead past, while the history of one community in India goes back with authentic records "six thousand years," even to the time when Adam and Eve were supposed by dogmatic authorities to be just making each other's acquaintance and incidentally getting into mischief in the "garden of Eden." England's old but strictly orthodox bard, calling upon the heavenly muse to sing the story, wrote:

> "Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
> Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
> Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
> With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
> Restore us and regain the blissful seat," etc.

Professor Tyndall, when in this country some years ago, aptly named this, in the course of his lectures, "the Miltonic theory." We now know that the tree mentioned in that allegory was, as stated, a "tree of knowledge," and we also know that any such tree will "open our eyes" and lead us to discriminate between "good and evil"; also, that it will tend to increase our wisdom. Then let us never hesitate to reach forward and pluck its fruit at every opportunity.

Digitized by Google

A better acquaintance with far-away, misjudged, misrepresented India will give us valuable knowledge. We are fortunate in these days in having among us wise teachers from the Orient, who are enlightening us in many ways and proving much that has been presented to us as authentic, by missionaries and superficial travelers, to be quite as mythical as our Genesis fable—with the difference of not being so profitable for study, since from the biblical story we may derive a valuable and practical esoteric meaning.

There is a religious community in India of whom few in our Western world have heard, and of whom, until lately, still fewer have had any knowledge worthy of the name. The Jains—or, correctly, the Jainas—of India number about three million people, with a history dating back thousands of years, and unstained by the record of either murder or war. For this reason, if for no other, they deserve our studious consideration. This remarkable religious body sent a representative to our World's Parliament of Religions in 1893. As the vows of a Jain monk forbid his leaving India, the delegate chosen was a lawyer by profession, a man of great scholarly attainments as well as a devout member of their community—one in every way fitted to be their representative.

Mr. Virchand R. Gandhi, B. A., M. R. A. S., came to us bringing a marvelous fund of knowledge—philosophical, psychological, scientific, and religious. His acquaintance with the Christian Scriptures is fuller than that of many who are professedly followers of the great Teacher of Galilee. Mr. Gandhi quotes the Bible as easily as can any orthodox minister, and calls attention to its mistranslations more readily than any of our English-speaking members of the church laity or clergy are able or willing to do. It is the consensus of opinion amongst those who have listened to this teacher that his instruction transcends

Digitized by Google

any that has recently been presented to the students of philosophy, psychology, and "the fundamental laws of right thinking and right living." Always lucid, logical, and scientific, Mr. Gandhi never fails to impress his hearers with the truth and value of his statements, as well as the necessity for pure diet, pure thinking, and a pure life, if one would enter the arcana of Truth. To hungry souls who are weary of feeding mentally upon husks, and to those in whom the animal nature is paramount, Mr. Gandhi offers abundant enlightenment, leading his students along paths of thinking never before trodden by any who have not been equally favored.

The name *Jaina* is derived from the word *Jina*, meaning a conqueror—not a military hero, for the Jains may be called the "Quakers of India," since, as already stated, they never engage in war nor any shedding of blood, either of man or animal. All life is held sacred by the Jains. The breadth, depth, and height of their religion—its beauty and purity—can only be realized by one who makes an effort to apply it in daily life. "Purity of diet" means eating to sustain life, not for pleasure; and no stimulant, not even tea or coffee, can come under the head of pure diet. All food must be of the simplest forms of non-sentient life. If we disturb living organisms we become responsible for the consequent inharmonious vibrations that we thus arouse, and we also partake of those undesirable conditions by introducing into our systems the objectionable vibrations, thus subjecting our own organisms to similar conditions. This is one reason why the whole flesh-eating world is dominated by fear and its manifestations.

The word *Jina*, therefore, signifies one who has done more valiant service than ever did any of those warriors whose deeds of carnage redden history's pages. Purity of diet, thought, and living, with love and compassion toward

Digitized by Google

all sentient life, form the warp and woof of the pattern laid down in the Jain teaching, which combines harmoniously philosophy, psychology, and science, forming a religion that leaves out no part of creation. A Jina was one who subdued his lower nature—one in whom the spiritual dominated the moral, mental, vital, and physical; or, as Mr. Gandhi expresses it, one in whom the "spiritual poured down through every plane below it," ruling all. A Jina, then, was one in whom was neither passion, fear, nor animality. The higher Self—the only real, permanent Self of any ego—reigned supreme in the one who had earned the title of Jina. Such men and women were fitted to become teachers, prophets, and saviors of all who would follow in the way trodden by them.

The Jains are of Aryan stock and Hindu race. Their monumental inscriptions and sacred writings prove them more ancient than the Buddhists, of whom (be it distinctly understood) there are now none in India. They are in Ceylon, Siam, and China, but not a single *native* of India is a Buddhist to-day. Mr. Gandhi states this positively, and he certainly has had opportunities for knowing. He says there is not now in India one temple devoted to the Buddhist form of worship. In some of his sermons, the great Buddha referred to the Jains, thus showing them to have been already established in India before his time. These people have always lived side by side with other religious sects, interfering with none, but seeking to discover the aspect of truth presented by each and all. It was said of them by an eminent traveler and writer who had been amongst them that the Jains were in full accord with the gospel mandate regarding non-resistance, and that they form the one religious body in the world of whom this may be said. Count Tolstoi, in this respect, is in full sympathy with them.

Until about three thousand years ago, Jainism was

Digitized by Google

known only as a system of philosophy that emphasized the various aspects of truth. Eight different systems arose in India. Six of them were based on the Vedic writings; the other two were not based upon any special book or books, nor upon any one authority. The maxim, "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good," has been obeyed by the Jains in their methods of study. While not accepting the Vedas as authoritative or inspirational writings, yet they teach the doctrines of reincarnation and rebirth—for these two have not the same meaning; they hold also the doctrine of Karma, and the idea conveyed in Nirvana as a final condition of "knowledge, existence, and bliss," to be attained by every soul upon its reaching perfect and *individual* consciousness.

The Vedantic idea of one Consciousness into which all are ultimately to be absorbed is not accepted by the Jains. For the past three thousand years their work has been religious, philosophical, and social. They promulgate no creed, but have a system of interpretation to be applied to all religions, culling from each its best and finding their existing relations and the underlying unity that this method of investigation brings to view. They teach that great souls are born for the purpose of renewing lost truth after it has been hidden or obscured by man-made theories, and especially by priestcraft, from which the Orient has suffered as well as the Occident. They do not regard those great souls as "incarnations" of God in our Western theological sense of that term. Each cycle, they say, has had twenty-four of these master Teachers born to be leaders, prophets, and saviors, and every race has had some of these great ones coming to it. In other and more familiar words, "God has never left himself without a witness amongst all the children of men." The old selfish idea of a chosen race or a peculiarly favored people is obsolete among those who recognize eternal justice as the undeviating law.

Digitized by Google

A Jina came in the time of Buddha and lived for about seventy-two years near Calcutta, giving useful instruction, and, without a quarrel with any sect, harmonized all. Buddha's teaching was a reaction from the Brahman caste system. Amongst the Jains, "caste" never had any place. Their special work was harmonizing the conflict between religion and philosophy. The Jinas and Buddha told the truth regarding their sacred writings. They said the books were composed by illuminated souls, omniscient teachers, but nevertheless human beings. Their supreme test of the truth of the scriptures was the height and depth of the teacher's purity. Unmixed, pure truth cannot come from an impure source. The poet says: "By whatever channel it reaches the ocean, still, water is water." But none of us, if we can avoid it, will drink of water coming through an impure channel, until it has been cleansed of all that is extraneous to its nature. The Jains say that truth cannot be geographically limited, and, we may add, neither can it be theologically confined.

The canon of interpretation amongst the Jains has four divisions: (1) Philosophical and metaphysical—broadly, a science of final causes; (2) mathematical, astronomical, and astrological; (3) historical and biographical, including lives of saints; (4) ceremonies, conduct, and ethics.

Once a schism arose, resulting in a division amongst the Jains. One class was called Schvetambara, or "white-clad"; the other was named Digambar, or "sky-clad." The monks of the latter, in ancient times, wore no clothes. The former taught that it was possible for all, whether men or women, to reach Nirvana; but the Digambar held that, in order to reach the perfect consciousness, a soul using a woman's shape must, however advanced, be reincarnated as a man.

This doctrine of the Digambar brings to remembrance

Digitized by Google

John Knox and his "First Blast of the Trumpet Against the Monstrous Regiment of Women." The Digambar was more liberal than the doughty old Scotchman, in whose theology few women had the ghost of a chance; and *they* formed extraordinary exceptions because of the remarkable "grace of God" to them extended. Knox's vision of heaven was distinctly masculine—without enough variety to make it to any one an attractive place, for *his* celestial abode was *located* somewhere in "space." Through what the unthinking call the "irony of fate," or through the working of his Karma, John Knox, since the days of Queen Elizabeth, may have been several times reincarnated, even as a woman; and by this time he may be somewhere on this planet, and perhaps developed into a reasonable human being.

When reading the accounts of the coronation of the present Czar of Russia, one could hardly fail to be impressed by the manifestation of these ideas, for, during those imposing ceremonies, the young wife of the Czar, because of her sex, could not pass in with her husband beyond certain rails of the altar, but was left kneeling outside alone while her "liege lord" and the priests passed into the holy place. Paul and his disciples are doubtless measurably responsible for our present-day Church ideas about "woman's place." There can be found no gospel warrant for the laws of either Church or State regarding women.

(*To be continued.*)

MATTER, were it never so despicable, is spirit, the manifestation of Spirit: were it never so honorable, can it be more? The thing visible, nay the thing imagined, the thing in any way conceived as visible, what is it but a garment, a clothing of the higher, celestial Invisible, "unimaginable, formless, dark with excess of bright?"—*Thomas Carlyle.*

Digitized by Google

## A WAYSIDE SUGGESTION.

BY JEANNE G. PENNINGTON.

Of the making of periodicals representing different phases of advanced thought, there is to-day apparently no end. Scarcely a week passes without bringing to the searcher for order in the chaos of opinion some new messenger bearing yet another conscientious presentation from that facet of Truth that has shone into the minds of its projectors. The student at first gladly accepts all these varying rays proceeding from the great Light, which is ready to flood the universe when our spiritual eyes are strong enough to bear it; but later he discovers that to his own individual lamp, burning ever—modestly perhaps, but unfalteringly—in the inner chamber of his soul, he must turn for definite instruction and guidance.

From the great mass of literature treating of occultism, metaphysics, psychology, philosophy, and religion, ranged in accessible order and open to-day to all in quest of spiritual anchorage, does not the Western mind gradually reach one general conclusion? While the old theological bonds of superstition and ignorance are severed forever; while the personal God of our forefathers no longer exists save in the minds of the timid few, but to our enlarged consciousness and broadened vision now so fills every crevice in the universe as effectually to exclude the old adversary; while the old forms are tottering and falling on all sides—yet in the beautiful new structure to be almost immediately reared the plan must be simple, chaste, true, in perfect keeping and harmony with the characteristic directness and honesty of the American mind.

Digitized by Google

We study Hinduism, the profoundest philosophy of the ancient world; but we find therein the taint of asceticism and renunciation. With its mediators, and lack of courage to face the conditions in which we to-day find ourselves, it seems ill suited to the national mind that has practically throughout its history braved *all* dangers and trusted in *itself*—aided by the supreme Power alone. A religion for the American, whose reverence and devotion are inherent, must not lack the quality of courage: it must be brave.

We turn to the fearless Stoicism of the Greeks and Romans, who taught: "Be strong; 'tis good to bear adversity with indifference"; and who has not sought and found in that "noblest of the Stoics," the old slave Epictetus, an ever-recurring strength and poise? But there is a still higher indifference, or Stoicism—the refusal to *suffer*. The acceptance of sorrows and difficulties because they are *sent*, not because they are merited; the tight shutting of the teeth and the literal closing of all the pores of one's nature to the purifying influence of pain—is *this* the sort of sophistry the alert American seeks? Can he reconcile an indiscriminate injustice, on the part of the great Ruler, with his own sense of justice? Is this not, for us, simply an evasion of the question facing us of this later day—an assumed invulnerability to the attacks of adverse gods?

Some one has said, "It is cowardly to refuse to suffer for mistakes." Be that as it may, when we have once fully and deliberately become possessed of the idea that we *suffer from ourselves;* that the adverse conditions prevailing in our external lives we personally have invited, even compelled; that they exist solely as opportunities wherein we may retrieve past blunders, made when our spiritual eyes were less keen and discerning than now—we will then neither flee from the danger nor regard it as

Digitized by Google

something that came by accident to us, rather than to another, and will gladly expiate to the fullest extent the *cause* that alone produced this effect. Life itself is a vast opportunity, and each day offers the blessedness of loftier climbing, broader outlooks, and wider toleration for our own blindness as well as that of others.

If we actually anchor here, and grasp the truth that was taught by our own special Teacher—that "man of sorrows," who also "was acquainted with grief"—that "I and my Father are one" (*i. e.*, I am in the supreme—a vital and necessary part of the Whole; nothing *can* separate me from the Infinite), then indeed nothing can interpose between the inexhaustible Tenderness, Power, and Good that formerly we tried to crowd down into a personal God (whose rival was a personal Satan) and the Higher within us. Let the soul float out on the bosom of Immensity—the Inexpressible, the Inconceivable in its entirety, yet the Innermost of us all! On this ocean of the Divine, where every breath is healing to body, mind, and soul—when these are once opened wide to the influx of that Spirit that is above all and in all—illness and disease of any or all sorts become absolute impossibilities. Life is rich and strange and beautiful as we become consciously at one with its Source.

To the free American mind, the idea of a series of graded teachers—Adepts, Mahatmas, and other orders—is doubtless at present unacceptable; it demands its right to turn direct, without intervention of any sort, to the Supreme to whom alone it does reverence. And if our view is narrow; if what to-day to us is the Absolute, or our best possible conception of it; and if another century should find our successors putting aside our ideas as outgrown, as we are treating those of a hundred years ago—so much the better: ours has served *us*, and made way for the new generalization, which need never be feared.

Digitized by Google

Only for the comfort of those readers or easily discouraged thinkers who have unsuccessfully grappled with the intricacies brought to us in loving generosity by our Oriental brothers; who have groped blindly among the innumerable and, in many instances, unfathomable theories originated by our fellow-students, who are striving to give lucid expression to the Truth as it flashes for them; who have listened with reverent catholicity to pagan and Jew and Gentile, Theosophist, Brahman, Buddhist, Parsee, and others alike, becoming more and more hopelessly incapacitated for detecting the true from the unnecessary—for you I would recall the message given to other strugglers long ago: "*Leave all*, and follow me."

Know that we are one with the Father, even as *our* Leader and Teacher Jesus of Nazareth was and is. Know that for us is needed no intercessor; we are in direct communion with the Source of all; we are one of its organs, which can neither be dispensed with nor ignored; to the full extent of our unfoldment and loving demand we may draw at need *whatsoever* we will. Know that the beautiful simplicity of the daily life of the Nazarene is the only example we Americans require; that to follow Him we need not seek isolated places for individual development, putting aside the practical duties that have been so plainly confided to us and that we cannot delegate to any other; that, as Goethe said, "Talent develops in solitude, but *character* in the stream of life"; and that all other great teachers of the West taught substantially the philosophy that Emerson voices in the following words: "It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he that in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude."

In the transition state from orthodoxy to spiritual emancipation, almost all of us, certainly the weaker ones,

Digitized by Google

are temporarily stranded. How can we *ever* become poised when the voices of the world are so persistently distracting? Shall we, too, go into retirement, as so many of our fellow-strugglers have done? Shall we never see the way clearly again? Is it necessary that all these complexities of tone, color, and breath shall be mastered before we gain the vantage-ground in the battle with the lower self? Can one honorably (for the true American is unwilling to purchase even spiritual growth with what may savor of dishonor) put aside those petty, annoying daily obligations and go into seclusion for one's more rapid individual unfoldment?

All these and countless other questions thrust themselves, day after day, before the confused disciple, and augment the strife through which there is no apparent progress. But he, the American, does not abandon or dishonor his trust; he reads and thinks during the interstices in his busy days and restless nights. By standing steadfastly at the post assigned him, and facing these inevitable battles as debts he has at some time either voluntarily or involuntarily incurred, he grows unconsciously, and ere long the quiet inner Voice assures him that he is indeed on the way that leads upward and onward to heights beyond man's most glorious flights of aspiration.

Regarding the intricacies that seemed so hopelessly perplexing, I should say that, for the Western disciple, they are spiritually unnecessary; his inner progress, like his outer life, is more simple and personal. As mental exercise or intellectual pleasure, when the time may be given without injustice to other more imperative claims, study these and other things that have satisfied hungry souls in past ages; for *all are good*, though perhaps not equally necessary to all classes of persons at precisely the same time.

Digitized by Google

# LIFE AS A JOURNEY.

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

If you purposed taking a journey into a strange country, where the language, manners, and customs of the people were different from those of your own land, and where the climate differed radically from yours, you would make it your business to become as well informed as possible concerning that country. This, according to most people, would be the common-sense way of acting; and a man that did not thus equip himself would be considered neither prudent nor wise.

We are all on a journey that begins in the cradle and ends only when the physical form is laid away: a journey that, though fraught with momentous consequences, we must travel whether we will or not—the journey of life.

How about the way of life? How about the road that we must travel? Do we know aught concerning it? Has it been the chief thing in our lives to seek knowledge regarding this way; or have we closed our eyes to the light and walked aimlessly along in the night of human error? There is a broad way, filled with pitfalls for the unwary, and it grows harder and harder every step we take. It is the way of sin and death. We cannot deny its existence, for there is evidence of it on every side. And there is a strait and narrow way that leads unto life eternal.

In one or the other of these ways, each and every one is walking. There is no middle course. The broad path lies well beaten about us on every side; yet it is not necessary, in order to attain to a knowledge of the inner way, to kill out love of earthly things, of things beautiful,

Digitized by Google

or even normal appetites and desires. It *is* needful, however, that we should understand the relative value of all that surrounds us in the world of form. It is necessary to make all appetites and desires subordinate to the inner impulses of the soul; for, if we attach undue value to things having but a transitory existence, a time comes when we must lose them, and we have nothing to repair the loss. Many have run the full gamut of everything that the world can possibly give; and what have they for their pains? Are they happier or more contented than others? Has the world afforded them a lasting satisfaction? No; the end is weariness of mind and vexation of spirit. The broad way, which promised so much and was to fill the life with joy and pleasure, has brought only sorrow and pain. The reason is that the goal set for man's attainment lies far beyond the boundaries of anything that pertains to earth. Man is a spiritual being placed here in physical form; his body is of the earth, but his soul belongs to the higher realms of light and love. Salvation—freedom from the bondage of worldly appetite and desire—comes to the soul when it truly knows its heavenly origin.

"I am the Way." This is the assertion that the universal Son of God makes to all who would follow in that way; for God's kingdom is within the soul, where the will, the power, and the life of God find expression, and, working outward, result in wholeness and completeness of mind and body. Thus the strait and narrow way is to be found within—through understanding that the life and the mind of God are active forces, in fact the *only* forces, in our being.

From considering the Way, let us turn our attention to the Truth. How shall we know it, and, through knowing, obey it? While truth is eternal and immutable, our views of it are constantly changing. Our conceptions of the present will not be those of the future. As the true

Digitized by Google

inner light—that light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world—discloses itself to the soul, a conscious realization that not only the Way but the Truth lies within thrills every part of one's being. "I am the Way; I am the Truth." This is the voice of God speaking in the soul of man; and from this altitude we may exclaim, with Jesus the Christ, "Before Abraham was I am." Before the soul ever gained an expression through form, it existed as an ideal in the mind of its Creator.

Truth, therefore, is neither to be sought nor found in the world without, for the law, the word of God, is written on the tablet of man's heart, and no one can have knowledge of this law save as it is made manifest to him from within—save as he can read the word and understand the law. The whole outer world is but the symbol, or expression, of the inner world. Visible things change and pass away, but the force that brought them into existence neither slumbers nor sleeps, but ceaselessly continues its work of creation and re-creation, generation and regeneration. In vain do we turn our attention to the outer world for a knowledge of truth. We study the various forms of life, from the protoplasm to the physical body of man; yet have we discovered aught concerning the life that animates these forms, or anything regarding the intelligence that causes each organism to follow out the mode of existence to which it is best adapted? No; we are blind to any knowledge concerning these things. The arts and the sciences prove absolutely nothing advantageous to man in his quest for Truth.

It must be admitted by all, if man is a spiritual being, an immortal soul, that knowledge of things that pertain to soul-growth—to the unfolding of powers latent within the soul—must be of greater importance than anything or everything in the outer world. Have the arts or the sciences anything to say on this question of soul-develop-

Digitized by Google

ment? No; they play no part whatever. The intellectual development of the age is immersed in the letter, losing all sight of the spirit.

A man that is on the purely animal plane of existence is blind to any other; the gratification of appetite is all that he knows; his life is bounded by these things, and the light of higher planes is shut out. The man that dwells on the intellectual plane of existence believes Reason to be his highest faculty; hence, he worships at her throne, and is blind to the light that comes to him from any higher plane. Is the soul's salvation dependent upon this intellectual development?

If our hypothesis concerning life be found in the interior world, then working from that premise we may follow out a line of reasoning that will prove the truth of our belief. But, in the outer world, how easy it is to find any number of hypotheses, each capable of logical demonstration! Therefore, scholars and scientists are in a constant state of disagreement. Students in strictly exoteric lines of thought take exception to the hypothesis of spiritual science, asserting it to be vague and unsatisfactory; but can it be any more so than some of their own hypotheses? Were their basis always true, their logic would be conclusive; but what do they know, in some cases, even of their basis? For instance, what does any scientist know of an atom? Did he ever see or touch one? No; yet science imparts what purports to be exact knowledge concerning atoms: that all those of the same element are identical in weight; those of different elements possess different weights; an atom is indivisible; the number that indicates the weight of the atom of any element is the same as the combining or equivalent number of that element. For example, the composition of water is definite and unchangeable. It consists, by weight, of one part of hydrogen to eight parts of oxygen. The multiple of

Digitized by Google

hydrogen is always one, and that of oxygen always eight, in water—one of hydrogen with eight of oxygen generating water. The oxygen is not, therefore, eight times superior to the hydrogen in neutralizing or saturating power; they are exactly equal: hence, the quantities taken are called equivalents. Thus, when two bodies combine with a third, they are both equivalents of the third; they are also equivalents of each other, and unite in exactly the same proportions.

From this theory of atoms is based the "atomic theory" of the universe. But who knows whether the atom is a divisible particle or not? Who knows that the atom has even an existence? Is not the hypothesis of the material scientist more "vague" than that of the spiritual scientist, who affirms that there is but one supreme Power in the universe, which imparts its own life to all living things and gives of its own intelligence to the degree that all forms may require to express their perfect fulness? Is this hypothesis vague and unsatisfactory, when on every side we see the evidence of life's unceasing action—when in and through everything is made manifest some degree of intelligence? There must be a supreme Source from which flow all life and all intelligence; and how can we know the truth concerning it, save as we study it in our own lives? We certainly cannot find it in the outer world of form.

The God *in* man declares the truth to him. If we were to listen to that inner voice we would be guided into the way of all truth. The soul, realizing its oneness with God, its inseparableness from the Source of all life and love, knows that there is but one Power, one Life-force, in the universe, which, speaking within the soul, declares: "I alone am the life. And the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life." Man's true kingdom, therefore, is not of this earth; it is the control, by the real "I," of both mind and body, so that the individual will

Digitized by Google

**may be in perfect accord with the Will of the universe, and that we may express in our lives the divine ideal. The Way, the Truth, and the Life are to be found only within; time spent in seeking them elsewhere is wasted. True knowledge comes through obeying the higher impulses that well up in the soul, and through bringing our thoughts into accord therewith.**

DISCORD destroys an instrument that will not yield itself to harmony. Nature will not tolerate an instrument it cannot tune. This is the whole philosophy of mental healing. It is a recovery of the lost chord. The operation of this principle is also shown in the domestic circle and community. Discord disintegrates. It is a centrifugal force. Harmony is centripetal and blends. The home or nation that does not develop harmony within itself cannot be long maintained. Life hews to the line, regardless of where the chips may fall. Its standard is perfection. It will recognize no other law in *any* of its kingdoms than the survival of the fittest. Extinction is the penalty of disobedience.—*Charles B. Newcomb.*

DR. A. J. SMITH, a Wabash physician, reports a well-defined case of a homesick cow. The doctor two weeks ago bought a fine milker from a Wabash County farmer. She was brought in and placed in his stable, but from the first day refused to eat, and spent the days and nights in melancholy lowing. She the first day or two gave an abundance of milk, but soon afterward became "dry," and the doctor became fearful she would die. Day before yesterday he returned her to the farmer. She appeared overjoyed to get back to the old home; began to eat voraciously, and is again giving milk. The doctor attributes it all to homesickness.—*Indianapolis News.*

HEALING is the outward and practical attestation of the power and genuineness of spiritual religion, and ought not to have dropped out of the Church.—*Henry Wood.*

Digitized by Google

# FIAT MORALS.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

(*Introduction.*)

Ethics is the art of right conduct—an art whose principles are grossly misunderstood, and whose precepts, even when by chance approximating to accuracy, are completely ignored. Ethics is supposed to answer the question, How am I to be good? It does not begin to do it; but that is the supposition.

There never yet was an art, whether of the artist, the artisan, or the moralist, which, if worth anything, was not founded upon a science. Perhaps the reason that the art of ethics has made no greater progress in the world may be traced to the fact that morality has been regarded as an exception, or rather entirely apart from the operation of this rule. People have always held that virtue, to be effectual, must have had a divine sanction; that its code must have been "revealed," and the "revealer" divinely "inspired." Considering the way in which the vast majority of people conduct themselves, it is small wonder that they view right conduct as something so exalted as to be utterly supermundane, and as to exact a being quite supernatural, both as teacher and student, leader and follower.

In every other department of life's effort, men are avid for fact—are discontented with their own efforts until they have collected facts, and from these deduced principles, or at least formulated hypotheses: in all things reaching out after Truth—the science of the *known*. In

Digitized by Google

religion all this has been reversed. Faith takes the place of inquiry, and a flaccid, helpless, and hopeless lethargy usurps the throne of the kingdom of intellect, where, sacred and alone, of divine right, Thought should reign.

As the world believes, or affects to believe, moral art is that which teaches or may teach men to be "good." Never so great a blunder! In the first place, it does not teach men to be good; secondly, to be good is not the end and aim of morality. Not goodness, but wisdom, is the aim of virtue's art. The "faith once delivered to the saints" may suffice for saints, but is wholly ineffectual for sinners. If you are wise, that includes goodness; but all goodness will not suffice for wisdom. Ethics, therefore, to be of any real, practical benefit to humanity, must be founded upon a science of religion, which shall be, not a thing remote, of the far heavens, but close, of the earth; not future, of an immortality of a world to come, but of that which now is. Science is known truth, and "goodness" practised truth. The science of religion being known, virtue will be practised, wisdom will result, and "goodness" be inevitable. True ethics truly answers the *how* of virtue, but the philosophy of religion truly answers the *why*.

Of late years, discovering how totally inadequate dogmatic theology has been to uplift humanity, and also on the other hand how grotesquely futile have been the inadequacies of "infidelity" and the negations of agnosticism, cults innumerable have sprung up, some claiming a "divine," others content with a mortal, origin, but all alike one in their grand claim of being infallible. Spiritisms, mysticisms, theosophies, necromancies, witchcrafts —these are for the most part nothing more than moral microbes, infecting poor human nature with this or that mental disease, and vehemently insisting that, while all other diseases are disastrous and detrimental, their own is wholly beneficial. Now, what man needs is not a

Digitized by Google

new disease, but a cure for all diseases; not a new kind of microbe, but an antiseptic; not a toxicant to lull the brain, but an anti-toxin to preserve it against the power of evil; a truth so true as to be certain, not a mandragora to benumb the pains of doubt.

Among the most futile of the antidotes offered for bigotry or blasphemy is that which may be called in one phrase "Liberal Religion." I do not here refer to what is known as "Liberal Christianity," to the various intellectual endeavors of Unitarianism, high criticism, and the like; but to any and all forms of arrogant pretension that proclaims its opinion to be the truth. This is the real Antichrist; this is that power of Evil—a greater power for evil than the grossest sin or the absurdest sophistry—which "opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped; so that he as God sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God." There is no such thing as "liberal" religion. Imagine a science a little less than exact, perhaps deferring to the prejudices of an ignorant populace, when it knew it was absolutely exact! Think of the cruel cowardice of a geometry capable of admitting "for the sake of argument" that the sum of three angles of a triangle was a little greater or less than two right angles! Give a moment's thought to an arithmetic conceding "for the sake of peace" that two and two *could* make five or seven.

These are they who do the will of our Father in heaven; these are our mother and sisters and brethren; these, if followed, are the true servants of the Most High. And virtue, be sure, is of a like order of certitude, which, if a man believes, he shall find eternal life abiding in him and shall save his soul alive. There is nothing so positive as fact, nothing so sure as knowledge, nothing so illiberal as Truth: it bears, like the Turk, no rival near its throne.

But what *is* Truth? I will show you. I do not ask for

Digitized by Google

my expression infallibility; but for the common principles of moral truth, principles you and I and all of us hold in common, I do not ask, *they demand*, acquiescence in their infallibility. God's word is truth; so let God be true, though every man were a liar. I am only the clerk of the divine shop, to show you the goods of truth; I may not, and probably will not, be able to persuade you to purchase; but they are *true*.

Of late the illiberal liberalists, denouncing and forsaking all creeds, have founded a new sort of church, wholly mundane, having for its deity Humanity (not that of Comte), and for its endeavor and object a perfect life: a life of "works," not faith; a life of good deeds; a life of ethical culture. With these high attainments none can quarrel; for such exalted aims none have anything but respect. Yet, when we come to investigate the working of such excellent efforts, we find quickly several things that serve to show how faulty they are considered as a probable basis for a world-religion: they are limited in scope, if not in plan; adapted to two classes—the highly enlightened, to whom giving is (functionally, or by education and enlightenment) more blessed than getting, and the beneficiaries of such gratuity.

Ethics, as held by these thoroughly well-intentioned people, is limited, not universal; for a section, or sections, of human beings, not for all sorts and conditions of men; it is mundane, not cosmic. They tell us, in effect, that we should consider only this world; that the duty of doing right is the duty paramount. They do not directly deny God; they simply ignore the God idea. They consider the lily of the field, how it shall be made to grow; not the wheat-field, how it shall be kept free from tares and made ready for the harvest and the mill and the oven, for the nourishment of that or them of a higher order than either the bloom of lily or the bearded grain.

Digitized by Google

But the joy of *being* right is infinitely greater than any duty of *doing* right. Before the world can even begin to want to be right, it must be demonstrated why people *should* be right, and therefore shown as by a mathematical quotient what it is that *is* right. They tell us it is the happiness of man to be dutiful; it is really the duty of man to be happy.

To ask acceptance of a creed as the product of opinions is to drink blindly a decoction, ignorant of whether it be a nutrient or a poison. Sleep thou through life, says the theologian; if the draught be poison you will never wake, or wake to torture, but if it be good you will wake alive. Only death, according to all ecclesiastical authority, can solve satisfactorily the problem of what shall or shall not be believed.

The ethical culturists have a broader and better foundation for their virtue than any inspiration; but most moralists, even those purely secular, and certainly all religionists of our own Occidental patterns—Hebrew, Romanist, or of any flavor of Protest—date back the beginning of their responsibility to Moses. The sole data of their ethics are the Ten Commandments. It is, then, to these, one by one—to their reality as the decimal currency of goodness, the coin current in modern society representing all there is of virtue—that your attention is invited. It is proposed to show you, not the credentials of authority, not the exequatur of the lawgiver as envoy of a hypothetical Omnipotence; but in the very way by which Moses himself achieved his wisdom—by delving into the depths of spirit in spirit, and at the same time in the symbol of flesh, standing on the mountain-peak of intellect and there meeting and talking face to face with God.

Moses, that great leader of men, who led the children of Israel "out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage"—it is to him and his work, the tables of authority,

Digitized by Google

that we propose to ascribe origin and to analyze: an authority reverenced and in part obeyed by all the Western world—the foundation alike of Sinai's law and of the cross of Calvary. *Children* of Israel? Yes; they were children. To see their counterpart go down among the cotton-fields and rice-swamps of the Carolinas; mingle among the patient hordes of blacks, just emerged from slavery—a race of simple souls, unthinking or thinking only from day to day, improvident, lavish, lustful, strong in body, weak in intellect, superstitious, credulous; at the moral mercy of any strong, robust mind that wills intelligently to direct them; to lead by force, not of argument, but of subtlety, by pandering to their puerile prejudices, by diverting their subconscious trends of imagination to their own destruction or their own good, but always to his purpose who commands—such to-day are the Congo negroes of the plantations; and as they are, so in the dawn of the historic period were the children of Israel.

The great Moses knew these people as children. He was a man actuated by like passions as some of our own politicians—warm hearted and cold brained. A homicide, in that he slew the Egyptian, he yet promulgated the edict, "Thou shalt not kill"; a robber, in that he despoiled the Egyptians, he yet proclaimed, "Thou shalt not steal"; a nepotist, in that he saved the offices of his theocracy for his family and exalted his brother Aaron and his sister Miriam; and a violent man, in that he dashed down the tables of law in his hot haste and anger at the perversity of the "children." Children? Yes, nothing but children; and as such needing the sort of guidance, of iron and tinsel, that in the hands of men entirely great has served to lead and to control the young, the immature, the ignorant, and the impetuous, in all ages since the world began.

If Moses had delivered his commandments as ostensibly his own it is impossible to believe that they would

Digitized by Google

have been obeyed. He employed the agency of the "supernatural" as a device to insure obedience. Of himself he knew that he was nothing; as the accredited envoy of Jehovah he was all, for he represented the All.

How little matters the agency when the object is attained! Science knows the sun to be the source of all terrestrial life; it is not, however, the sun in high heaven, but among the lowly rootlets. And so was the Power of the Universe present on Sinai, not in bodily shape conversing with and directing Moses, but in the being of Moses himself. Within him was heaven's kingdom, "according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself."

BY symbols is man guided and commanded—made happy, made wretched. He everywhere finds himself encompassed with symbols, recognized as such or not recognized. The universe is but one vast symbol of God; nay, if thou wilt have it, what is man himself but a symbol of God? Is not all that he does symbolical; a revelation to sense of the mystic God-given force that is in him; a "gospel of freedom," which he, the "Messias of Nature," preaches, as he can, by act and word? Not a hut he builds but is the visible embodiment of a thought; but bears visible record of invisible things; but is, in the transcendental sense, symbolical as well as real.—*"Sartor Resartus."*

IN the darkest trials through which a human soul can pass, whatever else be doubtful this is at least certain: If there be no God, and no future state, yet even then it is better to be generous than selfish, better to be chaste than licentious, better to be true than false, better to be brave than to be a coward.—*Frederick William Robertson.*

"IN a tomb hewn in a rock in Southern Mexico, it is reported that there has been found a sword made of bronze and iron, which bears upon its blade, in rich inlaying of silver, characters of record and representations distinctively Grecian and Assyrian."

Digitized by Google

# TRUE DESIRE.

BY HARRIET B. BRADBURY.

Nothing is so great an obstacle to a healer's influence as absence of a true desire for health on the part of a patient. A dull lack of interest in life is a difficulty frequently met with, and one that must be overcome before any vigor can be infused into the physical system. Aspiration is desire in its highest manifestation; it is also the strongest force, when understood, that can be employed in healing. The longing for health is really aspiration; it is a reaching out after harmony—after the beautiful, the orderly, the law-governed.

We all know that without desire nothing can be accomplished in any line of activity; and the more absorbing any desire becomes the more power is developed. In youth it is always strong; but in age we find it weakening. And a false morality in teaching that desire should be repressed retards progress by crushing vitality and energy, taking out of life its buoyancy and destroying its grandest possibilities. Desire should be led upward, but never crushed. It is a mistake to think that the fires of youth must burn out before one can expect to cultivate spirituality. The impotence of ordinary so-called spirituality to accomplish any great work is due to this very absence of the fire of youth. All life is mental; what shows itself as vitality in the body is desire in the mind. True, it is generally mistaken in its objects; but that is because the soul does not understand its true needs. It longs for more and more life, and in its blind outreaching grasps at the nearest bauble that by its glittering attracts the eye,

Digitized by Google

snatching it eagerly, only to find that desire is still unsatisfied and the longed-for object has turned to ashes in the hand.

The essential oneness of desire and vitality is illustrated in the etymology of the words *lusty* and *lustihood.* As the term *lust* has been narrowed in its meaning to a desire for forbidden things, the words derived from it have fallen out of use. Though desire is necessary to vitality, it is equally true that misdirected desire is the cause of all evil. The soul that understands itself knows that all true good is of—nay, *is*—God, and in the form of pure, unselfish love may fill the soul, being at once purified desire and the satisfaction thereof. But, although we are capable of apprehending this truth, no one is as yet entirely able to realize it. The one thing that we all want to learn is how to direct our desires so that they shall obtain satisfaction in the perfecting of our lives.

Ever since the dawn of history, men have been seeking for a solution of this mystery. Ever since the divine Teacher walked the shores of Galilee, the key to it has been in our hands; yet we seem to have made but little progress toward a practical understanding of the principles he taught. We still hear the "follies of youth" spoken of as prompted by innate evil, which must burn itself out before the pure gold of character can manifest itself—as if character in its best form could be found among the ashes of vitality! We still see men and women devoting their lives to the mistaken discipline of asceticism, which Jesus never taught, and which paralyzes power in conquering sin.

The world will never be redeemed by the power of Spirit until spiritual joys and desires become as intense as lower ones have ever been. And this intensity must be natural, not the morbid ecstasy of the religious fanatic. Its effects must not be emaciated features, trances, and a general unfitness for the present phase of life; it must com-

Digitized by Google

mend itself to our approval by its qualities of health and joy and beauty, of power to enrich and uplift the lives of others, to overcome disease, and to produce a balanced condition of all the faculties. Thus should we test true spirituality.

Human life tends ever toward higher development. All the past is a record of one upward trend. Let us consider, in the light of evolution, God's method of bringing about this development. The disheartening spectacle of lives brutalized or dulled as they approach the grave could not prepare us to expect that succeeding generations would move on toward a higher life. Yet such we find to be the fact. Even in times and countries where the only holy life was thought to be one of celibacy, the children of a love trained to think itself unholy have risen, generation after generation, to a higher degree of civilization and culture. The children appear to have inherited something more and better than their parents had to give. They have inherited a trend that is continually upward—longings that, though stifled or misdirected in themselves, will again appear with still increasing force in their children.

A new generation is not the fruit of that time of life when desire is stilled; what the children have inherited is not the result of the self-discipline of the parents. If youth is the time of "lustihood," it is also the time of eager hopes, of high ideals, and of illusions—as these self-disciplined, worldly-wise people term the divine intuitions they have outgrown. These intuitions—rose-colored dreams of life and half-conscious aspirations—are everywhere admitted to be characteristic of youth; yet youth is heedless, pleasure-loving, selfish, ignorant of the true life of the soul, and easily tempted to a self-indulgence that is utterly destructive of true happiness. Youth heaps upon itself the miserable penalties of its own mistakes, and, seeing at last the vanity of earthly pleasures, turns a mind weakened by

Digitized by Google

disappointment to the search after spiritual joys. Having sown its wild oats, which are destined to spring up a maddening array of specters, each with a claim upon the memory, the repentant soul turns to God, half incapacitated for its upward flight by the belief that it must "kill desire." The self-repression of the ascetic is even less successful as a means of developing a perfect life than are the errors of self-indulgence.

"To whom much is forgiven, the same loveth much." The returned prodigal may become the holiest of the saints; for in him is the humility of conscious weakness, a sympathy with the erring, and the self-abandonment of deep repentance. A life scrupulously devoted to correctness in small details, vowed to self-repression and a forced religious fervor, is hardly capable of large enthusiasm or of a full and free development in any direction. It is the one object of our being that we find our true relation to God; yet, first of all, we must have life in us—not death, nor a chilled, half-paralyzed life.

Browning has made a profound study of this subject in his poem, "The Statue and the Bust," which shows two would-be sinners deterred from sin by feelings that are a mixture of cowardice, indolence, and worldly policy. His analysis is so searching that one cannot fail to feel more disgust with the weakness of the characters than with their wickedness. They are useful to neither God nor devil; they could not be useful in any cause, whether good or evil, because they do not *want* anything enough to make sacrifices for it. If they had committed sin and suffered for it, known its disappointments and its powerlessness to satisfy their cravings, God could have led them through their suffering to repentance and a desire for something higher; but, so long as they halted between love of sin and fear of its consequences, they remained guilty and utterly cut off from repentance and pardon.

Digitized by Google

This shows the inadequacy of forcible restraint from sin to develop character. Sin is in the soul as long as the soul loves it. God's method apparently is to give to each soul the opportunity to learn the evil of sin by experience —that, having been entirely cured of that evil love, it may seek Him with the whole heart. It is the part of wisdom thus to turn toward God in youth; but, rather than to give him a half-hearted devotion, it is better to learn by the agony of repentance such love to him as will transform the life. It is not *necessary* for any one to tread this thorny path. It is inconceivable that any one who believes that God will continue to seek him until through multiplication of sufferings he has been restored to his right mind, should willingly go on in sin, cherishing what reason must tell him are delusive hopes, and heaping up miseries for himself through which he will have to pass on his return to his Father's house.

If young persons could be taught that a perfect life does not mean extinction of desire—that it does not mean a deadening of vitality nor a forced self-restraint—there would surely be little reason for that most natural revolt, which is less an intentional rebellion against God than a revulsion of feeling against the repression of an artificial religious life. Happy is the soul whose desires can be purified without being deadened; whose life can become glorious and strong without passing through that valley of specters whose memory casts a miasmic mist upward even to the blessed heights of purity and love!

The fire of genius is a sort of overflowing vitality. The tamest of us are carried away now and then by the "harmonious madness" that flowed from the lips of some singer long ago. We sympathize with the "fine frenzy," the outreaching, the rebellion against restraint; yet often we turn away with only a feeling of pity for the suffering caused by such intensity, and are inclined to think that genius after

Digitized by Google

all is closely related to insanity. There are not many well-balanced geniuses like Shakespeare; too often the moods of inspiration and of depression succeed each other in proportionate intensity; too often, in the revolt against a forced or narrow morality, license is sought instead of true liberty, so that the lives of men and women of genius present many sad pictures of disappointment, sin, and self-inflicted misery. Yet it is not genius that causes madness, but rather ignorance of the laws of mind and of the true relation of the soul to its environment. The more of genius we can have the better. The more our faculties can be liberated and freely exercised, the better for ourselves and all the world. Sad as is the tragedy of a soul like that of Shelley or of Keats, it would be sadder still if no such voices were ever raised in worship of the beautiful or in rebellion against the cramping influence of worn-out creeds.

Of very much the same fiber are religious fanatics and the more ecstatic devotees of the cloister. But they have seen the emptiness of earthly pleasures and have given their whole souls to the search for God, or the performance of some work that they believe will please Him. Yet among such people we look in vain for what we should call a well rounded life. We even turn with relief to the beautiful, pagan Greeks, and find their lives to be, to say the least, more healthy. Where is the happy mean? Can we not have healthy lives and still be spiritual? Can we be truly spiritual and *not* be healthy? It is a sign of health if we enjoy life; but to seek enjoyment for its own sake does not conduce to either health or happiness. Herein lies the mystery, so inexplicable to those who have not learned it, yet on which depends the success or failure of every life, both physical and spiritual.

How to learn to desire pure, unselfish pleasures—not merely "harmless pleasures," but those that owe all their

Digitized by Google

attraction to their appeal to an altruism latent within all of us: this is the lesson to be learned at the very outset if one would gain spiritual power. The ruling love of the heart must be changed, either at once or gradually, under the influence of pure and Christ-like thoughts, habitually entertained and cultivated. It is of no use to shut one's self away from the world, or to contend with evil thoughts by mental scourgings and agonized prayers for deliverance. Nothing can drive out an evil love but a stronger one taking its place. The true method of self-discipline is to let the evil entirely alone and devote one's self to nourishing and strengthening the good. "Thou shalt not" never made any one better. "Thou shalt love" is the command of Christ, and is, when rightly understood, the only commandment we need.

From love springs life. A healer's first need is a great, outreaching love toward all who suffer. All unselfish love has healing qualities; there is no one who is not kindled into new life and beauty when a new and noble love finds entrance to the soul. Love, like mercy, enriches him that gives and him that takes. It sheds its radiance abroad in a glow of kindliness that touches all impartially, and so becomes a radiating center of life and inspiration. The higher its object the more widely its influence is felt; but, alas! too often the glow grows faint in proportion to the altitude, and the influence, though wider, is far less strong than that of a love more narrow and personal. Love is truly the "greatest thing in the world." Let us have all that we can of it; let us purify it as we may, but let us never kill it, nor repress it, nor allow it to grow cold!

UPRIGHTNESS in the body has a great deal to do with uprightness of character.*—*H. E. Scudder.*

*And *vice versa*.—ED.

Digitized by Google

# ARE WE REALLY FREE?

BY STANTON KIRKHAM DAVIS.

Freedom—the birthright of all beings; the watchword of the centuries; the gem of gems; the goal of goals: Freedom—the boast of the nations—is yet the vaguest abstraction of the hour. We do not yet enjoy freedom: we predict it.

But freedom is not a name in the sky: it is a condition, to be actualized within. Lo, the slaves are free and the freemen are slaves! Behold the taskmasters—Ignorance and Doubt, Tradition and Habit, Fear and Anxiety. Think you we are free because we once liberated the negroes? Not so. Eternally is the Emancipation Proclamation spoken; and until it is obeyed, civil war shall rage within each mind.

What avails national independence where there is individual servitude? Neither peace nor war, immunity nor restriction, shall give freedom. We shall not be free until we *know ourselves.* "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" The true life is distinct from the senses, and presently we shall awaken from our dream and stand forth in the majesty of the Soul. Open the oak-gall, and within lies the larva of the gall-fly; it dwells within a tiny sphere, nor dreams of earth, nor sky, nor sunshine. One day, visions of freedom—of a larger life—possess the tiny creature, and forthwith he breaks his prison-wall and beholds the glory of the day. The grossly feeding caterpillar no sooner views his world than he devours it; but anon he

Digitized by Google

becomes a free child of the air and sips only a drop of nectar.

We long for the wings of a dove, that we may rise to where we shall behold the workaday world transformed to a glorious and scintillating star; yet the dove is but a symbol of the spirit. We are bound with the cords of egotism—a bondage so universal and so long standing that men have come to be veritable Sinbads to this Old Man of the Mountain. But it is not expedient to live so; we cannot forego the fact that one Mind underlies humanity—that from one Source all things flow. These proud possessions were borrowed from the Infinite, unto which they shall return.

What is this cry of "me and mine" but a declaration of servitude that we din in one another's ears? What can he be said to possess who does not possess himself? We have such a business; so grand a house; so many dollars! No, forsooth! The business has us; the dollars have us, and we do their bidding: we prattle of the driver whose lash is on our backs. Phaethon would hold the reins, and the Sun has gone out of his course. We are slaves to institutions and to customs; slaves to our thoughts, and the conditions and environment they engender—and this is the only slavery. He whose body is in bondage is not the slave, but he that is in bondage to his body.

There is in man a higher Self, which partakes of Divinity and transcends the illusions of sense. To seek this Self and to become one with it is the dictate of wisdom and the path of freedom. Self-union through spiritual unfoldment: this is the esoteric teaching of all great religions—a teaching that, in all ages, has influenced the few and eluded the many. We may trace it from the Upanishads to the Yoga; read it in the Bhagavad-Gita and in the Psalms of David. This was the realization of Jesus, the secret of his power, and the burden of his message to

Digitized by Google

us, "I and my Father are one." He was strong with the strength of the Spirit: we are weak in our apparent separation. "Seeking for freedom, I go for refuge to that God who is the light of his own thoughts." Thus sang the Aryan poet; and the sacred literature of the world echoes his thought.

It has been said that the Light is one, but that it has many aspects—according to what it illumines. And so Zoroaster and Mohammed, Calvin and Swedenborg, each reflected a different degree and quality of the self-same Light. What, then, shall we say of these times; through what colored shade do we now witness the Light? I should say that now is the true Renaissance. We in the West are witnessing the dawn of that Light that has for many centuries illumined the East. That Bible we have so long held with palsied hands and misread with bleared vision is invested with a new glory, is filled with a new meaning—or, rather, with one that is never old.

Having eyes, we now see. The Spirit of Truth within us rises in majesty to welcome all expression of Truth; and Time is not. Behold, men like ourselves proclaimed this Truth and saw these visions. And now we shall do likewise; shall lift up our heads from the dust; shall stand again for the dignity of spiritual manhood, and proclaim anew the freedom of man made in the image of God—and in so doing shall come to write our own Bibles. Will not the English tongue serve to record the monitions of the Spirit? Must we forever translate Pali and Sanskrit, Hebrew and Greek, that we may hear of God?

The Spirit bids us cast off the shackles of tradition, and forego our musty creeds. We must have the *living* word. "Ye shall know the Truth, and the Truth shall make you free"; this was spoken for eternity. The spell of the Past is broken: witness the advent of the Now. Long have we been in bondage to the letter: now shall we

Digitized by Google

be free in the spirit. Of Joseph and his coat, of Lot's wife, and of the predatory tribes of Israel and their vandalism, we have heard all too much. Oh, that the fair mind of childhood should be fed with such husks; that asking bread it should be given a stone!

Behold, one Man dared so assert his supremacy that men repudiate their manhood and worship him as God! So dazzling is that vision of Man—so radiant his countenance—that the eyes of men are put out and they behold not their Brother. Eighteen centuries have elapsed since that grand but solitary soul dared assert the prerogatives of mankind; dared to rely upon the Infinite Love—to trust the Unseen. But the Voice that spoke in Him speaks in us to-day—shall speak eighteen centuries hence;—and from the depths of our being admonishes us that we are the free children of an infinite, loving Father.

CONCENTRATION and meditation are acts of which every human being is capable, but their value is measured entirely by the character of the objects upon which they are exercised. Concentration may be defined as the focussing of the mental energies—the steady activity of the mind. Meditation consists in holding the mind to the consideration of a defined object after the preliminary process of concentration has been completed. All other states of mind whose features are unsteadiness and whose results cannot be summarized are injurious.—*Virchand R. Gandhi.*

ALL blood diseases originate in selfishness, or what is antithetical to love or sympathy, just as nervous diseases grow out of abnormal tastes or enhanced physical desires—the antitheses of mental culture, education, and refinement generally. The only absolute panacea for such ailments is, therefore, the moral cure—practising love where selfishness manifests; charity where prejudice prompts; benevolence where avarice is the tempter; temperance where intemperance lures. —*Light of Truth.*

Digitized by Google

# THE ABUSE OF BOOKS.

BY JULIA HIRSHORN.

It is strange that, despite the advanced stage of civilization upon which we have entered during the last decade, so little importance has been attached to the literature of our children. Books have been written in plenty; in fact, writing has almost become a fad in this country, where everything tends toward extremes. But the important question is: Do the books exert the right moral influence; and is enough care and thought bestowed upon the effect that certain kinds of literature may have upon growing minds?

Many a mother will be surprised to hear that she is doing her child a lasting and irreparable injury in sacrificing some personal comfort for the sake of buying a library-subscription for her daughter. Libraries, both public and private, are undoubtedly among the greatest blessings of the century; and when we consider the opportunities thus offered to many who would otherwise be deprived of the advantages of education, we should feel profoundly grateful to those good men and women that have furnished the means for advanced study. Not with them lies the fault of the abuse of literature, but with those *mothers* that do not properly watch the influence being exerted over the minds of their children.

I appeal to the average mother with the question: Would you permit your little girl to play in the dirt after you had carefully washed and dressed her? You answer no. Why, then, when you guard your child so carefully; when you detain her from school at the first scare of chicken-pox or measles; when you take the precaution of

Digitized by Google

changing her shoes and stockings at once after she has been out in the rain;—why, then, I ask, do you blindly permit your child to be subjected to *mental* contamination? Do you realize that the little one's mind is like a wax tablet upon which every impression leaves a lasting mark? Sometimes the marks are only faint, but they tend to make a complete picture—one that will finally develop into either a beautiful whole, or, as is too often the case, into a mere jumbled mass of disconnected lines in which the dark, ugly ones predominate. And this could so often be avoided! The picture could be made *so* beautiful, if mothers would only realize the necessity of guarding their children from these moral injuries!

Many a good book has been the cause of sorry mischief. As a premature rainstorm may destroy crops just budding into life, so a book, when placed in the way of an immature mind, may leave an impression that all later influences shall fail to obliterate.

Nor do I refer alone to the influence, upon the minds of the children, of the many injurious stories of bad stepmothers, ghosts, etc., extant, and the fear of animals that is instilled into them. Even more vitally important is the influence that modern literature has upon the minds of growing girls. Why should your daughter, who has just come from the schoolroom—with the names of great men still ringing in her ears; with the memory of great deeds fresh in her mind; with the consciousness of the noble sacrifices and devotion to great causes that are scattered along the paths of literature, history, and art;—why, I ask, should her mind he filled with the impurities of the modern novel?

Because Miss B. has read "Quo Vadis," and the modern grown girl wishes to be "up to the times," she goes back to that period when the degradation of woman was one of the main objects in life; when vice and various forms of sensual indulgence predominated everywhere. When the woman

Digitized by Google

of the present day ought to shudder, and say, "Thank God, we do not live in the 'good old times'!"—her mind instead becomes immersed at every step with vice in its most dangerous form—gilded over by the subtle mirage of passion and defiling completely the sacred name of Love. Already I hear the rejoinder: "But the historic facts are instructive; they refresh the memory concerning the times of Nero and picture the martyrdom of the Christians most beautifully, most nobly!" True; but does that fragment of history prove a compensation for the vile (though sugar-coated) thoughts and feelings that are aroused? Do you think that the woman of to-day will strive to live a better or purer life because of the sufferings of the Christians during the reign of Nero?

Nature has set her seal on every human being by implanting in the soul the grosser as well as the finer instincts. Is it not our duty to assist, so far as possible, in ennobling the higher impulses and in eliminating impure ones, by forbidding our growing girls to feed upon the average literature of the day? Under the name of Realism, the impurest sentiments are flaunted in our faces; the grossest instincts of man are laid bare and minutely analyzed—as some modern writers claim, "exposing to cure"—but in such a manner that our grandmothers would blush for shame were they here to see the books read by their descendants! I have named "Quo Vadis" as one of the many volumes that aid in destroying the spiritual beauty of our girls because it is typical of an increasing output.

> "Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
> As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
> Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

If more of our mothers were to realize the truth of Pope's lines, they would strive to protect their girls, at all hazards, from the degrading influence of many of the modern realistic novels.

Digitized by Google

## REINCARNATION.

BY AGNES LEONARD HILL.

"When I go down to my grave, I can say, like so many others, 'I have finished my day's work;' but I cannot say 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin again the next morning."—*Victor Hugo.*

But "one day's work," the little span
We've learned to call "the life of man"?
What matter, then, if weary feet
Are folded in their winding sheet,
And leave their projects incomplete?
To-morrow comes;—and sleep is sweet.

What matter if "to-day" we stand
The saddest thing on sea or land—
Our daily task a hopeless quest,
Our sweetest dream a dreamless rest?
'Tis but a day! Let grief be dumb,
And after sleep the morn will come.

Not "morning" in some mystic sense,
Whose vagueness mocks the soul intense;
But morning as it shone when first
Our souls a dream of rapture nursed:
The morning of another youth—
With clearer vision of the truth.

"A better chance," to try again
Our fortunes 'mid the haunts of men—
New strength to finish that begun.
The time is short "from sun to sun";
We call it "life"; 'tis but "a day"—
"To-morrow" is not far away.

Digitized by Google

Then come, sweet sleep, and take away
The bitter strife for what will "pay";
The anguished prayer for strength and grace
To run with patience "life's hard race."
Come quickly, sleep of Death's dear night
That ushers in the morning light!

"The tomb is but a thoroughfare";
We've time to rest and "time to spare";
We've time to finish every task,
Time to receive all we can ask;
Time to retrieve each poor "mistake"
When in the morning we awake.

Yet as we sow the seed to-day,
Of sunny hours or tempests gray,
To-morrow shall we find our need
Supplied with grain or noxious weed.
There is no choice! Oh, blessed thought!
And deepest joy of pain is wrought.

No MAN who has once heartily and wholly laughed can be altogether irreclaimably bad. How much lies in laughter: the cipher-key wherewith we decipher the whole man! Some men wear an everlasting barren simper; in the smile of others lies a cold glitter as of ice; the fewest are able to laugh what can be called laughing, but only sniff and titter and snigger from the throat outward; or, at best, produce some whiffling, husky cachinnation, as if they were laughing through wool; of none such comes good. The man who cannot laugh is only fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils; but his whole life is already a treason and a stratagem.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

IT has more than once occurred to me that many dreams are real, and that it is some deficiency in our perceptions that causes us to think them unreal.—*Alexis Krausse.*

SMALL draughts of philosophy lead to atheism, but larger ones lead back to God.—*Francis Bacon.*

Digitized by Google

# A DAUGHTER OF LOVE.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

## *CHAPTER VII.*

### A MESSAGE.

A week later, Holinder, Cathcart, and I were sitting in the Griffin Club. During the interval, Holinder had persistently searched for Tania, without success. Cathcart had given him what support he could, chiefly in the way of money supplies and sympathetic conversation. As for me, I was a Laodicean. I wished well to my friend, but I could not feel convinced that the accomplishment of his desires would be best for him and the girl; and I was persuaded that Carmagno would be able to baffle him. I was for letting things take their course, on the theory that all would come out right in the end. Of course, on the other hand, I was far from throwing obstacles in Holinder's way. I was dissatisfied with this molluscous attitude of mine, which was hardly characteristic of me, but I could not reform it. Some lethargy was upon me. Holinder might reasonably have resented my non-committal behavior; but he did not—he was too magnanimous and too clear-sighted. He knew me, and he was content to be judged by results.

Holinder had been using the Club as a sort of office or rendezvous, where he could receive messages from the Detective Headquarters and meet us to discuss measures. It was early in the afternoon, and we were alone in the smoking-room. I held in my hand, done up in wrapping-paper, a volume of Emerson's poems, which I had just bought at a shop on Union Square.

"These detectives don't detect," Cathcart remarked, after a silence.

Digitized by Google

"Ordinary thieves are hard enough for them nowadays," said I; "as for Carmagno, what can you expect? They are hardly in his class."

"I use every means I have," Holinder replied. "I can do no less, and no more."

"And after all, the girl has a body—she must occupy space, and can be seen and heard," rejoined Cathcart. "He can't make her vanish like a blown-out candle flame."

"He can make her invisible practically if not actually," said I, "and we can't see her until he is ready. You're not afraid of his doing her any harm, are you?" I added, turning to Holinder.

He lifted his dark eyebrows. "Not the sort you mean. But my affair is not to analyze him, but to get her. And I believe that when she is willing to be found, he can't prevent it. She's her own mistress."

This surprised me. "In that case, why do anything?"

"Because the knowledge that I am trying to find her may help to turn her toward me. If she knew I admitted defeat, she would properly think me unworthy."

"How is she to know anything about it?"

"I am no mystic, but I think her heart can tell her as much as that."

Again we fell silent.

"Is that your last novel you've got there?" asked Cathcart.

"Emerson's poems," said I; "and by the way, that poem of his, 'Initial, Dæmonic, and Celestial Love'—do you remember it, Holinder?—has something about the highest love being a surrender of the beloved object. I forget the precise words; I'll look."

I took the book from its wrappings as I spoke. It opened of itself at the verse I had in mind; but there was a concrete reason for this, in the shape of a folded paper between the leaves. This was one of those things that are inexplicable. It was a fold of note-paper addressed

Digitized by Google

on the back to Holinder. How came it in a new volume fresh from the shop? After staring at it blankly, I passed it to Holinder without a word.

He glanced at the superscription and said, quietly, "That's Tania's handwriting."

"What!" called out Cathcart, bending over to look. "By Jove, so it is! Open it, man, for heaven's sake!"

While we sat amazed, Holinder opened and slowly read the note. We eagerly watched his face, which reddened gradually but did not otherwise change. "It's from her," he presently said in a low voice; "I'll read it to you." And he read as follows:

"You are right: I am my own mistress, and I know you will not admit defeat. I am in no danger; but you shall speak with me, if you will. I was told of this by the Friend who is with me. The decision is not yet made; the Truth—not you or I or he—can determine it. Under the Farragut statue, at nine to-night, you will find a guide who will conduct you where I am. Bring him from whom you received this with you. You will not be satisfied; but at present I can do no more. TANIA."

"It's from her, sure enough," murmured Cathcart, who was looking over Holinder's shoulder. "Didn't you know of it?" he asked me.

I shook my head. "It was not in the book when I bought it, an hour ago, and saw it wrapped up by the clerk. Besides, that letter must have been written since we have been sitting here—it quotes words that were spoken here ten minutes ago. And you say you recognize the handwriting. The thing is utterly impossible; but there it is."

"We'll take the fact, and let the explanation go," said Holinder, with, it struck me, a touch of scorn in his tone. "I shall speak with her to-night—that's something. You are to go with me, it seems," he said, turning to me with a faint smile.

"She might have let me come too," remarked Cathcart, aggrieved.

Digitized by Google

"She wanted a rank outsider," I said.

"Shall you bring her back with you?" Cathcart asked.

"I have not yet seen her," he replied. "She says I will not be satisfied. At all events, you need not inform the Detective Bureau!"

Holinder got up, saying he would go to his rooms and meet me at the Hoffman House at ten minutes before nine. Cathcart asked me to come home with him to dinner, but I declined, preferring to be alone. My common sense had received a shock, and I wished to get used to the sensation. This affair of the production of the note was a little thing in itself, and yet it upset what I had taken for natural laws. Holinder had seemed to regard it slightly, and perhaps he was right: results count more than means. But it made me additionally curious as to what might happen before morning.

It was unlikely, I thought, that Tania could or would have communicated with her lover, had not Carmagno assented. And if so, he must feel secure. So far as that was concerned, it was rather we, perhaps, who had cause for circumspection. And yet Carmagno's ends must be immortal ones; he would stoop to no temporal advantage; ordinary mortal standards could not measure him. A sense of the vast spiritual stature of this being swept over me. Who and what was he, and whence did he come? What were our interests and rights compared with his? What power might he not exert, if he would! But he was an architect who would consent to build for eternity only, and into his sublime edifice no ignoble stone or corruptible beam should enter. Yes; Carmagno was noble: but was Holinder less worthy than he? When did two loftier rivals meet?—and for what a prize! But what would the outcome be?

I dined alone at a small restaurant, cheek by jowl with many people of a humble class, who spent cents where guests of the great hotels spent dollars. The questionable

Digitized by Google

adventure upon which I was bound made this companionship welcome to me. Here were plain, working men and women, living the simplest lives; but the basic elements were the same as in the highest. They knew love and hate, happiness and misery, want and fulfilment. What essential difference, after all, was there between yonder lean-jawed telegraph clerk, and Carmagno?—between the typewriter girl sitting opposite me, and Tania? As I stared at her, with Tania in my mind, it seemed to me that *she* was Tania: her mysterious eyes, her wide brow. . . . I roused myself, looked at my watch, paid my check, and went out into the snow-piled street. It was a quarter before nine.

I lit a cigar, buttoned up my coat, and walked briskly toward Madison Square. It was a cold night, without wind; the streets were comparatively quiet, for the amusement-seekers were in the theaters. As I turned the corner of Twenty-fifth Street I glanced toward the Farragut statue; but no one was near it. I wondered what sort of a guide we should have. The next moment I had entered the lobby of the hotel, and saw Holinder advancing toward me with his head bent and eyes downcast. As I stopped in front of him, he looked up.

He smiled as we shook hands. "There's no telling what may come out of this thing," he remarked; "but if I should be suddenly called away, before I have time to attend to my affairs here, I appoint you my executor. Here's my key; you know where my rooms are; you will find papers in the desk that will tell you what to do. No; I'm not expecting anything, but I will leave no loose ends. Now, we're ready."

"You don't anticipate any—any trouble?" I asked.

"No; but when you are walking in the dark, you must take what precautions you can."

The glass doors swung behind us as we went forth into the cold air. As we crossed the street, the clock in front

Digitized by Google

of the Fifth Avenue Hotel marked nine o'clock. We advanced toward the Farragut statue, but the electric light, falling upon it, revealed no figure near it. We continued to advance, however, until we stood on the pavement directly in front of it. The semi-circular bench underneath the stone Admiral still held a layer of snow, and there were deposits on its shoulders; but otherwise it was deserted.

"Some one may be hiding behind it," I suggested.

"Or perhaps the Admiral himself may be our guide," added Holinder, fixing his eyes upon the sculptured countenance.

At that moment, the handful of snow on the right shoulder of the statue dropped from its place; but instead of falling to the base, it seemed to hover in the air, in an inexplicable manner. There was an appearance as of wings; and now the white bird—for such it was—eddied toward us, fluttered before our faces for an instant, and then flew to a lamp-post a little way up the Avenue.

"Another miracle!" muttered Holinder, with a half laugh. "Come along."

I said nothing; I could not imitate my companion's composure—or contempt, if it were that;—and I felt as if forces were gaining dominion over us that we could neither contend against nor estimate. We were entering a world, interior to this every-day one, of whose laws and possibilities we were ignorant. Our familiar New York was all around us; but it began to seem like a screen, concealing an invisible reality far more potent. The white bird continued to precede us as we advanced, hovering and poising on its wings, so that we had no difficulty in following it; but none of the few persons who passed us appeared to notice so unusual a phenomenon, and I could only infer that their sight was not sensible to its existence. It was a phantom, then; yet it impressed me as being the most veritable thing in the great city.

Digitized by Google

Whether or not Holinder noted the course we took, I cannot tell; I know *I* did not. We walked on at a fair pace, and took, perhaps, more than one turn; but I am unable to say how long our journey lasted. My whole attention was fixed upon the bird, and I was practically unconscious of anything else. It flew up, at length, to the door of a house on a side street and alighted upon the fan-window. There it clung while we mounted the steps.

"More poetic than a District messenger, and quite as efficient," Holinder remarked. "So here we are!"

He put forth his hand to touch the bell; but the door opened, revealing a lighted hallway, which he entered unhesitatingly, and I followed. As I did so, I glanced up at the fan-window; but there was only a drift of snow on the sill.

A servant, evidently a being of flesh and blood, but dressed in a dark-red caftan and a small white turban, stood before us and took charge of our hats and coats. Then, bowing, he marshaled us up a stairway of dark carved wood and into a room that reminded me, though vaguely, of something I had seen before. He retired, and we remained standing in the center of the room, Holinder looking straight at a curtained doorway at the further end.

After a few silent moments, the curtain was drawn aside, and I saw a figure that I at once recognized as Tania confronting us. Her full, dark eyes rested upon Holinder with a tranquillity that struck me as cold; they showed recognition, but no passion—hardly interest. I could not see his face, for I stood a little behind him. But, as he stepped forward, she lifted her right hand with a gesture that greeted, but also repelled.

"Do not come near," she said, in a voice that sounded remote, though distinct. "We may speak together, but no more. It was not time; but your desire disturbed me, and I asked that we might meet."

(*To be continued.*)

Digitized by Google

# EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

## ORIENT OR OCCIDENT?

THE infusion of Eastern metaphysics that of late years has, in some particulars, given a peculiar impetus to religious development in the West, has led many timid souls to apprehend a retrograde movement in our spiritual aspirations. Yet it is difficult to see how progress toward the goal of a universal religion may be promoted unless the ethical and moral precepts and scientific claims of *all* schools shall be examined by the representatives of each. The recent opportunity for the study of comparative religion that has been afforded by the presence among us of certain Oriental teachers should be heartily welcomed. It received its initial impulse at the World's Fair in Chicago, and since 1893 an extensive propaganda, embracing different Eastern cults, has been carried on in America with considerable success. The result has been a gradual lessening of our sympathy for the benighted "heathen" of India and a modification of our own dogmatism along scientific lines.

* * *

But this "wave of Orientalism," as it is flippantly called, has not been confined to the United States: the ecclesiastical shores of Great Britain have also been lapped and nourished by its ancient and vivifying waters. Its effect on the religious atmosphere of the most conservative of nations is seen in the defensive comments of some of its leading thinkers. The author of "The American Commonwealth," James Bryce, M.P., says: "While the lower forms of Hinduism sink into degrading superstitions, its higher forms pos-

Digitized by Google

sess an ancient and highly developed metaphysical system that may be made to pass (the attempt has already begun) into a kind of philosophic theism more capable of holding its ground." And Scotland's great prelate, Alexander B. Bruce, D.D., remarks: "The religion embodied in the teaching of Christ is the most valuable contribution to the spiritual treasures of humanity; it is the best of many valuable things of like nature, including Buddhism, Zoroastrianism, the ethical wisdom of the Greek tragedians, the ethical philosophy of the Stoics, and the ethical monotheism of the Hebrew prophets. This raises the hope of ultimate universality." True; but it is in "the religion *embodied* in the teaching of Christ," not in the man-made theologies that have been reared on this foundation, some of which completely hide it from view, that this hope is based.

* * *

This shedding of light, however, by the rising Eastern sun is not altogether one-sided. It has revealed the existence of a virile psychology of the West that is not without its effect on the dreamy Oriental mind. We have been blessed in giving as well as in receiving. If our advancement in material wealth and intellectual culture has been at the expense of our spiritual growth, it has also created an environment whence, we are convinced, the ultimate spiritual salvation of the world shall proceed. Free America is an arena in which the religions of mankind not only come in contact but actually *blend*, and in this lies the only possibility of a unitary basis. *Westward* the star of spiritual evolution takes its way.

* * *

MIND is partial only to Truth, which can be monopolized by no teacher, school, or system. It is in line, therefore, with our declared policy that we present in this number a symposium from the pens of three writers having widely different points of view. The articles have an especial bearing on the subject of this editorial. Swami Abhedananda, of Calcutta, in a most instructive historical review of

Digitized by Google

the basis of morality, makes a convincing plea for the Vedantic position on this question, showing that all immoral conduct is selfishness, pure and simple, and pointing out the true remedy. M. E. Carter, in "New Light on India," contributes Part I. of a valuable paper on the teachings of Mr. V. R. Gandhi, the distinguished Jainist philosopher, with whose name our readers are already familiar. And Miss Jeanne G. Pennington, in "A Wayside Suggestion," takes a patriotic and vigorous stand for the enlightened American mind and its capacity for original thought in spiritual as well as temporal affairs. We are firmly of the opinion that, in their last analysis, the views of our Indian contributors will be found to be essentially not unlike the conclusions of our most advanced Western exponents of a scientifically spiritual religion; and it is hoped that the symposium we publish this month will prove a help toward a clearer understanding of all schools on the part of each.

## THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

IN this number of MIND we present the introductory article of a series on the Decalogue, under the general heading of "Fiat Morals." These papers are from the pen of Hudor Genone—the *nom de plume* of a writer whose work is familiar to all students of modern philosophy. The standpoint of interpretation is that of common sense. The articles emphasize the practicability of Principle and the essential truth that Law is as sure, fixed, and final in morals as in physics—as independent of "fiat" in one as in the other. They expound Truth, dominant and eternal, as authority absolute, as distinguished from the temporary forms that depend upon authority. "My aim," says the author, "is to achieve, in a phrase, the deocentric parallax of opinion on the various segments of the moral circle;" by which he means, to cancel the

Digitized by Google

guess, and so to elucidate the symbol that the symbol itself disappears in the light. The Commandments will be treated in numerical order—the first in our next number. The analysis of each is marked by the keenness and clearness that are characteristic of this author, and is based upon profound study and wide observation. Hudor Genone is a deep thinker, a logical reasoner, and a scholarly writer; therefore, we do not hesitate to promise our readers a brilliant intellectual treat in the forthcoming series.

## THOUGHT PHOTOGRAPHY.

To the Editor of Mind:

An article in your March number, page 378, leads me to inquire, Why is it so incredible that thought can be photographed? Thought has already been proved a dynamic force, recording its vibrations, as witness the dial, exhibited in England, by which was registered the will-power of the person that looked into it. The strongest will registered (as reported at the time) was Richard Croker's. Idiots could not move the pointers. Children produced little or no effect.

The fact was established, however, that concentrated thinking set a force in action that moved the pointers when nothing visible or tangible was in connection with them. The demonstrated power of thought to move the needle inside the cylinder of Julius Enmer's machine proves again a dynamic power in thought, or by means of thought.

Since vibration is scientifically recognized as the basis of all form-creations, what is the difference in the law when applied by voice-vibrations, or by thought-vibrations without the voice? It is demonstrated that tones produced under the right conditions give rise to forms of vegetation and of shells on a surface delicately prepared for the purpose. Why is it incredible that a sensitive surface, suitably prepared, should receive thought-vibrations as distinctly registered as the dial or the cylinder?

The acknowledged law of the correlation of forces verifies variety

Digitized by Google

in oneness, and makes it rational that the chemical attraction of the atoms on the sensitive surface, being disturbed and rearranged by the new vibration of thought brought to bear upon them, is the same law—the one law of the manifested universe, working with Nature's finer forces. The chemical action necessary to register this vibration is only another phase of a finer rate of vibration waiting to reveal itself.

Thought creates a given image and the perceiving faculty *sees* it in its sharp outlines, as Mrs. Roger saw the figure of Daisy Wallace *everywhere*, as stated in the article referred to. Every thought-vibration sent forth with so intense a dynamic energy must give the impulse of its vibration to those finer forces termed "etheric"; and these, caught upon the sensitive plate, write their record in resulting form. It is but a question of time and intelligent investigation to discover the conditions that will enable these thought-vibrations to be registered as a photograph. The fact that Dr. Baraduc and Mr. Roger have already perceived the possibility of such conditions is the prophecy of fulfilment.

The skepticism that demands more proof is thoroughly in accord with Truth; and the English photographer's journal that declines to guarantee what it has printed is nevertheless blazing one tree in the pioneer's road to success. Is not this process perfectly consonant with the thought that can visualize the conditions of imagery in other minds and read, so to speak, the causes of external physical conditions? Mind is the empire of the soul, and Thought its mighty executive. Very truly yours,

L. C. GRAHAM.

---

IT is not the province of any individual or body of human beings, however august or erudite, to prescribe or define for us what to consider as divine revelation. One may help another, but he may not coerce or dictate. It is safe, however, to presume that God is not far from every one of us; that he is, even now, immanent in the very core of our being. So far as we remove the veil from our own faces, so far will he be revealed to us; for revelation is a state of illumination rather than a receiving of messages from the Deity.—*Alexander Wilder, M. D.*

Digitized by Google

## HELPS TO RIGHT LIVING.

"And when he thus had spoken, he cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth! And he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with graveclothes."—*John* xi., 43, 44.

This is a good illustration of the condition of many persons; in fact, we all are in different stages of "deadness." You will notice that it is a *command,* not a mere persuasion. A command must be given with firmness. There must be a vital reason back of it. You will also observe that "he cried with a *loud voice,*" a voice that could be heard through this "deadness." He realized that Lazarus must be *aroused.* A mild, gentle voice would not have sufficed for this. So "he cried with a loud voice, Come forth!" And Lazarus came forth.

Now, to all appearances the man had been dead; but in reality there *is* no death. Is this not an example of our divinity being covered from sight; of our being asleep to spiritual life? Are we not apparently dead, until some one calls in a loud voice—to this divine part—"Come forth!" and we rouse ourselves and come forth, dazed and "bound hand and foot with graveclothes?" How well this last quotation describes our belief in limitations! We *are* bound with old fears, old prejudices, old opinions, old habits of living and thinking.

But "Loose him, and let him go," is the next command. So the Divine in each one becomes more and more manifest; and we throw aside our "graveclothes," which belong to our dead or sleeping condition, and begin to realize that we have *no* limitations. We do not need "graveclothes" when we realize what *life* is: that we are Spirit, and therefore cannot die.

* * *

"He who thinks himself holier than another; he who has any pride in his own exemption from vice or folly; he who believes himself wise, or in any way superior to his fellow-men, is incapable of discipleship."—*Annie Besant.*

We who have responded to the voice—we who have "come forth"—are in danger of just this. We wish others were living on a higher plane—were not so material. We are glad that we have overcome certain vices or follies. We believe our judgment is better, and that we are wiser.

Digitized by Google

Now, we think we do all this with a feeling of love and charity. We do not intend to set ourselves up as examples of goodness and wisdom; nevertheless, we are on dangerous ground. I feel like putting up a sign-board, "Keep off the grass." Let it have a chance. Don't walk over the newly planted ground, to look for the barren places. Don't pull the tender shoots up by the roots to see if they are growing. Give *others* a chance. Give yourself a chance also; for self-condemnation is as bad as to feel that we are wiser and better than others. It is in fact the same spirit applied to ourselves that we apply to others. No one is inferior, and no one is superior, to another. Let us look only for the *God* part in every one. Let us so live that we may express it in ourselves. Let us *come forth to stay*, and not be running back to our graveclothes, as we are so inclined to do. Let us live to our best every hour, and the true results of life are assured. KATHARINE H. NEWCOMB.

THERE is but one temple in the world, and that temple is the body of man. Nothing is holier than this high form. Bending before men is a reverence done to this revelation in the flesh. We touch heaven when we lay our hands on a human body.—*Novalis.*

MEN divide life into two departments, secular and religious. Christ declared all life divine. Man has torn the body of Christ into one hundred and fifty competing factions. Christ taught nothing of sects and creeds.—*M. L. Daggy.*

THE thing that makes one man greater than another, the quality by which we ought to measure greatness, is a man's capacity for loving.—*Helps.*

LET us encourage ourselves by a little more imagination, prior to experiment.—*Faraday.*

ABSOLUTE certainty is unattainable, even by the best historic evidence.—*Freeman.*

"THERE is an idiom in Truth that is beyond the imitation of falsehood."

Digitized by Google

## REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

EVEN AS YOU AND I. By Bolton Hall. 270 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. F. Tennyson Neely, publisher, New York.

Although this work first appeared only a few months ago, it has already gone through a number of editions. The author is a son of the Rev. John Hall, the noted Presbyterian divine, and the book contains a sketch of Count Tolstoi and his philosophy from the pen of Ernest Howard Crosby—also the son of a clergyman. Yet freedom from theological restraint and conventionality characterizes every page. In the literature of sociology the volume is unique. The numerous chapters, though written in parabolic style, are intended to throw sidelights on current history in such a way as to reveal vital defects in many of our most venerable laws and customs. The single-tax propaganda should receive a pointed impetus from this publication, which epitomizes much of the philosophy of Henry George. It brings into bold relief some pictures of evil that are object-lessons in selfishness and avarice; and the gifted author uses some needfully plain terms in depicting the apathy of science, the Church, and governments regarding the miseries of the "other half." The work is surely destined to become an aid in actualizing that "iridescent dream" of universal justice in which all the world's best thinkers have prophetically indulged. It should be in the hands of every lover of mankind.

PRACTICAL ASTROLOGY. By Alan Leo. 206 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Published by the author, London, England. [For sale by The Alliance Pub. Co.]

This book is in every respect just what it purports to be—"a simple method of instruction in the science of astrology." The rapid reawakening of interest in this ancient science, which to-day is manifest in every civilized quarter of the globe, has created a demand for a treatise comprehensible to "the man in the street." Leo's work admirably supplies this need; for it is practical, non-technical, and succinct. If faithfully studied, the reader may become his own astrologer. And the volume has an educational importance

Digitized by Google

in other lines. "The inequalities of the human race," says the author, "are no longer the great problems that they ever must be to those who will not enter the study of the metaphysical, where the abstract indicates the *cause* for the concrete." The book contains many valuable maps, charts, and diagrams, and a frontispiece portrait of the author, who is editor of the London *Modern Astrology* —the best astrological magazine published.

WE have received from the Wood-Allen Publishing Company, of Ann Arbor, Mich., four works in pamphlet form that should be circulated by the thousand. They bear the following titles: "Almost a Man" (42 pp., 25c.), "Almost a Woman" (44 pp., 25c.), "Teaching Truth" (24 pp., 25c.), and "Child Confidence Rewarded" (19 pp., 10c.). They are all by the same author—Dr. Mary Wood-Allen, to whom every parent in the land owes a debt of gratitude. The appalling result of ignorance on the part of the young regarding their procreative functions have led to the publication of many books that have defeated their own purpose through an inconsiderate literary style. Such works usually say either too much or too little. But the present pamphlets are exceptional in that they tell just what the readers for whom they are respectively intended ought to know. The instruction is pure and chaste, yet candid, and as delicately stated as the resources of the language will allow. Every mother should put "Almost a Woman" in the hands of her young daughters, and "Almost a Man" should serve every father in giving commonly neglected information to his sons. The other two brochures are equally well adapted to either sex, and, if taken to heart, their lessons are invaluable to any reader.

## *OTHER NEW PUBLICATIONS.*

ORMSBY'S Geo-Helio Ephemeris, Almanac, Business and Weather Guide for 1898. 96 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Planetary Publishing Company, Chicago.

THE CONQUEROR'S DREAM. A Poem. By William Sharpe, M.D. 18 pp. Paper, sixpence. H. A. Copley, publisher, Canning Town, London, E., England.

Digitized by Google

# MIND.

VOL. II. JUNE, 1898. No. 3.

## NATURAL AND SPIRITUAL.

BY C. STANILAND WAKE.

The time is rapidly approaching when the teachings of the Swedish seer, Emanuel Swedenborg, will have to be considered from a scientific standpoint, instead of being treated as the ravings of a madman. The spirit by which they are pervaded has been silently working, and his ideas have already largely influenced the minds of thoughtful men, not merely among his own professed followers but in other churches and outside of the theological province. The indebtedness of modern science to Swedenborg may be estimated from the fact that he was the true parent of the nebular hypothesis, which is usually accredited to Kant, and subsequently to Laplace, as may be seen by reference to his great work, "The Principia," which preceded the days of his seership.

That the later teachings of Swedenborg—those relating to the spiritual life and growth of man—are based on his scientific ideas, could be proved without much difficulty. This does not affect the question of their origin. The vital point for consideration is their truth or their falsity, and, however distasteful the fact may be to those who have a materialistic bent of mind, it is impossible for them to disprove the truth of Swedenborg's fundamental conception—that of discrete and continuous

Digitized by Google

degrees. Indeed, when properly considered, this conception is seen to comprise the whole doctrine of Evolution. It requires progress from the lowest to the highest forms of life, by the almost imperceptible degrees of continuity; yet it places the several kingdoms of Nature on distinct planes, one above another in such a way that, although they agree in fundamental characters—as was said by the well-known physio-psychologist, George Henry Lewes—there is no immediate passage between them. Thus Nature takes a spiral course, and while all her products are united, forming a continuous whole, each province has its special curve, from which there is no direct ascent to the curve above. Hence, an animal cannot become a man, although a man may become animal—that is, in his actions; because, as man, he contains within himself the whole spiral of finite being—therefore the animal curve. These are inferences, rather than the actual teachings of Swedenborg—who states, however, that man is born an animal, and distinguishes between the natural mind, which would seem to belong to animals, and the spiritual mind, which man alone is capable of possessing.

It is with the distinction between *natural* and *spiritual*, rather than with the question of the existence of continuous and discrete degrees, that we are now concerned. Even animals possess those different degrees; but, as they are not illuminated by spiritual light, their minds remain natural, whereas man becomes rational; that is, he has the capacity to perceive both natural and spiritual truths, and not only to think analytically about them but to acknowledge them in speech and action. Swedenborg likens the natural and spiritual minds to two springs coiled in different directions. He says: "The natural mind, with all its belongings, is coiled into gyres from right to left, but the spiritual mind into gyres from left

Digitized by Google

to right; the two thus curving in directions contrary to each other." From this he infers that evil resides in the natural mind, and that of itself it acts against the spiritual mind. Moreover, gyration from right to left is turned downward, while that from left to right is turned upward, the former direction being evil and the latter good; hence "the fact that an evil spirit can gyrate his body only from right to left, not from left to right, while a good spirit can gyrate his body from right to left only with difficulty, but with ease from left to right." It would be difficult to verify this statement by experiment, although, on the assumption of the existence of spirits, its truth is probable, as we know how much easier it is for us to make a spiral motion with the right hand from left to right, as the hands of a clock move, than from right to left. According to the teaching of Swedenborg, the latter would be the natural direction and the former the spiritual direction; and, as the motion from left to right, if made vertically, is from down upward, it is good, and the motion from right to left, being downward, is evil.

It may be very properly objected that what is natural cannot be absolutely evil; but if taken in a relative sense, *i. e.*, as standing in opposition to the spiritual, it is evil rather than good. The natural mind may, indeed, be good for animals, and, as man is born an animal, good also for man as a simple organic existence; but it becomes only evil when it opposes the spiritual mind and thus tends to keep man on the animal plane. Swedenborg states that there are three kinds of natural men: those who know nothing of the divine precepts (of religion), those who know of such precepts but take no notice of them in their lives, and, thirdly, those who despise and deny them. The first class *necessarily* remain natural; the second class remain natural through indifference, caring about "no other concerns than those of the world and

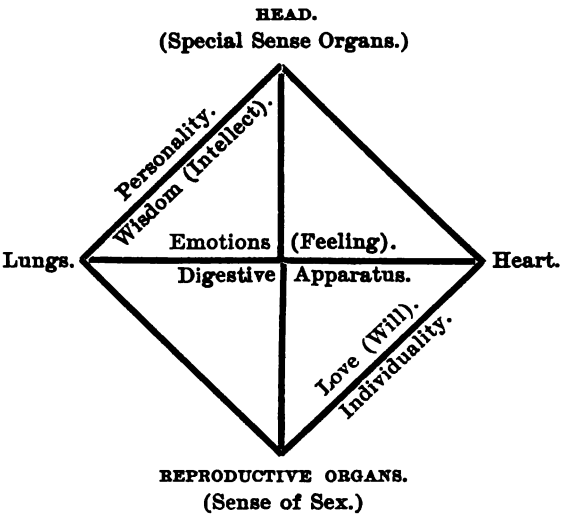
Digitized by Google

the body;" and the third class not only remain natural, "but also become sensual in the measure of their contempt and denial." These three classes of human beings correspond to the degrees of mind possessed by man, as distinguished from animals, which have only the natural degree. But, says Swedenborg, "the sensual man, who is in the lowest sense natural, differs from the beast only in this—that he can fill his memory with information, and think and speak therefrom; this power he gets from a capacity, proper to every man, of being able to understand truth if he chooses; it is this capacity that makes the difference." Many, by abuse of this capacity, however, make themselves lower than beasts.

The fundamental opposition thus made by the Swedish seer between the natural and the rational (or spiritual) is based upon actual facts, which are evident to those who have studied social and ethical phenomena under their broadest aspect. It is well known to them, as it may be to any observant person, that sensuousness tends to sensuality, and that it is, therefore, opposed to the development of rationality and to the spiritual condition of mind that is intimately bound up therewith—this being described by Swedenborg as the "capacity to receive spiritual light." The opposition between the natural and the rational can be shown, moreover, to have a physiological basis, just as the distinction between the individuality and the personality, pointed out in my article in the November, 1897, number of MIND, has such a foundation. Indeed, the individuality is practically the same as the natural mind, as the personality may be identified with the rational mind. In either case the higher develops out of the lower, under the influence of the experiences of life, or as the result of the action and reaction between the organism and its environment, which includes influences of all kinds. That it is physi-

Digitized by Google

cally as well as mentally a case of "higher" and "lower" may be exhibited diagrammatically as follows:




This diagram is supposed to represent the human body, without the limbs. If the head also were removed, the body would represent a cone apex downward, or a spiral with continually narrowing coils. With the addition of the head, we can imagine it as a double cone base to base; or a double spiral whose coils are the widest in the center, and narrow gradually toward each end, *i. e.*, above and below, as described by Swedenborg. In the latter case, the lower spiral will represent the digestive apparatus, of which the stomach forms the center, with what Haeckel calls the "uro-genital system" as its narrowest coil. In association with the digestive organs must also be placed the heart, which operates so as to circulate through the organism the blood that is produced by the action of those organs. The lower half of the diagram, which answers to the lower spiral, may be taken, therefore, to represent the individuality. This governs the

Digitized by Google

action of the vegetative functions of the organism, which include the function of excretion of waste products, and also that of reproduction, which must be regarded as excretory. The simplest animal organisms, which are typical of all the rest, even of man himself, have only the vegetative functions; so that evidently these are sufficient for the maintenance of vital activity, which reveals itself under the polar relations of in-taking and outgiving, attended with circulation through the organism of portions of the watery fluid in which it lives.

As the animal structure becomes differentiated, under the action of natural selection, the head is formed, and it contains the entrance through which food passes on its way to the stomach. The head thus fittingly occupies the pole of the body opposite to that formed by the excretory organs, and as fittingly it contains the organs of special sense, all of which are receptive, or in-taking: even the sense of touch, which we usually associate with the hand, being at first placed in the head, as we see from the use made by a baby of its lips and tongue, and by the elephant of the tip of its trunk, to say nothing of the antennæ of insects. The child and the young animal have to learn the mutual relations that subsist between themselves and other things (the external world) through the sensations they receive; and as the result of these experiences is developed the personality, which governs the organism in its voluntary activity, and thus largely controls the conduct of the individuality, which has to do with involuntary action. The pulsation of the heart comes within the latter category, but not altogether the movement of the lungs, whose action can be controlled to a considerable extent, although breathing will go on without any effort of our own. Thus the lungs belong rather to the personality than to the individuality, and they stand in a polar relation, therefore, to the heart, which

Digitized by Google

has to do with the *circulation* of the blood, while the office of the lungs is to cleanse the vital fluid by removing from it the unwholesome products it has taken up in the course of its circulation.

According to the philosophy of Swedenborg, the idea of *wisdom* is to be associated with the lungs. Wisdom belongs to the understanding, or what would now be called the intellect. On the other hand, the will, which is the expression of love, as *desire*, is associated with the heart. Hence, as shown by the above diagram, will and love belong to the individuality, intellect and wisdom belonging to the personality. These are connected by the emotions or feeling, which may be considered as represented by the two cross lines of the diagram. There is such an intimate relation between the feelings and the blood that this may be regarded perhaps as the physiological correspondent of feeling. But what has now to be pointed out is that the organism generally is at first controlled in its activity by the portion of it represented in the lower part of the diagram, and which is under the influence of the individuality. The child life is essentially egoistic, because it is necessarily governed by the natural mind, *i. e.*, from the digestive center and the heart, rather than from the head and the lungs.

A child cannot be blamed for looking at things from the standpoint of "self," for it cannot do otherwise, as self is merely a name for the individuality out of which the wider self that embraces humanity has to be developed. This development is, indeed, going on from a very early period of the child's existence, through the education of the special senses. At the same time, however, at the opposite organic pole is being gradually developed another sense, that of sex, which is fully awakened at the age of puberty. This sense, as the expression of the function of reproduction, belongs strictly to the individ-

Digitized by Google

uality, whose office is to perpetuate itself regardless of the personality, the perfect development of which means the entire subordination of the former principle. Hence arises a conflict that has been described by Saint Paul as follows: "For I delight in the law of God after the inward man: but I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members." Here we have two laws in conflict—that which governs the lower self in individuality and that which governs the higher personal self. The one is sensuous and tends to sensuality, with the abuse of the sexual sense, which was properly treated in the teaching of Saint Paul, as by ancient religious philosophy in general, as exhibitive of the animal nature. The other is rational, and leads man to the spiritual plane of the highest wisdom.

Nevertheless, that which is natural cannot be wholly evil; as, in this case, we see from the fact that the perpetuation of the human race is dependent on the exercise of the reproductive function. What was really intended by Saint Paul, as we learn from other passages in his Epistles, is that the natural functions must be exercised rationally, which can only be through the controlling action of the higher faculties of the mind, with some degree of the spiritual illumination referred to by Swedenborg. But if not thus controlled, the natural mind will gain command of the whole life, and the movement of the entire organic spiral will be downward, the intellect and reason being brought into captivity and compelled to pander to the depraved tastes of the animal nature. On the other hand, if the movement of the organic spiral is upward the animal nature will be subjected to reason, love will be spiritualized, and the aim of life will be the attainment of true wisdom. This is the subordination of the animal to the human, and to

Digitized by Google

this aim must education be directed if the moral and social condition of humanity is to be improved, and not to the mere sharpening of the intellect.

Money is a good thing when rightly used, but "money-grubbing" belongs to the lower plane, and it is too often attended with the subordination of the higher to the lower organic functions, with a twisting downward of the spiral of life and the consequent "closing of the spiritual mind." Luxury, with its accompanying sensual gratifications, has been the ruin of many nations as well as individuals; but, unless the motion of life's spiral be directed upward, poverty itself may be equally ruinous to both body and soul.

THE evidence is complete that demonstrates that every mental activity creates a definite chemical change and a definite anatomical structure in the animal that exercises that mental activity, and that this is the *modus operandi* of animal growth and evolution, and that by this method more mind can be embodied *ad libitum*. The evidence is complete that shows that every mentation also produces a definite effect upon the environment of the animal that does the mentating. Action and reaction are equal. Force cannot come from nothing. Mentation is a mode of energy, and the organism of the animal cannot create the energy of life out of nothing, but must receive it from the Great Reservoir. But the conclusion that every mentation affects the environment is based upon direct testimony and quantitative measurement. Vary the mental activities of a unicellular organism and you will vary its structures, and the same is true of a multicellular dog or man. Mind underlies organic phenomena, and life is mind; mind-activity is the cause of evolution, and mind-embodiment is the goal.—*Professor Elmer Gates.*

IT is not the motive, properly speaking, that determines the working of the will, but it is the will that imparts strength to the motive. As Coleridge says: "It is the man that makes the motive, and not the motive the man."—*James McCosh.*

Digitized by Google

# MAN AS A SPHERE.

BY DOCTOR MANUEL RIVERO.

The idea that gave rise to the following lines is the outcome of the realization that each human being is a complete sphere, yet absolutely dependent upon a great universal Sphere. Man lives in a world of his own, in which he realizes more or less, according to his unfoldment, his own desires and emotions. He lives a life so complete and peculiar to himself that it is very rarely understood, even by his most intimate friends. He is a dependent sphere, because he is a child of a greater Sphere. He is also intimately connected with those of like caliber, each and all being distinct members of the one Unit. This relationship exists among similar spheres, between them and greater spheres, and between the latter and still greater ones, and so on, until we reach the ultimate of our capacity and approach the border of the unknown. Each one is his own *present* limit, which may not be his limit a moment later.

Again, every cell is a specific sphere, though related to other cells, which are in turn dependent upon a higher sphere; hence, while the whole creation seems to operate as one harmonious unit, from the great Unit down to the minor units in all departments of life, yet with this uniformity of law there is a parallel nonconformity, manifesting itself in an infinite variety and beauty, each expression of life standing out distinctly as a part of the one universal Whole. In allowing the imagination to contemplate this infinite variety of Nature in any one department, the soul of man may be lost in admiration of its beauty. Examine

Digitized by Google

the varied expressions of animal life, from the lowest up to man, taking up each species by itself, and it will be impossible to find two members of any one species alike. It is plain that, while the principle of life is one, it never repeats itself as to expression. The same difference, which expresses itself throughout all the realms of nature, is noticeable even in the units of life, from the fact that each emotion and feeling exercised by any one unit effects a change in the organism.

Now, "feelings" are never repeated in precisely the same way, because the conditions that give rise to sensations and emotions are never the same. There is always a new combination of circumstances, more or less intense, which produces a corresponding variety of expression. How often we all have tried in vain to recall some pleasurable experience of the past! We have met the same friends and dear ones, recalled dates, and afterward said to ourselves, Why is it that we were not thrilled with the same pleasure on meeting them this time that we have experienced heretofore? It seems as if they had changed. They *have* changed, and so have we. Corresponding to the combination of changes brought to bear, the degree of pain or pleasure differs from that of the past, and a corresponding change of external expression inevitably follows. We may indeed be grateful that, while humanity is undoubtedly a unit, its myriad members are different and distinct parts of the Whole.

Sometimes, in teaching, a white blood-corpuscle is used as a typical animal cell. It is said to be twenty-five hundredths of an inch in diameter, and is found to manifest the four principal functions: absorption, assimilation, motion, and reproduction. This applies to *all* animal cells, which vary in size, shape, and general character—corresponding to their office in the body. Each cell has a definite work to do and a distinct place to fill. It is true that

Digitized by Google

young cells take the places of older ones, but the offspring is never the same as the parent cell. The constant change of environment, internal and external metabolism, new combinations of psychic desires and emotions, etc., inevitably effect a corresponding change in the cellular system. Even under identical circumstances, a change always results from the influence exerted by surrounding units—in a marvelously complicated way, as it appears to the senses, but very simple as it clarifies under the light of the Spirit.

The typical human cell contains all the elements that are found in the body of man himself; yet this miniature sphere is dependent upon the ego, or greater sphere—man. The same relation that a cell of the human body bears to the soul is borne by man as an individual cell and a definite sphere to the greater Unit. We all are members of the one Grand Man.

Considering humanity as a unit, then, each person has a definite place to fill and work to do, and the individual units are of equal importance. The cells of the different organs of the body have a definite office to perform in the region to which they belong, and they would be useless elsewhere. The cells of the liver, for instance, have for their duty the elaboration of the blood, but they would cause the dissolution of the whole organism were they to change places with the cells of the heart; and *vice versa.* While these are of equal importance and operating under one system, yet each group has a distinct function of its own. It were foolish for the heart and the lungs, or the kidneys and the liver, to try to change places; for by the transposition of any two of these organs the body would perish.

Let us try to draw a practical lesson from this underlying law of life. There is a very common error of human nature (though it is never committed by the awakened, or divine, nature), to wit: we either try to compass our salva-

Digitized by Google

tion through the experience of another person, or else we try to force our experience upon others, thinking it will do them good; in other words, we are continually trying to get into the shoes of some one else, or we are so good-hearted that we wish others to wear *our* shoes. Both of these positions are wrong, for they are mutually injurious. We do this because we are not yet fully conscious of our part in the great Sphere, and are still less aware of its importance, and that the whole Unit suffers if our part is neglected. A good remedy for this is the recognition that each and every soul is our brother or sister—a member of the great Unit—equally great and equally important.

As we recognize the sovereignty of ourselves and of our brothers, each of us will naturally fall into his own place, and, through being faithful to our present environment, will recognize the divinity and unity of all things. The outcome of this mental condition will finally bring us into the realization of our distinct part, the faithful discharge of which will in turn bring us into the consciousness of usefulness and the approval of the great One. Let us, therefore, pray that we may find our place and be faithful to our part, which, if we act it aright, will bring us into conscious harmony with the Universal. We will then meet, feeling that we are parts of one another, and we will not try to change places in a single earth life, but will cheerfully encourage one another in the fulfilment of our several duties.

In proportion as the law is recognized individually, we will have peace collectively. This universal principle not only applies mentally and spiritually, but also to the social, physical, and economic conditions of life. The long-looked-for millennium is nothing more than a complete realization of this law. Each member shall willingly and proudly fill his or her position without the slightest feeling of superiority or inferiority, all deriving the same nour-

Digitized by Google

ishment, life, liberty, and happiness from a common Source. Humanity is one: any good done by one member benefits all the others, but especial benefit accrues to the doer as the echoes of gratitude return from the other members of the unit. Conversely, any wrong committed by one member is detrimental to all the others, but intensified suffering will be the lot of the doer as he recognizes the mistake in conjunction with the returning currents of the other members. Thus we have a definite work to do for ourselves and others, and we are primarily responsible for our personal suffering. Let each and all realize that we are members of the great All, and that we are indebted to one another for a mutual recognition of the fact, as brotherly members of the great Unit.

"There is no great or small to the Soul that maketh all,
And where it cometh all things are, and it cometh everywhere."

## FROM THE MAHABHARATA.

(VANA PARVA.)

Man's body is the chariot that sweeps
With flashing spokes life's dusty road along;
The soul, the driver that, among the steeps
And hills of life, with steady hand and strong,
Directs with subtle skill and nicest tact
The senses six, that as the horses act.

Great is the driver that can calmly rein
The horses to the pace and carriage just;
But woe to him that lacketh to restrain
One single sense, that in its fleshly lust
Disdains the curb. Behold, upon the plain,
The chariot wrecked, the hapless driver slain!

U. FRANCIS DUFF.

Digitized by Google

## THE NATURAL BENT.

BY BOLTON HALL.

A Wolf there was, and he was ravenous and huge. He snapped at his fellows and would not hunt with the pack. He ate his cubs, and because he was fierce and swift he killed more prey than he could eat.

God blessed his brute and said to him: "Feast on your cubs, and eat their mother too: for there is nothing better for a Wolf."

A Pariah-dog there was, and he was strong and churlish. The hand that caressed him, he bit. In the night he went sheep-stealing, till the watch-dogs attacked him; then he ran away and saved his skin.

God blessed his cur and said: "Ay, fill yourself with offal and tear the friendly hand: for that is the best you know."

A Hound there was, and he was cunning and sharp. He hunted game and watched the house; but when he could he stole, and he lived in fear of the lash.

God blessed his creature, saying to him: "Go; steal the game and dodge the whip: for only so you may learn."

A mastiff there was, and he loved the children; and when gypsies stole his master's sheep, he flew upon the men. But with other dogs he fought, and he would leave his charge for that.

God blessed his dog and said: "Yes; guard the sheep and fight till your flesh is torn to shreds: for that is the way I teach."

* * *

For Beast or Man learns only by working out experience; dog eats dog in war; and what we call sins and consequences are but lessons in the primer of our Nature's God.

Digitized by Google

## MENTAL SCIENCE *VS.* HYPNOTISM.

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

The term "animal magnetism" is misleading, and is made to cover a great many phases of mental phenomena.

Some animals undoubtedly possess a kind of power that others do not seem to have. A small bird was seen fluttering a few feet above some bushes, dropping lower and lower as it circled around and making a peculiar noise, as if terrified. As the observer approached the bushes he frightened a large cat from under them. Immediately the bird regained its self-possession and flew away.

At another time, attention was attracted by the excited cackling of some fowls that were under a large tree, and upon investigation the fact was revealed that the fowls were huddled together, apparently unable to move, and showing every evidence of being dominated by some external influence, which was found to be a large snake, ready to drop on its prey from a branch of the tree. Such incidents are common, and show the power one animal may exert over another.

This influence is sometimes exerted on certain *persons* by others, when all concerned are on the purely animal plane of existence. But no animal can exert this power upon entities living on the intellectual plane; therefore, when it is employed upon a plane other than the animal, the word "animal" should be dropped. It is no longer animal magnetism, but might more correctly be called intellectual magnetism. The power perceived in the animal kingdom becomes intensified on the intellectual plane, frequently dominating the animal to a marked degree. The strongest physical organisms seem to have but little

Digitized by Google

power to cope with this magnetism. Sandow, a man noted for his wonderful strength, a few months ago submitted himself to hypnotic tests before a number of prominent physicians in New York City. It is well known that he is able to handle two-hundred-pound dumb-bells without apparent effort, and to perform other feats showing astounding muscular strength. One of the doctors, a small man, who would have been but a child in Sandow's hands, put him under a hypnotic spell, and the famous "strong man" could not lift dumb-bells weighing even two pounds. He strained and tugged at them until he perspired profusely; yet he could not move them one inch from the floor. The physical giant was as clay in the hands of the potter.

If the fact were made clear that as man grows away from the animal plane his magnetic power increases, the term "animal magnetism" would soon be recognized as a misnomer. We often hear that a certain speaker has a great deal of animal magnetism because of his power to move and control audiences, when there may be comparatively little of the animal in the man. The term "magnetism" may be used on all the varying planes of thought—physical, intellectual, and spiritual: for there is as truly a spiritual as a physical or intellectual magnetism. The spiritual, however, has this difference: it has eradicated the selfish propensities and desires that exist to a great degree on the other planes.

Coming directly to what has been known as mesmerism, but now as hypnotism—the only difference being that the phenomena have been greatly diversified since the latter name has been adopted—we find that knowledge concerning this subject was first acquired by Europeans about the middle of the last century. There is no doubt, however, that certain persons in the far East have been familiar with it from the earliest times, and that their power

Digitized by Google

greatly exceeds anything known either in this country or in Europe.

Thought travels in waves; hence, it is not strange that several persons in different parts of Europe should at the same time conceive the idea that men are sensible to the influence of magnetism. Among others thus convinced was Maximilian Hell, professor of astronomy at Vienna. He advised a physician of his acquaintance, Dr. Frederick Anton Mesmer, to try to cure diseases with a magnet. Mesmer made a number of experiments, and found that he could exercise a singular influence over his patients. He immediately laid claim to the discovery of a great curative agent, and public attention was at once called to the new way of treating disease. Hell also claimed to be the real discoverer, and a serious dispute arose between him and Mesmer, the latter declaring that he did not cure his patients by mineral magnetism but by animal magnetism —a peculiar agent developed in his own body and conducted to the patients either with or without magnets. There is this in proof of his statement: that when he was graduated, and took his degree of M.D., in his thesis he held that the universe is pervaded by a subtle element having extraordinary influence on the human body and being identical with the magnetic element.

As a matter of fact, neither Mesmer nor Hell was the discoverer of magnetism and the curative properties of the magnet. In Dr. Franz Hartmann's work on "Paracelsus," we find the following:

"Paracelsus was well acquainted with the therapeutic powers of the magnet and used it in various diseases. He knew the powers of mineral, human, and astral magnetism, and his doctrines in regard to human magnetism have been confirmed to a great extent since the time of his death. More than a hundred years ago Mesmer created a sensation in the medical world by his discovery of animal magnetism and by his magnetic cures. His discovery was then believed to refer to something new and unheard of; but Lessing proved already in 1769 that the real discoverer of animal magnetism was Paracelsus."

Digitized by Google

It was about the year 1778 that Mesmer made his appearance in Paris, which was then the world's great center of science and literature. A commission appointed by the French Government to examine into Mesmer's discovery was unfavorable to him. The report admitted that a great influence was wrought upon the subject, but this influence was ascribed chiefly to the imagination. The impression left on the public mind by the report was that Mesmer was a charlatan, and from that time onward his influence waned.

The process of Mesmer was very different from that resorted to by latter-day hypnotists. His way of treating patients was to take several together, place magnets upon different parts of their bodies, and have each person hold in hand one of the rods of iron projecting from a tub filled with various kinds of minerals. The whole party was then connected by touching hands, and also by a cord passed around each person. The apartment was dimly lighted and hung with mirrors; strains of soft music occasionally broke the profound silence; odors were wafted through the room—while Mesmer, clad in the garments of a magician, glided among them, affecting some by making passes with the hands, others by look, and so on. The effects were various, although all were held to be in the highest degree beneficial.

Mesmer passed away in 1815, leaving many distinguished disciples, who continued his methods with varying success.

It would be both interesting and instructive to follow the study of this subject through its different phases up to the present, but space will not permit; so we will proceed to give some of the opinions and researches of the greatest hypnotists of to-day. Dr. Braid, of Manchester, England, who coined the word "hypnotism" to denote certain states of sleep into which the subject was thrown, demonstrated

Digitized by Google

by experiment that it was possible to produce an artificial sleep without any act or aid of another; that one had only to fix his eyes for a few minutes upon some luminous object placed a little higher than the ordinary plane of vision, at a distance of two or three inches, to induce this impersonal sleep.

The word "hypnotism" is now generally used to cover various forms of magnetism.

The usual method employed by Charcot in hypnotizing a subject was first to get his good will, and then unexpectedly unmask before his eyes an electric or magnesium light. He could act equally well on the organs of hearing by suddenly and unexpectedly sounding a gong. The patient, not expecting it and becoming instantly motionless, would become transfixed in the gesture he was making at the moment the gong was sounded. Another method employed by Charcot was to place the subject near a large tuning-fork operated by an electro-magnet. Little by little, under the influence of the swelling vibrations thus produced, sleep would supervene and become as profound as when the other methods were used.

Charcot says that the psychic characteristic of hypnotic somnambulism is one of absolute trust—a boundless confidence on the part of the subject toward the one that has hypnotized him. No matter how improbable the story told in the presence of a person so hypnotized, he believes it, makes it his own, and it becomes the center of his entire cerebral activity. All his thoughts radiate from it until some new thought is furnished him that may be exactly opposite to the former. It is because of this state of mind that the phenomena of suggestion are so easily produced. Suggestion may be carried to almost any length.

"The more I have examined the facts and the more I have advanced in my study," says Charcot, summing up, "the more I am convinced that hypnotism is a reaction, not

Digitized by Google

an action." This remark can only mean that hypnotism is a suspension to a certain degree of the vital force that animates and controls the body of man. But it is more than this; it is a withdrawal of the soul from the body, in proof of which numerous cases may be cited of persons under hypnotic influence seeing and hearing things that were occurring at great distances.

Medical men are now turning their attention to hypnotism as a power to be invoked for the healing of disease. In the past, no one thing has wrought so much suffering and so perpetuated disease as the poisonous drugs administered by the medical fraternity; but a greater evil will result from the wide employment of hypnotism than from the use of drugs. Hypnotism is an inversion of the truth. It is putting to a wrong use a God-given power that should never be used to produce a reaction whereby the will of man is lessened, the faculties of mind are weakened, and the subject comes and goes at the beck and call of the one that controls him. No soul should ever seek to control another. In doing so man violates the law of his own being; and as he metes it out it shall be measured to him again. We have no moral nor spiritual right to compel another to do anything, no matter whether we believe it to be beneficial to him or otherwise. Hypnotism is founded on selfishness; it is but a combination of animal and intellectual soul powers. There is no thought of spirituality in hypnotism from beginning to end; for where the Spirit of the Lord is there is freedom.

Some will ask, If you succeed in relieving pain, is it not an agent for good? It is not, and never can be. Its advocates claim that it is harmless, and that beneficial results ensue when used aright by trained, scientific minds, but that the medical profession should alone use it, to the exclusion of impostors and charlatans. This, however, would only be a transfer of charlatanism from one class

Digitized by Google

to another. It does not follow, because the medical profession has a certain knowledge of anatomy, that it understands the workings of the human mind. In fact the whole history of medicine shows rather the reverse of this, and hypnotism in medical hands would only become another instrument to destroy the liberties of the people.

Again, pain is not so much the enemy of man as it is his friend. It is a notification from Nature that man has transgressed her laws, and the dulling or overcoming of pain through other than a natural way is not going to benefit man in the end. It is only putting off the evil day.

We render an account in our bodies of the evil things we *think*. Mental science, therefore, would seek to overcome conditions of pain and disease, not through denying them away, but by seeking to make plain the laws that regulate life and by suggesting obedience thereto as the one thing needful to produce health and strength. It would emphasize the fact that there are powers latent in the life of man that if used aright would bring to him a greater fulness of life, and that freedom is needful for their development. Perfection of life comes to all through an understanding of the powers and forces latent in the soul and their rightful use in strengthening both mind and body. Mental science directs its efforts to the awakening of these inner forces and bringing about a true action of mind, which results in a controlled, regular movement of the different organs of the body.

Hypnotism weakens the will of the subject; it destroys his independence; it tends to a deadening of his mental faculties, so that in time he becomes more of an automaton, controlled and directed by the will of others, than a thinking, reasoning being whose life and actions are under the control of his own mind. I do not question the sincerity or the humanitarian impulses of the advocates of this system, but I do question the good

Digitized by Google

**that is alleged to flow from its use. If we sacrifice our own independence, our own individuality, has not the price been greater than any seeming gain that may come to us through the overcoming of pain? When we are in harmony with the laws of Nature, we do not induce reactions; but we realize that a perfect, regulated action becomes necessary for either mental or physical health.**

**In conclusion, mental treatment produces true *action*, not reaction; the faculties of mind are quickened, not dulled; the will of the patient is increased, not lessened: showing that, while hypnotism is contrary to the law of God, mental healing is fully in accord therewith.**

ALL healing is without medicine. The potency of any treatment of disease lies in the principle, invisible and intangible, of which medication or other treatment is made the medium. In recent years the tendency in medical practise to the disuse of drugs has grown steadily. Reliance is now placed mostly on sanitary and hygienic treatment, with the influence on the mind of rest, recreation, change of scene, and cheerful associations and surroundings. The metaphysician simply takes the next step in advance and administers the vitalizing, health-restoring, blood, nerve, muscle, and tissue building principle or energy, in thought—directly, unhampered by the energy-taxing and function-disordering material medium of drugs, pills, and potions. Esculapius, the "father of the healing art," was a metaphysician. So was Paracelsus, the most successful physician that ever lived, next to Jesus the Great Metaphysician. Our voluminous *materia medica* and the dismay and defeat of the physician relying on it expressed in his pronouncing so many invalids "hopeless" and "incurable"—simply because he does not know how to cure them—is a logical development of materialism carried to its utmost limits in the materialization of an art originally purely spiritual.—*Paul Tyner.*

IF we can know how to regulate mind-processes, then we can cure disease—all disease.—*Professor Elmer Gates.*

Digitized by Google

# FIAT MORALS.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

## II.

"Thou shalt have no other gods before me."

*God* is a word for the Infinite, Absolute, and Unconditioned. *Infinite, absolute,* and *unconditioned* in Nature are words for definite, fixed, positive, abstract ideas. They are not (as some hold) empty abstractions, but abstract ideas, either already full of real meaning or capable of being filled at the will of intelligent sentiency. The All exists in the various forms of phenomena and subsists in the one Noumenon, to which we give the name of God, in three separate and distinct individualities of the abstract:

I. The mathematic.
II. The dynamic.
III. The ethic.

In history, the poet has invariably preceded the prophet and the prophet the sage. Beauty has always led the van of accuracy. So in the eocene of thought the poet imaged his ideal of theogony in terms of fancy; in the Vedas and Eddas and in the poesy of Hesiod and Homer, Job and Moses, has come the imagery of Bibles like pallid spectra of the unseen and eternal.

Modern, dogmatic theology, based wholly upon the Hebrew revelation, logical and literal, subconsciously truthful, has given us in concrete shape the primal truths of the universe as Personalities—God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit. Divested of the allegory, of its literalness:

Digitized by Google

I. God the Father is the Fact of Truth;
II. God the Son is the Motive of Truth;
III. God the Spirit is the Power of Truth.

Such is the sound doctrine that I, in common with all men, hold concerning the Divinity that shapes our ends. It is not only orthodox but Trinitarian, though expressed in language varying from that upon which bibliophiles rely to prove the existence of "The Three which bear witness in Heaven." We should all be of one mind as to these things—all "of the household of faith," if we were willing to rely, not upon prejudice or the supposed authority of sentiment or opinion, but solely and always upon the exact truth: facts as they are, determined by principles as they must be.

In principles there must be both certainty and constancy. It is known that this is infallibly true as to Mathematics; it may be known that this is true as to Dynamics. The mathematician may err—he is a person; but Mathematics itself never errs. *He* is "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." The mechanic may fail in the application of forces; but Mechanics cannot fail. "*He* cannot change."

Theologians have not hesitated fully to coincide with scientists in their estimate of the virtue, value, efficiency, and potency of these two great domains of the universe; but in dealing with the third a strange discrepancy is discovered: that personality which is readily denied to two coördinate and ultimate principles is wholly concentrated in the third. According to theology, God is moral, and moral only; he is good, and the standard of goodness. His goodness was either the creator of both fact and force or absolute over them—Almighty not only as Right in the domain of Morality, but the arbiter or annihilator of Right in both of the other domains, where, by common consent, it exists impregnable and indestructible.

Digitized by Google

Volition (as Will) and Mercy (as Freedom) are regarded as the prerogatives of the good God. But goodness is not found in leniency: it is in the attribute of constancy, of stability, of justice; in the knowledge that justice is ever the supreme factor of wisdom, and that conscious intelligence is bound to choose the right—not because, by his fiat, a hypothetical Being has declared it to be right, but that we ourselves know it to be right. God is indeed free to choose, but only within the limits of his own infinite Being, and, being perfect, is forever bound to choose perfection. The perfect Moral is as sure and steadfast as the Mathematical. "Whatever is is right" is not, therefore, the vague aphorism of a sentimentalist, but the basic and essential element of certainty upon which all creation is founded.

If, then, we find wrong, evil, or sin acting inimically toward us, it is not that the universe is wrong, but that we ourselves are in a wrong relation to it. In plane geometry the position of a point is determined by reference to two fixed right lines at right angles, meeting at a point called the origin of coördinates. For the determination of the position of a point of volume, such a method becomes manifestly inexact. A new system of reference is therefore found, not of lines, but of planes, and not two planes, but necessarily three, the point of common intersection of these three planes being a new origin of coördinates. This is the natural and proper method—natural because space is naturally tri-dimensional; proper because it is accurate, and accurate because strictly mathematical. It is a method that insures the determination of all facts of position of any volume, and for all regular volumes enables the inquirer to arrive at exact truth, not only by the correct solution of problems by geometrical construction, but also by the simple devices of equations, according to the principles of geometrical analysis.

Digitized by Google

Philosophers, idealists, and mystics, perceiving how intrinsically certain are the results of mathematical processes, have, at different times and from various points of view, sought to extend the uses of mathematical methods to those portentous questions involving the great ideas of life, being, and immortality. With this end in view they have availed themselves of extra-natural and occult processes, such as irrationals, indeterminates, and transcendentals, and above all of the supersensuous results of what is called the non-Euclidian geometry, or the geometry of four, five, or "n" dimensional space.

It is, however, only mystics—theosophists, spiritualists, and the like—who have endeavored in this manner, while holding fast to a form of supernaturalism, to rationalize, howsoever irrationally, their beliefs. "Orthodoxy," of whatever form, has habitually and consistently declined all attempts at rationalization, holding fast to the strict letter of the law of their creed, and to the inerrancy of their standard, holding that to be omnipotent and infallible, and the reason of man to be the grossest of presumptions.

In all questions that have arisen as to the meaning of ultimate ideas and the potency of universals, the invariable custom, not only of religious but of secular thought, has been to consider them solely on the dual basis of logic and dynamics, of mathematics and mechanics, of mind and matter; and the entire world of thought, with common consent, seems to have ignored such notions as spirit, faith, and religious ideals as matters too intangible or subtle to be reasoned upon at all. From the very first, Religion (as represented by the various ecclesiastical systems) has carefully and candidly proclaimed that its province was wholly apart from and immeasurably superior to Science, while the latter, returning the compliment of exclusion, has with equal positiveness and arrogance declared that its processes alone were sound, its results alone certain, and its

Digitized by Google

domain absolutely separate from what it calls the superstitions of theology.

Thus naturally arose an antagonism, which, especially of late years, a large number of very estimable people have done their best to eliminate. It would be quite impracticable and wholly futile even to sketch in outline, much less portray in all their diversities of form, color, and perspective, the various attempts that have been made to do away with the hostility that all easily perceive. To reconcile science and theology has been the ardent hope of many a noble soul, but has inevitably and always proved a hopeless task: to-day, as ever, the two stand "on guard" against each other. Faith and fact, science and sentiment, test and trust: thus are the hosts of the two discordant elements mingled in the very body and blood, soul and strength, of man's being. This being dominant, he becomes devout; that, an "infidel." The one victorious, he felicitates himself upon his godliness; the other triumphant, he congratulates himself that he has burst the bonds of mental slavery. The pious, devoted to a reality of feeling, achieve by faith a peace passing all understanding; while the emancipated exults in a true freedom, and profoundly and honestly pities those of his own kith who yet clasp their chains.

Led by the hand of Clio, the student, retracing the long, tedious, and tortuous highway of events, becomes aware—the more aware the profounder are his investigations—of the continual encroachments of the hordes of science upon the placid fields of ecclesiasticism. It has ever been the Goth, the Hun, and the Vandal of Science that have swooped down upon and for a time devastated the lands of the believer. Bruno, Savonarola, Galileo, Copernicus—these and men like minded, treated in their time as savage marauders, heretics, and assassins of faith, yet living in the results of their great achievements, turned the whole

Digitized by Google

current of belief into new and more navigable channels, imparting a holy impetus to progress that has been the very loadstar and the helm to civilization.

While thus the strict, stern discipline of the legions of Science trampled down, one by one, the ranks of ignorant credulity, and, little by little, overcame one form after another of fanaticism, never has it seemed for even an instant doubtful that the religious instinct in the heart of humanity would continue unimpaired and undaunted by even the most decisive defeat. Outpost after outpost has fallen, till it would seem that all the lines of circumvallation were in the enemy's hands, while yet the citadel, secure in an existence "not of this world," smiles, like the soul, at the drawn dagger of reason and defies the point of argument.

Every conquest has been made against the stoutest opposition; but, once made, Religion has marched out of that particular province with all war's honors, and upon some other line, but always from the same base of operations, the foe has again, with wholly undiminished ardor or rancor, been confronted by embattled superstition. Surely these mercenaries and minions must have somewhere a great genius for commander! Surely such would long ago have perished irretrievably before the forces of fact if there were not back of them all, the incentive of them all, the hope and potency of them all, some great truth, some grand motive, some enduring cause!

Long ago, hundreds of years before the coming of Christ, Job, the mighty poet of the past, in passionate certainty exclaimed, "I know that my Redeemer liveth!" —a Redeemer, according to the smooth shibboleths of modern orthodoxy, not yet born! Surely the redemption was a vaster matter than a Redeemer; surely the truth is not true that has not endured always and will not surely endure forever!

Digitized by Google

Again, hundreds of years before Christ, by the sacred Nile of Egypt, the soothdoers set up, perhaps in honor of their sun-god, Osiris, the sun-dial. In ancient Greece, the water-drops fell, one by one, from the clepsydra. In medieval times the hour-glass let fall its trickling sands; and now, in this modern epoch, the clock and the chronometer, day and night alike, follow the path of Helios around the constant Zodiac. The method of measurement changed, but Time kept its eternal course.

There are mysteries in this world, some of which, having hitherto baffled all efforts of the intellect of man, seem as if likely to continue to baffle them to the end of time. Kant's categorical imperative, his *anschauung—a priori*, the intuition (so called) of mankind—balances in the brain with the positive empiricism of the *Tubula Rasa* of Locke; the positivism of Comte and Frederic Harrison is set over against the "Unknowable" of Herbert Spencer; Aristotle's materialism arrays itself against the ideality of Plato; the anthropomorphic Jehovah stands always and wholly antagonistic to the immanent Deity of Spinoza, of all the pantheists, and of the great creeds of India.

Little by little, in the progress of the race in various directions of physical inquiry, the crude condition of heterogeneous and ill-regulated facts has given room to a new order; the amorphous has been crystallized and knowledge built up; the former things of guesswork have passed away, and in science all things have been made new. The astrology of the remote past has become the astronomy of the present. Epicycles have done their work, and Copernicus and Galileo and Kepler came, saying, "Behold, I show you a more excellent way." The alchemists, like the sheafs of wheat of Joseph's brethren, have bowed down before the mightier sheaf of Joseph himself: the chemist came, a minister of the great Pharaoh of Science.

Digitized by Google

There are natural mysteries and there are unnatural. The unnatural are those man makes for himself by his ignorance, lethargy, perversity, and prejudice—the natural those inherent in the constitution of the universe. Herbert Spencer says, in substance: "Amid the mysteries that become more mysterious the more they are reasoned upon, this truth becomes more and more apparent—that man is ever in the presence of an infinite and eternal Energy from which all things proceed." By the "orthodox," Spencer is not held to be numbered among the elect, while the "infidel" scoffs at his philosophy as being almost religious, and his energetic if impersonal Deity as almost the equivalent of a personal and anthropomorphic God.

The fallacy of Spencer's summary of theological conditions, of the inscrutable and unconditioned, may be briefly indicated. It is simply that, in designating that naturally mysterious Power as "Energy," he has employed a fatally defective word. Energy has no power to start itself or to stop itself; it is not initiative; it is inertial—forever at rest till moved, forever in motion till arrested; it is the machine, not the mechanic; it is music without the musician. It is the logical and necessary consequence of reasoning (howsoever magnificent) upon an unnatural basis of an ideal universe of only two dimensions. It is the inevitable result of the endeavor to determine the exact position of an idea by the dual coördinates of mathematics and mechanics, of being and activity. It is the fullest expression for a natural truth of three dimensions in terms of two. It demonstrates fully and effectually the impossibility of conveying truth accurately to the reason without reference to a plane of principle as yet wholly ignored, and by a line of construction as certain as it is fixed and as fully known as both the others—a line of argument that is in fact the third coördinate of universal truth.

The problem of religion—of the essential relation of

Digitized by Google

the individual to the Eternal and Infinite; of practise to principle; of the good to the enduring Ethic, the absolute Right—is presented to all, and with the problem the path, and with the path the light whereby to walk: the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. To take down the scaffolding without injuring the structure; to remove barnacles without destroying the ship; to wipe out the lines of construction without impairing the value of the perspective drawing—this is the task before the theologian of the future. To banish superstition while retaining reverence; to eliminate the symbol and yet to hold fast to the truth typified thereby; to keep the faith while yet abolishing opinion—such is the task before the intellect of the present, before the man of the morning.

"Vengeance is mine; I will repay," is the true expression for the operation of the natural order. Not the conscious edict of an insatiable Jehovah; not a threat against his puny will who in spleen or spite, by envy, hatred, or malice, sets himself against the Eternal and Omnipotent; but a calm, dispassionate statement of consequences—of the inevitable working of cause and effect. "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again" is the expression of that necessary certainty. It is as sure in morals as in mathematics, as potent in conduct as in chemistry; an expression for that trustworthiness inhabiting eternity; a part of the Being of Infinity; the I AM of all ages and places; the body of God in whom we live and move and have even our temporary life. Besides ship and sail, this craft of life has its helm. It is in the rudder, not in keel or cordage, that man must look for the orderly development of his own powers—the proper exercise of his own freedom.

"We cannot choose what winds prevail,
Nor sky that shines, nor cloud that lowers;
Our own it is to set the sail:
The hand upon the helm is ours."

Digitized by Google

Let us treat the ethical as having, equally with the dynamical, a basis in mathematics. In one case the expression is mechanical, in the other judicial. In the first, God is Power; in the second, Justice. The evidence of right in the one comes from the actions and reactions of matter, or related action entyped in law and culminating in wisdom; in the other, from emotion fitly expressed in character, rising to its perfection in Equity—that quality of the universe commonly called Mercy, which is the fit and final union of Justice and Love.

The God of eternal principle is trustworthy; with him is no variableness, neither shadow of turning. He is not the author of chance, nor of confusion, but of peace. No man is or ever was his substitute or delegate. The Truth itself is his sole ambassador on earth. I am the truth; I am the way; I am the life: and you are truth, and way, and life. No man comes to Truth except by truth; none to God except by himself. But the kingdom of Truth is not of this world. It is not in the act, but in the aim; not in the path, but in the motive; not in mode or manner, but in the result. The Truth offers weariness and gives rest; it offers war and gives peace; it offers sorrow and gives joy; it offers bonds and gives freedom; it offers death and gives life. He that believes the Truth must serve it, and he that believes shall live—death hath no more dominion over him.

We must rise above the atmosphere and influence of this sordid earth, and upon the mountain-peak revel in the eternal light undimmed by the shadows of the world. Upon the peak of Sinai must be raised yet other heights—Pelion piled upon Ossa, Chumalari of the Himalayas upon Chimborazo of the Andes, Elburz of the Caucasus upon St. Elias of the Rocky Mountains. It is vain that you shall be told that here no mortal can breathe—none live. Live? It is only here we really live. Fear not them who hold

Digitized by Google

their hope by sodden symbols and cry out against the seeming tenuity of pure and abstract thought. Fear not, for the more tenuous things become the more certain; the further removed from the earthly, the so-called tangible, the more substantial, positive, absolute, and accurate. Eliminate the personal equation of your acquired habits, and all prejudice of unreasonable and unnatural opinion. Accept only as true the axioms of eternal Truth: the common notions that all men hold, if only they will rely upon the truth—only believe and prove that underneath are the everlasting arms! If you have views, ideals, or beliefs, reduce them to the common denominator of reason, by the deocentric parallax, the pelagic philosophy of eternal principle.

A LITTLE dog, in mad terror, was rushing past; for some human imps had tied a tin kettle to its tail; thus did the agonized creature, loud-jingling, career through the whole length of the borough, and become notable enough. Fit emblem of many a conquering hero, to whom Fate (wedding fantasy to sense, as it often elsewhere does) has malignantly appended a tin kettle of Ambition, to chase him on; which the faster he runs, urges him the faster, the more loudly and more foolishly!—*"Sartor Resartus."*

HE is great who confers the most benefits. He is base—and that is the one base thing in the universe—to receive favors and render none. In the order of nature we cannot render benefits to those from whom we receive them, or only seldom. But the benefit we receive must be rendered again, line for line, deed for deed, cent for cent, to somebody. Beware of too much staying in your hand.—*Emerson.*

I DO not know what I may appear to the world; but to myself I seem to have been only a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself by now and then finding a smooth pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.—*Sir Isaac Newton.*

Digitized by Google

## EVENING PRAYER.

BY ELIZABETH J. WARREN.

Lock fast the lower doors,
  Ascend thy secret stair;
Up to the tower-chamber mount,
  Thine own dear place of prayer.

Illusion finds no place;
  Error climbed not with me;
Lo, how fear's fetters powerless fall;
  For Truth hath made me free!

'Tis Pilgrim's chamber, "Peace,"
  Faced toward the rising sun;
Earth's labors, cares, and plans all cease;
  I wait the coming One.

Time swells to Eternity;
  Space is His garment's fold
Who in the silence teacheth more
  Than prophets e'er foretold.

Now vast Infinity
  Its tender kinship owns;
Deep calls to deep; the Christ within
  Speaks in responsive tones:

"Imperishable ray,
  Born of the Light divine,
Sister of suns, heir of all good,
  The universe is thine!

"For Love's abiding place
  Hath room for each and all;
Rest thou secure: in such embrace
  Thou canst not fear or fall.

"Grow thou as flowers grow;
  With humble, loving soul,
Receive and live and thyself know—
  Type of the perfect Whole."

Lo, in the stillness deep,
  I lie content and calm;
Who giveth His belov'd sleep
  Accepts my wordless psalm,
While Mother-Comfort softly breathes
  Her slumb'rous spirit balm.

Digitized by Google

## MENTAL CONTROL OF SLEEP.

BY A. L. MEARKLE.

Body and brain need exercise and repose in rhythmic alternation; sleep is the natural restorative of both. Medical doctors, according to their relative conscientiousness, administer a dozen worthless substitutes for natural sleep—from the stimulant, which they claim will fill the exhausted frame with new vigor and postpone the need for slumber, to the fatal narcotic used to benumb excited nerves and induce a kind of counterfeit repose. When "that tired feeling" comes on, instead of going for a dose of kola, one should go to bed. "Taking something" in the nature of a drug, when what the brain and body need is sleep, is a crime. If the conditions of urban life make it impossible for men or women to rest when rest is called for, and they feel that they must continue to work for several hours after being tired out, those conditions are all wrong and ought to be changed. The fancied necessity is one against which men instinctively rebel, and they would gladly eliminate it from the problem of existence if they could only trust one another and act unanimously.

However, a greater amount of work can be accomplished in a given time, and with less fatigue, when the hours given to sleep are *really* hours of sleep. Many persons on retiring, nominally for the purpose of resting, give themselves up to a process more wearisome to the brain than the active work of the day. Instead of going to bed to sleep they go to bed to *think*. Well-meaning moralists taught our parents that they ought not to close

Digitized by Google

an eye in slumber before reviewing all the transactions of the day and setting them down as debits or credits in a Franklinesque sort of mental book-keeping. They must also impress upon their wearied minds, at that time, facts they desired to remember—texts of Scripture, demonstrations in Euclid, addresses of acquaintances, Latin declensions, or French verbs. Particularly must they charge the mind with the time chosen for waking in the morning. If after an hour, lying on his back in strenuous cerebration of this sort, your father found that he could not go to sleep, he might think of interminable processions of sheep jumping one by one over a hedge, and count them as they jumped; or he might count his own heart-beats, or the ticking of the clock on the stairs. If still unable to sleep, he might sit up and read for an hour or two, until his eyelids felt as if lined with sand-paper and his feet were like ice. By this time the clock would be striking one, and he would begin to count the hours till time to get up; and then, after determining to have the satisfaction of declaring in the morning that he did not sleep a wink all night, he probably fell into an uncomfortable, dream-plagued slumber.

Now, that is not the way to sleep. Instead of taking cares to bed, one should dismiss them the moment one begins to undress. The bed should be sacred to sleep, and ordinary waking thoughts should not be permitted to invade it for a moment. If the usual working-day proves too short for the business that has to be considered, let the gas burn all night for once, and sit up to work it out; but do not go to bed to lie awake thinking. Some persons declare that they cannot cease to think. When the light is out, and there are no external objects present to divert the attention, the mind begins to act with extraordinary persistency and refuses to stop. They are at its mercy. The best they can do is to set it to counting silly rural

Digitized by Google

sheep, instead of calculating the movements of bulls and bears on the "Street!" Nonsense! Thinking is voluntary. The current of thought can be stopped by an act of the will as promptly and almost as mechanically as the water can be turned off at the bath-room faucet.

The brain need not be always in a state of conscious activity, any more than the limbs or the organs of speech. We are accustomed to regard thought as a somewhat involuntary function because of the usual presence of stimuli in the shape of visual or other sensations that provoke cerebral activity when the mind is not otherwise occupied. But one may be so absorbed in a book, or in writing, or in mere ratiocination, as to be unconscious of what is passing before the eyes at the time—also of noises and uncomfortable sensations of almost any kind or degree. These doubtless leave an impression on the subconscious mind; but they do not affect the brain in such a way as to produce thought—so long as it is functioning in obedience to the conscious will. The fact that the mind does not invariably respond to such external stimuli shows that there is no "must" in the case. The will can inhibit the mind's excitation to thought by external things when otherwise engaged; and it does this so mechanically that the preoccupation itself often seems involuntary. Now, those processes of thought that preoccupy the mind to the exclusion of external impressions are quite as voluntary as those started by external stimuli; therefore, they should be equally amenable to control by the will. It should be as easy to stop voluntary thinking as to begin it.

The trouble with us when we say we "can't stop thinking" is really that we do not want to. Like the self-deluded victims of bibulous indulgence, the man that cannot stop could stop if he *would.* He that goes to bed simply because it is ten o'clock, without at once and definitely dismissing thought, is an unconscious hypocrite. He does

Digitized by Google

not sleep, of course; and this is why it is better to sit up and work, so long as the impulse (or need) to work lasts, until one acquires the power to suspend thought at will. This can be cultivated—it *must* be if the brain is to do its duty. The man that cannot stop thinking soon falls in with the popular idea that insomnia is a disease, and therefore beyond his control. *Disease*—that magic word that gives self-indulgent weakness respectability and removes it from the limbo of responsible imperfections! There is no limit to the power of an intelligent will. Humboldt could live and be sane and useful on an allowance of two hours' sleep out of the twenty-four. Edison once remained awake for seventy-two hours in order to complete a mental task. Such feats, however, are but little harder than that of going to sleep at will, which Napoleon, with Europe on his shoulders, was able to do. Almost any business man would pronounce them easier; but sleep, being normal, should be far more readily enjoyed than dispensed with.

The New Testament—which, among other admirable things, is a good and simple exposition of healing philosophy—gives a recipe for the cure of insomnia. Physicians say the difficulty proceeds from the pneumo-gastric nerve, or some other physical center; hence, they prescribe *nux*, or bromides. The New Testament tells you what to employ—a better medicine than any drug—"Take no thought for the morrow." Stop thinking, that is to say, and go to sleep; if there is some weighty decision to be made the hour will find you equal to it. Going over it all beforehand, in the moments stolen from sleep and drugged with the fumes of fatigue, only confuses the brain. Moreover, veritable inspirations from the subconscious realm come, not when you are sleeping with one eye anxiously open, but when deep and refreshing slumber has followed the deliberate and trustful closing of the gates of consciousness against thought. This can be done. It

Digitized by Google

**may take a few seconds to convince the intruder that there is absolutely no admittance; but when it has finally turned away there ensues a physical and mental calm—at once elation and repose—that almost immediately passes into sleep.**

**Insomnia is not a matter of fatality. Men have it in their power to sleep as much as their individual brains need, given external conditions reasonably favorable, as surely as they can choose from well-spread tables food sufficient to repair the waste of muscular activity. It is a matter of mental control.**

THE Platonists of Alexandria taught that the First Principles of the universe proceed from the highest and innermost to the farthest extremes of the creation; that they begin from Mind, the Absolute One, and pass on to the many. Matter was an evolution from the spiritual substance, materiality having been riven from essentiality on its lower side; and, being full of vitality, the spheres and living creatures are fabricated and organized from it.—*Alexander Wilder, M. D.*

IT is in and through symbols that man, consciously or unconsciously, lives, works, and has his being; those ages, moreover, are accounted the noblest which can the best recognize symbolical worth, and prize it the highest. For is not a symbol ever, to him who has eyes for it, some dimmer or clearer revelation of the God-like?—*"Sartor Resartus."*

## KARMA—ANAGKE—FATUM.

That Good or Ill which we could give,
Or that which we have given—
That is our Fate which doth await;
That is our Hell or Heaven.

F. S. RYMAN.

Digitized by Google

## EAST AND WEST.

BY L. C. GRAHAM.

Rise, happy morn! Rise, holy morn!
Draw forth the cheerful day from night:
O Father, touch the East, and light
The light that shone when Hope was born!

—*Tennyson.*

Where and what is the East? We of the earth say east is where the sun rises. East in the soul, however, is the consciousness within, above, however we think of it, where "the Sun of righteousness" shall "arise with healing in his wings." It is the Light of Spirit radiant through the soul, and Hope is born or revealed as the result.

I watched the grayness of the morning in the west grow lighter, till finally rosy tints glowed from the clouds. I said, "The sun has risen," though I saw not the sun from my western windows; but I *knew* that which physical vision could not reveal. Because the Light *rises* in the East, the West *reveals* it.

What, then, is "west" in the soul? Surely it is this consciousness that corresponds to the earth that is west from the sun and is made beautiful by its shining. Even so my earth-sense of things in environment shines rosy-tinted and beautiful when lighted from the East in the soul; and I, like the earth, may turn my thought and understanding, however gray in shadow, again and again toward the morning Light. There is East only where this Light shines.

The night-times of the soul are only the turning away from Light to the west of material things and conditions. We hold the freedom, by virtue of our birthright in Spirit,

Digitized by Google

to turn at any time we may choose toward the new consciousness of another day. Whoever puts any circumstance or thing between his soul and God must make darkness and shadow for himself. Whoever puts God between his soul and circumstance has the luminant East shining into all experience, and the grayness of our dull west becomes rosy-tinted with Hope.

We may not be able to picture or describe this shining Sun by any human word or finite thought. It is as if we strove with physical sight to gaze into our morning sun of earth as it rises in the east. We are blinded; we have no material vision to grasp it. We turn away and find in the beautiful transformation of earth the proof of Light and Love. There is no other way by which we can know this reality of Light. No power of ignorance or earthiness can forfeit this relation of the soul and its own ability to see and use this Light of the East. Every child inherits this freedom to turn and to use, because he is and forever will be the offspring of his Father.

We may choose to turn to the East and think Sun-lighted thoughts that shall "draw forth the cheerful day from night," not once only, as a single experience, but again and again as the sure sequence of every evening time of the soul, until with the poet's confidence we hail the "happy morn," the "holy morn"—

"The light that shone when Hope was born."

---

An animal is a mind-organism. The cells out of which an animal is built are mind-organisms, and the duties of each cell are duties that require mind for their performance. A cell cannot perform its functions in the animal economy except in so far as it is capable of feeling stimuli and in so far as it is capable of adapting acts to ends. To change the mental characteristics of a cell is to alter its physiologic meaning in the animal economy.—*Professor Elmer Gates.*

Digitized by Google

## NEW LIGHT ON INDIA.

BY M. E. CARTER.

(*Concluded.*)

The Jains had women as well as men that were great prophets, reverenced by all. Before the remorseless heel of the conqueror had trodden upon India, and before the ancestors of its conquerors had emerged from a barbaric state, the women and men of that country were solving problems that even to-day are puzzling the wisest heads of our Western world. Their books, many of them thousands of years old, are still worthy of close study; and a valuable treatise on mathematics among them was the work of a woman. In those ancient days the Hindu women, like the men, were poets, philosophers, and deep students.

To-day the Hindus have words in their language expressing powers and faculties of the human soul for which the English tongue has as yet, because of ignorance concerning those subjects, formed no equivalents. Mr. Gandhi says that "no one can be born a Jain," because to be one it is necessary to be acquainted with their philosophy and to accept it intelligently.

The Jains have some rules that coincide with Brahmanism; for instance, they will not eat with those who use flesh for food, or who drink wine. Of the natives of India, only the Christian converts eat animal food and take intoxicating liquors.

The Jains have no narrow, bigoted ideas, but are ready to receive teachers from any quarter—requiring only that

Digitized by Google

they show "purity in their lives." Their definition of bigotry is "intolerance of the belief of others." They hold that, among a host of philosophies and religions, every one represents some "aspect of truth"; but "all aspects must be acknowledged, because Truth lies in all aspects taken together." Two thousand years ago many Brahmans became Jain teachers. The first passage in one of their books ran thus: "I am not specially inclined toward the last prophet, nor hostile to leaders of other sects; I accept all logical teachings." This is a fundamental principle employed by the Jains in their search for the truth in any system of philosophy they may study. Truth is its own authority, needing no human props. Its aspects are as many as there are human beings to study it. The sun is always a single luminary, upon which our planet depends for its material life; yet not all see it with the same eyes.

The Jains declare that only through purity can one attain knowledge. "Purity is knowledge." There are four states that must be overcome before one can attain true knowledge. These are the conditions of anger, pride, deceit, and greed. In none of these states can pure knowledge be attained. Any one of them will block the way to our vision of Truth. An earnest desire for pure knowledge will lead one to overcome any and all of these states, in order to establish right relations with Truth. To see Truth in all its aspects—not to lay greater stress on one aspect than on another—is a rule carefully laid down by the Jain teachers, who claim that their system is related to all schools of philosophy.

They teach that the soul is "always inherently pure," but not always so manifested until it is rid of the aspects called by the Jains "impurities." In its perfectly unfolded condition it becomes unlimited knowledge and consciousness itself, but ever and always a *unit*. In this the Jains differ from the Brahmans and Buddhists, who

Digitized by Google

claim that when the soul reaches the Nirvanic state it is "merged in the Absolute," no longer having individuality.

"God is everything; that which is not God is nothing. We are souls in the making—gods in the evolving."

"Church discipline" is unheard of among the Jains—an example that the Christian world would do well to follow.

In India, the feeling among the people that theirs is the mother of all religions is stronger than patriotism, because, being under British dominion, they have little political life.

"Caste," where it obtains in India, may be represented by "upright lines, side by side, varying in height." Mr. Gandhi thinks that we have "caste" in America and Europe—differing, however, from that of the Hindus, inasmuch as it is "more crushing in the Western world," and may be expressed by "horizontal lines, one on top of another." But, be it remembered, neither the Buddhists nor the Jains recognize caste in their religion.

The Jains may be called a community rather than a sect. The community idea is illustrated by their coming together, at stated times, for holidays and at shrines. In Bombay there are about twenty-five thousand Jains, and a few times each year they all meet together and dine—men, women, and children. They have contributed largely to literature on all subjects, and in educational matters have taken a leading part. There is a university and a library also in Bombay, both the gifts of a Jain. In Western India, about fifty years ago, a school for girls was started by a Jain woman. And it was a Jain woman that presided at a meeting in India where an address was prepared for the Victoria Jubilee.

England has done little for India in the way of education, having never established one free school there—although she derives eight million rupees per annum from the liquor licenses, the English having introduced

Digitized by Google

the saloon among the temperate Hindus. Twenty years ago there was not one liquor saloon in Lucknow: to-day there are about a hundred. The tax on salt in India is two hundred per cent., and there is an income tax of twenty-three and a half per cent.

Regarding the Hindu converts to Christianity, it is estimated that during the time that it takes to make one convert there are one hundred and eighty-four Hindus born. Each convert costs the missionary society one thousand dollars. Mr. Gandhi suggests that *they* could make a better use of the money and would send us a Hindu for every thousand dollars sent to them, thus giving us the man to "Christianize" over here at the same cost with far less trouble.

The Jains have hospitals for animals as well as for human beings, where they are cared for free of charge. Animals in India are not turned out to die, but when their days of usefulness are over they are humanely provided for. Many of these hospitals are one hundred years old, others five hundred, and some a thousand.

When a death occurs the Hindu has no place in his philosophy for mourning garb. If there be any marked change whatever, white is worn after the death of a friend, since white is representative of the spiritual.

Six centuries before Christ the Jains taught that no one should yield to any authority in matters of religion, but that each should analyze everything before accepting it, no matter from whom it may come. Even the Buddha's teaching was a reaction from the absolute authority of the Vedas. The Buddhist also claims the right to judge for himself, without altogether rejecting the Vedic scriptures.

The Jains celebrate the lives of their great and pure ones, both men and women. On their holidays they commemorate the birthday, or the day of reaching the highest initiation. On these occasions unusual hospitality is

Digitized by Google

extended, especially to those devoted to the higher spiritual life. Important subjects are at these times discussed—such as the marriage relation, food, action (or Karma), and questions of like importance.

Vows are taken even by Jains that are not monks. These vows are chiefly of a negative character, *viz.*, not to gamble; not to eat animal food, nor drink wine; not to permit any impurity in their lives; not to hunt, nor shoot, nor commit theft; and to observe chastity in the marriage relation. Any Jain desiring to lead a devout life will take these seven preparatory vows.

The only intolerant sect in India is the Mohammedan. Superficial travelers frequently make erroneous statements with regard to the Hindus, because they do not distinguish between the Hindu and other races in India.

The Jains have sacred places for pilgrimages on the hills of Western, Eastern, and Northern India. The temples in these places are noted for their fine architecture. Annually many persons go for a month or longer to these shrines, and while there all are provided with food and shelter free of charge. Rich and poor partake alike of the hospitality. We are here reminded of our own Scripture words: "Rich and poor meet together; the Lord is the maker of them all." But how is it in the land of the Christian Bible? There seem to be plenty of lessons for us to learn of those whom we have called "heathen." If a heathen be one who knows not God, and if to know God is to keep the commandments, what shall we say of ourselves?

The Jains hold that the universe is eternal and non-eternal—that it has an aspect named *noumenal* and an aspect named *phenomenal:* both being true. From the standpoint of undeveloped human consciousness, there are conscious and unconscious entities in different gradations. These we may call *souls;* and there never was a time when soul did not exist, although not always in the human

Digitized by Google

body. In the Jain philosophy there was never any beginning of the universe, but always the creation of one form simultaneously with the destruction of another. So of the soul—a new *condition* is generated out of the death of the old condition. Soul generates a body with, at first, only the sense of touch. Later it becomes more and more complex, all life-force being the result of former Karma. To attain perfection we must stop incoming Karma and work off the old. But we need not be in bondage to Karma, if we exercise the will to overcome it by concentration, meditation, and practising the positive virtues of loving regard for all life and compassion for all creatures. There is no room in this teaching for "righteous indignation." The Jains tell us that if we could see the vibrations we should never feel anything but pity, compassion, and love, and we should blame no one. They say also that we should earnestly study *all* religions.

Not from idle curiosity, but in a scientific way, students should engage in whatever they undertake to investigate. Had those who have visited India for the purpose of writing about it been imbued with this spirit, we might have been spared the many false reports that have found their way even into children's school-books. Those pictures of the Hindu mother throwing her living babe into the Ganges, to be devoured by the waiting crocodiles, were the result of a wilfully superficial view. Mr. Gandhi tells us of his surprise, after his arrival in America, when a zealous woman in Chicago questioned him upon this subject. Later he consulted two Hindu friends. All three tried to discover how such a story could have arisen. Mr. Gandhi had lived on the Ganges for years, and never heard of the alleged custom until he reached America. These three Orientals finally concluded that some missionaries might have seen women, who were too poor to afford cremation, consigning their dead babies to the river's shore.

Digitized by Google

Mr. Gandhi added: "Where people are too compassionate to kill animals for food, or to tread wilfully upon an insect, they could not be so cruel as to take the life of one of their own children." One traveler who wrote of the village life of the people of India, after seeing them chewing twigs that they thus made into tooth-brushes, wrote that these people "lived on wood." The fact was that they would not use tooth-brushes made of hogs' bristles.

Emerson says, "God judges us at our best." Would it not be well for us to do likewise in our judgment of one another—both as individuals and as nations? We should feel that we had been unfairly dealt with if some traveler should judge America by her slum districts. At a great fair, every nation places on exhibition its finest products, to show the point reached—to prove its possibilities. Then should we not judge each nation by its best type? If we compare the high-minded, temperate, compassionate, and splendidly educated Hindu with our best men, who shall presume to say that the product of our Western civilization is superior in quality to those Orientals who manifest the best traits that go to make up a highly developed human being?

Last summer, at Greenacre (Eliot, Me.), Mr. Gandhi said: "Men and women who have taken years to acquire their own religion will, after a hurried trip through India, presume to pose as authorities regarding the manners, customs, and religion of the people of that country. The Jain religion, more than any other, has propagated compassion and love for, and protection of, all life. It is a religion of conduct, of intelligence, and of the heart, or spiritual nature. India does not arrogate to herself the right to lecture America, but is ready to give us a mother's blessing and human greetings; for *love* is better than science, art, literature, or anything else in the world."

Digitized by Google

# A DAUGHTER OF LOVE.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

## *CHAPTER VIII.*

### LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

After Tania had spoken, Holinder remained for a few moments silent and without movement, looking at her; then he slowly held out his hands toward her and said, "Tania, come to me." He spoke in a low voice, but even I could feel the immense urgency of his exerted will, and its effects were also visible on Tania. Her figure seemed to vibrate, to waver, as if she stood between two forces, and were drawn now hither, now hence. I have never seen a will-o'-the-wisp, but I was reminded of one; and perhaps it was on this account that I had an impression as if the girl were unsubstantial—an aerial image—though with all the hues and apparent solidity of flesh and blood.

Holinder's influence seemed to prevail. She moved forward a little, till she stood within two paces of him. There she paused again. But the grave expression in her eyes deepened to one of anxiety, or distress.

"You are hurting me," she said, faintly. "You will harm yourself."

"You know I won't hurt you, Tania," he said, in the kindly, masculine tone that was natural to him. "If you think it imprudent to shake hands with me, I won't insist on that. But I want a quiet chat with you—to be sure that you are well and content, and that it is your own pleasure to be here. I shall attempt no constraint upon you; neither shall any one else, while I can prevent it."

Digitized by Google

"I am free," was her reply. "I chose to come. I wished it. Don't imagine anything else. I could come back at once, if I would. No one has power over me—no one has so much power over me as you yourself have. But I ask you not to use it: if I lose my freedom, it will be to you. It is there that I am weak—as any other girl would be. Won't you help me to be stronger, instead of trying to break me down? It's for your sake as well as mine—and for the sake of what is far above both of us. If you had your will, it could not bring you what would be worth your keeping. There is nothing worth having that is not immortal. There is my body, with its little earthly life, that comes and is gone again, and leaves only dust. Would you take that, and lose all the rest—and have me lose it?"

"No; I have no such thought," said he, quietly. "What I understand by marriage is, body and soul both—time and immortality. But I want our marriage to begin in this world, Tania; that is the order in which we are created. Love must have its root here, whatever heaven it may bloom in. We are not to be ruled by our flesh and bones; neither are we to despise them. They are the means by which we are taught and our spirits strengthened. The end and aim of all creation is marriage; and you cannot cut off the root and expect to find the flower. So, my desire is to gain your soul through your body, not to lose it. I want both, because one cannot be had without the other."

There was a recess in one side of the room, into which a sort of divan was fitted, with cushions, and curtains of diaphanous fabric looped back. While Holinder was speaking, Tania drifted, as it were, into this embrasure, and with a movement of her hand signed to us to be seated. In looking forward to this conference, I had supposed that my presence at the actual interview between the lovers

Digitized by Google

would not be expected; third persons are not usually required on such occasions. But I had already seen and heard enough to perceive that this was a situation in which my silent but friendly presence might be of real help and support to both. They were themselves: I represented the rest of humanity, affording them a Pou Sto and a sounding-board, so to say. At all events I felt no embarrassment, and I think they were conscious of no restraint; I presume none of us thought at all about the matter. All was natural, and right.

Tania's hands were folded on her knee, and she was looking a little upward, as if contemplating the abstraction of her thoughts. It was a characteristic pose of hers.

"Marriage is love, led by knowledge," she said, after a pause. "But we do not know who I am, or who you are."

Holinder was about to reply, but checked himself. Tania's question had a significance beyond the ordinary. Who was she, and who was he, indeed? Tania's origin was a mystery, suggesting greater mysteries. And as to Holinder, it did not need that story about his apparent death, and his resuscitation by Tania, to confirm the salient truth that he was not the man that had been known as Holinder in the old days. He could be aware of this only inferentially, perhaps; but I knew it as a fact of physical and spiritual perception, quite inexplicable upon any recognized theory of human personality. Tania's point was therefore of great pertinence. He and she were to outward appearance incarnate creatures, just like everybody else; but were they so in reality? If they were spirits alien to their present time and surroundings, masquerading for a season and for some purpose at present inscrutable in a mortal guise, then, evidently, there might be great doubt as to whether they could form ties as ordinary persons do. The idea can hardly be put in words without apparent extravagance; but the *rapport* between their souls and their bodies might be so conditioned that

Digitized by Google

the former were liable to be misled by the impulses of the latter. Certainly, the original Holinder—the idle and ineffective newspaper man—would never have had it in him to love a girl of Tania's caliber; the desire of the moth for the star would be reasonable compared with that. If, therefore—in response to an impulse of the soul that was making but incidental use of the body (as a man might put on a coat not his own for a temporary emergency)—Holinder were to unite himself with Tania in a mortal marriage, there might ensue a disastrous confusion and complication. On the other hand, this alien physical garment worn by my friend might so far obscure or mislead the intuition of his spirit as to make the latter confound the true nature of his regard for Tania with something else. In other words, were these two persons to meet freed from the trammels of the flesh, they might discover that marriage was not their right relation, but something quite different; and the mistake made in time might not be set right in all eternity.

But I fear I shall but darken counsel by my awkward efforts to enlighten it. I am not an expert in these matters, and the real value of my narrative (if it have any) must consist in its being the record of the impressions on an ordinary mind of a certain group of extraordinary phenomena. I could not help drawing certain inferences, no doubt; but I can offer no guarantee of their correctness: for not seldom I was wholly perplexed, and unable to see my way out at all.

What Holinder finally said was,—and in thinking it over afterward it seemed to me hardly up to the lofty level of sentiment that the dialogue had attained,—"Love creates knowledge before it is led by it. I have no misgivings; I trust myself; I am willing to take the risk, if you will."

Her eyes rested on him, and their upper lids were lifted a little. I have heard it said that such a lifting accompanies the opening of the spiritual faculty of sight; it was

Digitized by Google

something I had never witnessed before, and it thrilled my nerves somewhat as the stirring of a vague horror might do—except that "horror" is not a word that could be used of anything connected with Tania. But it made me feel that the adamantine veil had parted for her, and that there, in that quiet room, she was gazing into abysses of being forever closed to me.

"Have you forgotten," she said, in a distinct murmur, like the plucking of harp-strings at a distance, "what we risked, once, and what we lost?"

A tremor, or shock, passed through Holinder, and he half rose from his chair. He lifted one hand and pressed it on the top of his head. "Yes, yes," he said, in the groping way of one roused from slumber, and gathering himself together. "Forgotten? Why, it is here—and you! How could I have slept when love was awake? And that dream —it went through my heart like a sword! What was it?"

"The sword was in my hand," said she; "the dream was true."

He gave a low laugh. "Star of the Morning—*you!* It was the sword of love—none less keen than that—that you brought to my tent. Life, not death, was in your eyes and the breath of your lips. Your bosom is no couch of the dying. There all that is I was born, and in it I dwell forever. There is no odor of the grave in the perfume of your hair, my love. And when I looked on you, you laughed, like the murmur of sweet waters. Eternity was in our kiss: and are we not alive?"

"Yes, my love; we loved each other. But the command of the Lord was upon me, and the sword was in my hand. Love and death were one."

He laughed again. "If this be death, then death and life are one also. And we are one, my love; and your place is here!" He opened his arms.

Tania (why do I call her Tania? Though I have not written them here, she and Holinder called each other by

Digitized by Google

other names in these strange utterances of theirs)—Tania shrank from his gesture, which was vital with passion; yet I fancied that in the look she bent upon him there was the glow of a love deeper than his own.

"Come!" said he.

"I will not come," she whispered. "I have not forgotten the voice that counseled me, and I would not listen; but I will listen now. When I sought you, I lost you; now I have come hither to know the will of the Lord concerning us. 'The Lord is in his holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before him.' Do not come nearer! Once, through love, by death, it was permitted me to move the Lord to have yet a little patience concerning us; but let no fire of self-seeking consume us now!"

I can by no means convey the tone and manner of lofty yet tender entreaty in which these swiftly uttered words were spoken.

But he smiled proudly, and came forward a step.

Then she rose and stood before him; and in the maidenly purity and sweetness of her aspect there was something daunting and terrible, as of an angel that guards what is holy from profanation. Or I could understand how the beautiful daughter of Israel looked when her hand smote the oppressor of her tribe.

"I gave you death," she said; "and then out of death the Lord gave me power to bring you here again. Do no wrong; be strong, and wait. The Lord is good to them that fear him and do his will. But, as you came hither with a breath, so may you depart; it was that you might redeem the old evil that He suffered you. You cannot touch me: but meditate no new evil in your heart, to be added to the old."

He uttered some exclamation, and advanced with the purpose, apparently, of taking her in his arms. There was a jarring of my sight, or else a momentary darkening over the place where the figure of Tania stood. At the same

Digitized by Google

moment Holinder plunged forward, with a strange cry, his arms outstretched, and fell heavily forward on the divan. All was light once more; but there was nowhere any trace of Tania. It is my belief that she had not been present in actuality at all. What appeared and spoke was a specter of the *astral light* (if one must give a name to these things).

Holinder lay as if dead; and at first I thought he was. Meanwhile I heard the street door open and close, and a light step on the stair.

The next moment Carmagno entered the room. He went straight up to Holinder, lifted him in his arms, and placed him in a reclining chair under the incandescent light. He passed his hand lightly over his forehead and laid it for an instant upon his heart, and then, looking at me, said, gravely: "He will be himself in a moment. I will leave him in your care. I tried to prevent this, but it was to be." He bowed slightly, and left the room by the same door by which he had entered.

Holinder sat up almost immediately, yawned, looked about the room and then at me with a puzzled glance, rose to his feet, and said:

"Well, this is some joke, I suppose; but I give it up on the spot. If you had asked me where I was ten minutes ago, I should have guessed Bombay. But this seems more like American civilization. Besides, how should *you* be here—there, I mean? Is this a hotel? Because, if so, I wish you'd ring for a cigar; I haven't had a smoke since I don't know when—nor a drink either, I believe, for that matter."

"We are in New York," said I; "but we are not in a hotel. We'll go to one, if you like. I will explain things later."

I divined what had happened the moment he spoke. He was Holinder the newspaper man: the other Holinder had returned to his place.

(*To be continued.*)

Digitized by Google

# EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

## IS PATRIOTISM A DELUSION?

IN the sense in which the word is commonly used, Patriotism is the metaphysics of selfishness—as politics is the metaphysics of force. It is an extension of self-conceit from the individual to the nation. Historically, it is based on greed, and had its inception in the covetous eyes with which one primitive tribe regarded the women and other chattels in the possession of its neighbor. The predatory instinct is not a natural one: it is the result of a perverted imagination. Greed begets greed. The attempt to purloin an article from the hand of its owner inevitably tightens his grip—a habit that when carried to extremes often leads to the palsied unhappiness of the miser. Thus did self-defense and self-preservation become numbered among the inalienable "rights" of man.

Out of this assumed necessity the spirit of militarism first arose. Originating in the crude savagery of a "barbarous" age, it eventually became a legitimate accessory in religious crusades and the only apparent source of stability to human governments. To-day war is an "art," not a crime, though frequently used as a cloak for the perpetration of the most inhuman designs. It is the basis of almost every national debt under which the world now groans, and which is usually paid by the descendants of its creators—the one inescapable burden of heredity that ancestors can impose. "Debt," said Wendell Phillips, "is the fatal disease of republics: the first thing and the mightiest to undermine governments and corrupt the people."

Digitized by Google

Irrespective of the peculiar merits of the war between the United States and Spain, which it is not our present purpose to discuss, the conflict affords a good illustration of the martial method of adjusting differences. Resistance to evil, whether mild or forcible, may shift its base but cannot eradicate it. The "police power" of nations, in which we find apparent justification for interfering with our neighbor, is necessarily arbitrary and susceptible of abuse. And the attempt to demonstrate it through military and naval operations —"fighting the devil with fire"—is apt to defeat its own purpose, because it is the outcome of the same impulses of "patriotism" that gave rise to the offending condition. Force that is *felt* will never reform a criminal nor win a true victory.

But the "patriotism" that leads to war, whether offensive or defensive, has many far-reaching effects that are lost sight of by most minds. Large military establishments tend to breed anarchy, which leads to atheism. They are a kind of tyranny, both individually and collectively—the arrogance of petty officials in uniform toward the plain civilian is one of the discomforts of civilization. Moreover, in the minds of the young they engender wholly false ideals of heroism. The average boy is taught to study and admire the Hannibals, the Napoleons, and the Grants of history rather than the higher order of spiritual heroes whose labors and teachings we have alone to thank for the advancement of civilization. And this martial spirit has a definite effect even on the unborn. The "fighting" proclivities of whole races can be traced in large part to the spectacular effects of military performances on the minds of the mothers of men. In the annals of human society, the generation that immediately follows a great war is invariably the most prolific in cruelty and crimes of violence. It is then that "sports" become brutal and vivisection a legitimate branch of medical education.

Every metaphysician knows the baneful effects of anger and hatred in the production of disease. And these vices are more prev-

Digitized by Google

alent during a war period than at any other time, being fostered alike by belligerents and non-combatants. They are mutually destructive, the ironical fact being that the real victim of anger and hatred is their author. Not all the wounds of soldiers confined in hospitals are inflicted from without; and the awful contagion of *fright* is seen in the epidemics that rage even among those not "at the front." All this suffering and sacrifice is the price paid by nations for cultivating that ridiculous sense of "honor" and "pride" that in our day is erroneously termed *patriotism.*

But the real absurdity of this sort of national mania appeals with irresistible force to believers in reincarnation. The adherents of this doctrine comprise nearly two-thirds of the globe's inhabitants, and, if their belief is founded on fact, the word *patriotism* must eventually become endowed with a higher meaning than selfish love for the little spot of ground from which we start on the journey of a given earth-life. The realization that our worst enemies in a certain lifetime may be our friends and neighbors of the next tends to discourage the use of shot and shell as argumentative forces.

War is without warrant, analogy, or precedent in Nature; and in an ideal civilization even the deepest love for one's country or nationality should be subordinate to one's love for the human race as a whole. In that millennial period that is yet to be, the "family of nations" will say, with Tom Paine, "the world is my country," and *all* war shall be regarded as intestine and fratricidal. Let us, therefore, cease our worship of externals. Let us not forget that the only imperishable treasures are those of the spirit; that our mission here is to gain wisdom through experience, not earthly glory through military conquest nor material wealth through personal ambition; that we are citizens of a higher realm than mortal eyes can see, and that any injury we inflict on our neighbor must inevitably recoil with added force upon ourselves. Thus shall we hasten the establishing of "the federation of the world, the parliament of mankind."

Digitized by Google

## HYPNOTIC ABUSES.

THE article by Mr. C. B. Patterson in this number of MIND is of more than usual importance, in view of the recent revulsion of feeling among the medical fraternity with regard to the alleged utility of hypnotism in therapeutics. Dr. Lutz, of the Missouri State Board of Health, is of the opinion that its effect on the nerves of even a healthy person is "worse than the result of incessant cigarette-smoking or of the drinking of absinthe." And this statement is indorsed by many of the leading physicians of New York, as will be seen from the following extracts from a Sunday newspaper. Dr. Edward C. Spitzka says, in an interview:

"No person can be placed in a hypnotic condition without some harm being done him toward wrecking the nerves and shattering his mental strength. To be hypnotized once or twice will not effect any great or permanent injury to either a man or a woman, but in the majority of cases the seances do not end there. The practise usually is continued until the victims are as completely broken down in mind and nerves as they would be after a similar period of alcoholic drunkenness. Hypnotism in the hands of the people themselves is productive of more damage than hypnotism as practised by physicians, for in the hands of the lay people the science is not only a means of shattering the subject in mind and body, but it is, I firmly believe, perverted toward the commission of many serious crimes. There is no room for argument that the law should put down its foot immediately on each and every person giving either public or private exhibition of the great power of hypnotism. It may be argued that to put a stop to the exhibitions of hypnotism would be a loss to science, inasmuch as it would stop all further popular interest in a science that has an enormous power for good, and has therefore a great future. Notwithstanding this belief in some quarters, I feel called upon to say that after extensive personal observation and much study I am firmly convinced that whatever amount of good may come from hypnotism is offset by the amount of harm that comes out of its use in medicine. While more universal harm is done the people by hypnotism in the hands of the 'lay' public, I believe that the saddest injury is done in the case of the patients of so-called 'hypnotic specialists,' that is, qualified medical men who use hypnotism as an almost universal remedy. In the case of people injured by hypnotism in the

Digitized by Google

hands of fakirs and private individuals there can be little sympathy, as they are voluntary victims; but I have much pity for innocent people having their health worn away through being treated by physicians with hypnotism, for in these cases the patients are in delicate health and are led to believe the treatment is going to do them good, while in most cases it results in their becoming worse off constitutionally than they ever were before. I know personally of several cases of women having only simple diseases going to these 'hypnotic specialists' to be treated, and the result in each case has been that the nerves of these patients have become almost completely shattered."

Dr. Spitzka is a specialist in neurology, and his remarks have a deep significance. But in the following statements, Dr. Gottlieb Sternberg, of the Eastern District Hospital, Brooklyn, takes even stronger ground:

"The exercise of hypnotism upon any person, no matter how strong he or she may be, is always attendant with weakening of the brain-cells and the nervous system. Anybody who has ever been present when a man or woman has been placed under hypnotic influence for a time could not help noticing how nervous and fidgety that person acted as soon as released from the spell. I do not say that those paid creatures called 'horses' are made nervous by the performance, as the fact of the matter is every medical man knows that these 'horses' only pretend to be hypnotized. Women, particularly, are weakened in body and mind by being placed under hypnotic influence. This is accounted for in the fact that the brain-cells and the nerves of women are more finely developed, and, consequently, more delicate and more easily affected than those of men. This is particularly unfortunate when we remember that more than three-quarters of the people accustomed to being hypnotized are of the weaker sex. I know of cases where the continued use of hypnotism upon a person has so weakened the brain and the will power that the subjects had become little better than idiots, with no more stability than water. I will admit, however, that I have known of only a few such unfortunate cases; but it must be said, on the other hand, that I have never seen any person hypnotized even once who did not show its weakening effects in some degree. I do not at all agree with medical men who place so high a value upon hypnotism as a remedy for various troubles. Few physicians really have any real knowledge of what hypnotism is. In justice to the medical profession it ought to be said that they are not alone responsible for the growing use of hypnotism. The more educated classes of

Digitized by Google

non-medical people seem to be acquiring the notion that it is progressive and the correct thing to be relieved of their sickness by hypnotism, which is short and agreeable, rather than by what they seem to be getting to believe is the antiquated method of medical treatment. Physicians feel called upon in such cases to choose the method of cure insisted upon by their patients, and if the doctors were to remonstrate and refuse to use hypnotism as a remedy they realize they would probably soon lose many of their regular patients. I am convinced that if the bare truth could be generally learned the startling fact would come to light that the insane asylums contain a great number of inmates who would never have reached their portals had they not been started on the route by the use of hypnotism."

The very interesting and valuable papers from the pen of Mr. Patterson that have appeared regularly in MIND since our first issue have been more widely quoted and commented upon than any of our other contributions. Having been a successful teacher and practitioner of mental healing for many years, and the author of several important works on spiritual science, he is fully qualified to write authoritatively on these and the kindred subjects already discussed in this series. Mr. Patterson is now in Europe, where he will hold classes and give public lectures during the summer months; but we are pleased to announce that his articles in MIND will not be interrupted.

TO SHOW in concise form a small part of the slaughter of birds for which the vanity of tender-hearted woman is responsible, the figures of two recent trade sales in London are valuable. The sales occur regularly at short intervals, and as these figures are taken from only two salesrooms, and only from London, they give the merest idea of the tremendous annual sacrifice of bird life the world over. At one there were sold the skins of 24,956 humming birds, 35,497 parrots, and of "aigrettes" a quantity representing 10,000 of our white herons taken from their young at nesting-time. At the other the skins of 3,367 birds of paradise were offered in one lot. Is it strange that some species are being rapidly exterminated?—*The Humane Alliance.*

Digitized by Google

## REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

VICTOR SERENUS. By Henry Wood. 502 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Lee and Shepard, publishers, Boston.

While it is always a pleasure to review Mr. Henry Wood's books, yet it is not often that we are privileged to examine a work of fiction from his able pen. In the present volume, however, he has not departed from his favorite fields of philosophy, ethics, and metaphysics, but rather presents his conclusions along these lines in a garb that will prove far more attractive to many than that afforded by his earlier works. It is a story of the Pauline epoch, the historic apostle of Tarsus being himself a prominent character throughout. The work consists of four parts, which comprise forty chapters, many of them devoted to an exposition of modern occultism in the light of ancient mysticism. The New Thought of to-day cannot fail to derive fresh inspiration from the studies and researches that Mr. Wood has embodied in this large volume. In rationalizing the teachings of the mistranslated and misquoted Paul, he has rendered invaluable service to the cause of Christian unity and the amalgamation of science and religion. The literary charm that uniformly pervades the works of this author is especially evident in "Victor Serenus," which should find a place in the library of every lover of good literature.

THE METAPHYSICS OF BALZAC. By Ursula N. Gestefeld. 112 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Published by the author, New York. [For sale by The Alliance Publishing Co.]

This is the latest work of a popular author—a volume that affords new scope for the presenting of an old subject. If to criticize Balzac is to criticize life itself, as Trent suggests, analogy would indicate that to interpret Balzac is to interpret life itself. Ever seeking "to determine the actual relations between man and God," the great French novelist, in his trilogy of "The Magic Skin," "Louis Lambert," and "Seraphita," has given to the world an outline of the human soul in its various stages of development. And with consummate skill, Mrs. Gestefeld has detected and unwound the underlying thread of continuity that holds these

Digitized by Google

works together as a harmonious whole. The struggles and sufferings of *Raphael,* the ravings of *Louis Lambert,* and the sublime philosophy of *Seraphita* are portrayed in a light that is full of meaning and rich in thought-food for the seeker after truth. The author's interpretation fills the reader with wonder at the deep spirituality of the inspired seer and his marvelous insight into the operations of the human mind and soul.

KEY-NOTES FOR DAILY HARMONIES. By Susie C. Clark. 365 pp. Leatherette, 50 cents. Banner of Light Publishing Company, Boston.

In the compiling of this unique publication, Miss Clark has supplied a want that has long been felt by friends of the New Thought movement. It is a metaphysical calendar (in book form), possessing the rare merit of being adaptable to any year. Every day of the twelve months has a motto suited to itself. These helpful thoughts are embodied in meditative paragraphs, some of which have been selected from the author's previous writings. "Mental fiber needs the stimulus and tonic of strong, fresh thought, as do the lungs the influx of air," says Miss Clark, who is a successful mental healer of wide experience, and whose latest book fills the need in a way that should prove acceptable to readers of any shade of conviction. "Key-Notes" should have a wide circulation.

THE LOST ATLANTIS. By Edward N. Beecher. 100 pp. Cloth, $1.00. The Brooks Company, publishers, Cleveland, Ohio.

This is an illustrated epic poem, the sub-title of which is "The Great Deluge of All." It is both interesting and instructive. The existence of an Atlantean continent, thousands of years ago, is regarded as mythical by a constantly decreasing number of archæologists; and the present author, through the aid of charts and diagrams, actually locates its ancient site in the region of the Canary Islands. The modern Azores, he affirms, are the lofty mountain-peaks of the submerged continent. While embodying much that is traditional but fully credible, the poem is fascinatingly written and will assuredly awaken interest in a very old but important question. The volume has a comprehensive index and many lucid annotations.

Digitized by Google

# MIND.

VOL. II. JULY, 1898. No. 4.

## MEDICAL LIBERTY.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

Freedom has a thousand charms to show,
That slaves, howe'er contented, never know.
—*Cowper.*

Human progress is always in circles. The course of history, whether of a people, a religion, or an intellectual or political movement, has never been in a straight line. There was an advancing, then an evident retrograding, and then again a going forward, and so on to the end. It may have been an upward spiral, or a downward vortical leading to final perdition.

Thus the world for untold periods blended its religion with its politics. A defection from the established worship was regarded as treason to the State. For the people to revolt from Moses or reject Samuel was equivalent to apostasy from the Divinity who was their King. In later years this has been undergoing a change. It is becoming a conviction that a sacerdotal authority may not dominate a State, nor civil authority govern a Church; but each may abide in its own province. Upon that basis the Federal Constitution was adopted, and to it the several States have finally conformed. A higher perception of liberty and personal rights would carry the principle still further. The Supreme Court of the United States has accordingly sometimes manifested its willingness to construe the fundamental law upon such lines.

Digitized by Google

Some years ago, Justice Bradley, in the case of the Butchers' Union Company *vs.* the Crescent City Company, made this significant declaration: "The right to follow any of the common callings of life is an unalienable right. It was formulated as such under the phrase 'pursuit of happiness' in the Declaration of Independence, which commenced with the fundamental proposition that 'all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among those are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.'" "This right," Justice Bradley declared, "is a large ingredient in the civil liberty of the citizen." He said, further: "I hold that the liberty of pursuit—the right to follow any of the ordinary callings of life—is one of the privileges of a citizen of the United States." He then added the following emphatic words: "But if it does not abridge the privileges and immunities of a citizen of the United States to prohibit him from pursuing his chosen calling and giving to others the exclusive right of pursuing it, it certainly does deprive him (to a certain extent) of his liberty; for it takes from him the freedom of adopting and following the pursuit which he prefers: which, as already intimated, is a material part of the liberty of the citizen."

A later decision delivered by Justice Rufus W. Peckham, on March 1st, 1897, reaffirms these declarations. In this case, that of Allgeyer *vs.* Louisiana, the Supreme Court held that "the word 'liberty,' as used in the Fourteenth Amendment of the Federal Constitution, comprehends not merely the right to freedom from physical restraint, but also the right to 'pursue any livelihood or calling; and, for that purpose, to enter into all contracts which may be proper.'"

The medical legislation of the several States of the Union seems plainly to be overruled by this decision. It is made a penal offense to practise the art of healing, except

Digitized by Google

by virtue of a license from some board of examiners. It being forbidden to mix statecraft with religion, the equally repugnant policy of putting medicine in the place of a State religion has been adopted. Fine and imprisonment, with annulling of the obligation of contracts, are imposed as penalties.

There was similar legislation at the beginning of the century. Pennsylvania was the honorable exception, Governor Shultz having vetoed a bill as being unconstitutional and opposed to public policy. The statutes were enforced with a severity amounting to persecution. The people finally took the part of the persecuted physicians, and the obnoxious laws were all repealed. Immediately the American Medical Association was organized for the sole and express purpose of procuring new restrictive legislation. Unable to accomplish this alone, the aid of practitioners of the principal minor schools was accepted; and thereby the circuit of progress back to the barbarism of a hundred years ago has been effected.

In Maine and Massachusetts, a special exception is made in the statute of clairvoyants and persons practising hypnotism, magnetic healing, mind-cure, massage methods, Christian Science, or any other method of healing, provided they do not set themselves forth as Doctors in Medicine. Others are permitted on condition that they do not receive a fee. In other States, or most of them, the liability to fine and imprisonment is in force.

Eminent lawyers in Pennsylvania have offered to contest this legislation. "I have been recently advised by legal authority in New York," says Dr. T. F. Allen, "that this whole business is unconstitutional and un-American." Indeed, the pretext for its validity is that of police power. Whether police power can lawfully transcend the safeguards of the Constitution is a very grave question. Every time that the Constitution is thus set aside, our republican

Digitized by Google

government receives a mortal shock. If a court or legislature may thus annul the authority of the fundamental law, the conclusion is unavoidable that it is nothing better than waste-paper. The men who abet, who enact, who enforce such legislation are making the way for arbitrary imperial government, and are more dangerous to liberty than anarchists themselves.

The pretexts for the obnoxious measures are: the protection of the people, the regulation of medical and surgical practise, and the elevation of the professional standard. These are little better than plausible fictions. Medical practise is no more successful than it was fifty years ago, or when doctors were more illiterate. Education never made a skilful physician where God and Nature did not. There is more show than fact in any boasted bettering of the matter. So far from protecting the people, the pretext is simply trumped up by third-rate doctors and shyster lawyers, for the purpose of levying more and larger fees. The whole of it is odious to the people, as a referendum would quickly show.

Attempts have been made to institute a persecution of the Christian Scientists. A coroner in New Jersey has recently held a man for the action of the Grand Jury because he refused to have a physician for his child suffering from diphtheria. Suppose that parent be indicted for manslaughter for acting up to his convictions: would not a physician who failed to treat such a patient successfully be guilty of a like crime? Have medical men been so skilful with diphtheria as to entitle them to much confidence?

There is another case in Rhode Island. There the Christian Scientist is the object of attack. He proposes to carry the case to the court of last resort. A prosecution has also been begun in Massachusetts, and the same policy proposed. This would test the question now in issue—

Digitized by Google

whether the government is as Abraham Lincoln described it, or a government of doctors by doctors for doctors.

Of the right of an individual to make his own contracts there can be no rational question. He may engage whomsoever he pleases to cure him; and the person, having rendered a meritorious service, has a moral right to a reasonable compensation. Any statute interfering with this is a usurpation. The pretext that Mental Science, or even Christian Science, is a fallacy, is not entitled to respect. "Regular medicine," as its votaries arrogantly style it, has no such superior skill, no such exactitude in scientific attainment, no such moral or professional excellence, as to give it any title to dictate. In fact, Jesus Christ, as described in the Gospels, if now in the world, would be apt to be imprisoned, if not crucified afresh, under the current medical legislation.

MIND creates every science and every art, and therefore the science of mind—Psychology—is the Science of the sciences; and therefore the art of using the mind and the art of getting more mind—Psychurgy—is the Art of arts. Mind is life. Life is not something different from mind. The life of a cell is its mind. The activities of a cell are psychologic activities, and therefore the regulation of the psychologic activities of cells and of multicells is the basis of the long-looked-for fundamental law of cure. Therein lies the key to the mystery of disease and pain and evil, and therein, also, lies the Ariadne's clue to health and happiness and success.—*Professor Elmer Gates.*

THE power of the mind over the body is universally conceded by advanced thinkers. That this power is so great as to enable the trained mind to overcome every form of disease either in one's self or in another person, whether present or absent, is a fact not generally known at this time. We are just beginning to grasp the tremendous truth that there is a Science of Thought, and that the laws governing it can be known and scientifically applied.—*Franc Garstin.*

Digitized by Google

# THE UTILITY OF PALMISTRY.

BY WILLIAM LESLIE FRENCH.

The principle of causation, as we ascend the animal series, has made man the highest exponent of potential and kinetic energy in the realms of bodily and psychic life. Man is a concrete expression of the universe; and in order clearly to apprehend the human species it is necessary to know what proportions—ancestral influences, climate, and environment—contribute to his passive and active powers.

There is a reciprocal dependence between the phenomena of mind and of body; and especially may it be said that the autonomous mind, the loftiest product of creative force, empowers the automatically acting brain to use as an infallible guide to its operations that part of the body most susceptible to moral conductivity and excitability. The testimony of physiologists is unanimous in declaring that the tactile corpuscles are composed of connective tissue surrounding minute threads of nervous matter, and that "these special end-organs are most constant and numerous in those parts most employed in active, discriminating touch."

There are more nerves in the hand than in any other part of the body, and this complicated nerve-plexus becomes at birth the register of the varied impulses that are reflected and transmitted coördinately to and from the three nerve-centers by the "luminiferous ether." The hand is a special peripheral condenser of the sensory nerve-commotions, and gives abundant and accurate evidence of the changes resulting not only from external and internal

Digitized by Google

stimuli, but also those due to organic and temperamental modifications.

We know that from a fragment of bone an entire animal can be reconstructed, and from its formation a knowledge of its modes of life and its habits can be ascertained. In like manner, it is reasonable to assume that, from an examination of the hand, the man (his habits and characteristics) can be reproduced.

To the importance and superiority of the hand as the repository whence issue the bulletins of life and death, the nations of the far East, of Egypt and Arabia, Rome and Greece, for generations have borne witness. With reference to this, Aristotle, in his history of animals, says: "The hand appears to be not one organ, but many; it is, as it were, the organ of organs." And lines have not been traced in the hands without cause, but evidently emanate from the vagaries of personality.

Among the scholars and philosophers of eminence that have studied the art of chiromancy are Plato, Albertus Magnus, Ptolemy, Avincenna, Averroës, Taisnier, Pertuchio, Jean Belot, Galen, and many others—all of whom have bequeathed to posterity commentaries, treatises, and brochures upon the relation that exists between the hand and the individual life, which attest the high encomia they bestow upon this science. Yet, during the sixteen hundred years that followed the inception of the Christian era, chirosophy became so thoroughly tainted with superstition, magic, and charlatanism that at the close of the seventeenth century it was utterly condemned by the Church.

It is to C. S. D'Arpentigny that we are indebted for a system called *chirognomy*, based upon the truth that "God, in giving us men different instincts, has logically given us hands of diversified form; . . . and it would argue a very weak idea of the prevision of the omnipotent Creator

Digitized by Google

to believe that the instruments with which he has furnished us are not appropriated by the variety of their forms to other variety of our intelligences." The limitations of this method extend only to the formation of the hand—its shape, the finger-tips, etc.—as revealing the tendencies and aptitudes of mind and body. Adrien Des Barrolles, however, developed a system of divination, from the terminal lines and signs in the hand, whereby events, both past and future, could be determined.

Of the latter-day palmists, Heron-Allen and Rosa Baughan have passed through the crucible of reason and experience the various systems heretofore acknowledged as preëminent. By careful observation of physical and psychic phenomena they have established a series of laws that, in their application, are both useful and valuable for interpreting the mysteries of human life. "To foretell to a man the events of his life, from the aspects of his hand," says Honoré de Balzac, "is not a thing more strange for him that has the qualities of a seer than it is to tell a soldier that he will fight."

Chiromantic revelation is that vision given to man by virtue of which he may understand the extent, power, magnitude, and subtlety of all forces that fulfil in him, as a composite being, their operations. "We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen, and ye receive not our witness" (John iii. 11), is an utterance that savants and philosophers, anatomists and physicians, have reëchoed until now.

But talk is cheap; actions speak; and the virile quality that organic changes give to the hand are at present covertly acknowledged by many who formerly repudiated the idea that any significance could be attached to such indications. Still, physicians generally have recognized that the hands, on account of their sensitiveness, record the evidence that disease (or disorder) produces

Digitized by Google

in the system. In fever, especially, the hands become burning hot and the skin dry. Burrowing, fluted nails and emaciated-looking hands, moist and heated, are among the first signs of consumption. Locomotor ataxia, paralysis, and cognate nervous diseases have the concomitant indications of pale, half-effaced lines, bluish nails, and discolored skin. The very full, plump, fiery-red palm shows a tendency to apoplexy; while paresis heralds its approach in peculiar breakings of the head-line. It is a well-known fact that a person subject to fits, caused by an obstruction on the brain, notes the beginning of a convulsion by a tremor starting in the thumb, or one of the fingers, and extending up the arm. And at the approach of death, when the struggle of dissolution is at hand, the thumbs of the dying fold beneath the fingers.

These few citations illustrate the practical service that the study of palmistry renders to those who make the body a field for observation. Since man's physical realm imprints upon the hand the unerring traces of its variations, in no less degree does his moral nature show the almost infinite unions in which temperament and will, virtue and habit, combine. It is from such blendings that character evolves its delicate, subtle phases; and to him that has dialectic power, man's *rdison d'etre* more clearly appears in that instrument by which terrestrially we live, move, and have our being. Indeed, because our social fabric is formed by the intimate, varied relations of individuals, the greatest advantage can be derived from that art whose composite nature furnishes safeguards against disease, vice, and crime; moreover, it is a trustworthy guide for all situations where tact and keen perception are the prime requisites.

Our faces and our actions often belie our thoughts, but over the hand we have no control; hence, the problems that confront physicians and lawyers could be more easily

Digitized by Google

solved if they realized that within their grasp lay data pregnant with truth. Among the many instances in which advice was sought by a client is that of a man that desired a full interpretation of the difficulties with which he was struggling. The palmistic reading brought the fact to light that he was seeking a divorce from his wife on the grounds of dipsomania and infidelity; but it also revealed the hard, cruel tyranny that for many years he had exercised over her. His harsh treatment had caused an emotional, intense woman to vary the monotony by impulsive actions that were really the result of an unfortunate environment. The future peace, therefore, of two human beings was determined without any foreknowledge other than was written. It is true that confession might have removed every doubt still lingering behind this man's reserve, had he chosen to relieve himself; but the fact that, within another's ken, the entire solution should be obvious, gave to the decision a quality and force not otherwise attainable. It was this impersonal view of their contrasted relations that led the man to reconsider his purpose; and at present this couple are living together, reunited by the common bond of their mistakes.

Again, how much tension and worry would be removed if the minds of those who entertain could be freed from the strain of bringing divers persons together in harmony! Yet this is possible; for, to the hostess whose social powers have been quickened by this study, her guests' hands will betray their special aptitudes, and thus she is enabled, by a mere glance, to decide what tastes they have in common, and then tactfully to unite those whose interests will at once attract one another by their mutual savor and delight.

As palmistry illumines temporal things, it also helps to penetrate the mysteries of religion. The arbitration between the soul and God is an idea revealing its power among all peoples, kindreds, and tongues. And the con-

Digitized by Google

ception of Deity unfolds itself by a process of ideation that corresponds either to the philosophic and spatulate types of hands—those indicating reason, science, analysis, and deduction—or to the pointed and conic, whose characteristics are faith, love, intuition, and the worship of art and beauty. The problems of God and religion are more readily solved in proportion as they are expressed in the terms of heart or of mind. Their intensive force is measured either by reason or by faith; therefore, what better system can be offered the teachers of religion than that which determines the classes of men with whom its dogmas will gain acceptance?

Among the numerous mooted questions of the day, probably none are receiving more attention than the mode of education necessary to develop the character and tendencies of children to their proper fulfilment. To this end, chirosophy provides the diagrams for its accomplishment. Through its agency, parents can become so endowed as to understand and appreciate the innate talents and diverse impulses that sway their children. It enables them to see youth in perspective, and logically to adopt a system of education adapted to each individual genius: so that a child's intelligence will harmonize with the special training necessary for the complete development of its powers. Even at five years of age, a child's hand is sufficiently developed to render an interpretation of its personal trend of mind—whether its education shall be artistic or contemplative, active or religious. The strained and unnatural relations between parents and children could oftentimes be obviated if the former would recognize that their own tendencies and desires do not necessarily resemble the characteristics and aptitudes of their offspring. If these principles were more generally investigated and put into use, the prime causes of illogical and perverted educational methods would cease.

Digitized by Google

When we regard the complex birthright that life presents to us all, there can be found no better channel of explanation than through that medium to which the mind has delivered its clear and decisive message. "Chiromancy," says a profound modern thinker, "is a daily grammar of the human organization." And, inasmuch as the sources from which the science takes its rise are resident in man, the utility of its theories is constantly verified by their extensive application to the universal hopes and fears, joys and necessities, of mankind.

TEAR away from the sufferer the terrible, trembling picture of himself and give him a picture of health, and you will probably cure him. There is always a tendency to exaggerate new thoughts. To possess this unconscious feeling of health and energy you are in a way to renew yourself. Jesus in his healing recognized a spiritual force. Will touched will and spirit breathed spirit, and the man became a new man inwardly before outwardly. Occupy yourself with thoughts of virtue, of goodness and desires for goodness, and you are in a way to be born again. How is the secret of Jesus to be known? He came not to teach philosophy. He but suggested it. By feeling ourselves we know something of Jesus. What we call "matter," what is outwardly real, is but the result of the reality within. This is almost as old as philosophy itself, as seen in the conception of the universe as an interpretation in the terms of the mind. Science is converging toward the thoughts of art, literature, and religion; facts are receding into form. Free men we are—free from the terror of matter and the flesh. Jesus drew his disciples unto himself, trying to make them one with him. He answered Philip's thought of "Show me the Father?" with asking him if He has not been with Philip long enough for that. In the consciousness of Christ was the very being of God. And what was true in him is to a limited degree true of all men. Christ bade this disciple: "Be you also perfect. You and I are made in the image of God. As I approach the recesses of my being I see in the holy of holies, God. My being is the being of God. I know of no other than He who from the beginning has said: 'I am.'" —*Rev. R. Heber Newton.*

Digitized by Google

# SUPREME REALITY OF THE GOOD.

BY E. M. CHESLEY.

One of the cardinal principles of the New Metaphysical Movement is the supreme reality of the good and the essential unreality of the evil. The absolute being of the good, the eternal triumph of the good, the universal Law of the Good, running all through this mighty universe of manifestation and ultimately overcoming all evil—these are among the great and transcendent truths taught by the New Philosophy of Health. And these truths are for the healing of the nations; they make for the regeneration of the individual and the transformation of society.

Too long has man been enslaved and oppressed by that grand fiction of theology—the original sin of Adam and the consequent depravity of the race. Too long has the awful spell of this vast superstition been cast over the hearts and consciences of the children of God, created in his image and likeness. It has introduced into the world an enervating and destructive fear and apprehensiveness, reigning everywhere in the conscious, and especially in the subconscious, mentality of the race. It has poisoned the springs of life and paralyzed the energies of man. It has condemned and repressed the innocent joys, hopes, and graces of the human heart, and by its persistent recognition of the supreme reality of evil has tended directly to confirm it and increase its power.

Evil has been elevated to the position of a second God, equal to the Good. It has been made indeed to overshadow the Good in mortal consciousness. Because the conscious-

Digitized by Google

ness of men has rested under the shadow of the awful condemnation of an angry God, and of the enormous power of an eternal principle of evil, this gloomy and irrational doctrine, born of medieval superstition and ignorance, has retarded the whole evolution of the race. It has introduced widespread disorder and disease into soul and body; for the human soul can normally thrive and grow only in the rich and gracious sunlight of the realized Love of God.

Let us rejoice that all this is changing. Men are seen to be—foundationally, inherently, and essentially—divine beings, rays of the Infinite Life of the Logos. They are the sons of the Most High. They may indeed be prodigal sons—they may have wandered far away, into the darkness of error and sin and unbelief; but the glory, the beauty, and the truth of their divine sonship have never been destroyed. The eternal fact of that exalted relationship remains. They belong to God, or Good. They do not yet recognize the sublime truth of their being, their greatness, and their immortal destiny. Wandering amid the shadows of non-realization, they reap the consequences; but amid all their errors and evils there dwells within them the mighty and transforming Love of God, which is indeed the inmost reality of their being, through which they will ultimately be purified, restored, and perfected *when they come to themselves.* This is the helpful and inspiring gospel of the New Metaphysics. It comes bringing joy, hope, health, and thanksgiving to the world.

But when we look deeply, and think deeply, we find that this is simply a revival of true and genuine Christianity. This grand, esoteric truth of man's relationship to God was taught by Jesus, and by that great Christian initiate, the Apostle Paul. But the truth has been buried out of sight—covered up by the dogmas, the false traditions, and the ignorant interpretations of the historic Church. It has too often substituted the letter for the spirit, the shadow for

Digitized by Google

the substance, the husk for the kernel, and enslaving creeds for the freedom of the life in God. The founder of the Christian religion taught the divinity of man, not his depravity; his essential oneness *with* God, not his separateness *from* God. He taught the everlasting power and reality of the Good, the everlasting Love and Fatherhood of the Infinite Spirit. And so he called men back to a recognition of that grand fact of their being which eternally *is*—in the infinite Purpose of God, in the very foundations of the universe.

Likewise St. Paul. There is, he teaches, "one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all." He claims that the whole race lives and moves and has its being in the one Infinite Life, and that therefore the whole race is to be ultimately redeemed and perfected—brought into the realization of its eternal and Divine Sonship. "For God hath shut up all men," he says, "unto disobedience, in order that he might have mercy upon all." In other words, he has permitted that all men should wander for a time in the shadows of the mortal sense-consciousness, in order that ultimately, through the mighty processes of evolution, all shall come into their full-orbed, spiritual, and eternal consciousness. "For of him, and through him, and unto him, are all things." That is, God, the Infinite Spirit, is the absolute cause or ground, the absolute mediator, the absolute end of all creation. Unto him are all things and all men: speeding on toward the full recognition of their eternal being in God. "For, as in Adam all die, so also in Christ *shall all be made alive.*" That is, as in the mortal Adam-consciousness all men die to the truth of Being, and become alienated from their Source, in the glorious spiritual or Christ-consciousness shall all men be made alive again, awakening to the understanding of their eternal life in God. "For I am persuaded," exclaims this great apostle, in one of his loftiest flights of

Digitized by Google

spiritual genius, "that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, *shall be able to separate us from the Love of God*, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." All this is true because of the essential oneness of God and man—Creator and creation.

"The one distinguishing fact of Christianity," says the philosopher Hegel, "is this: the individual as such has an infinite worth, as being aim and object of the Love of God." "Jesus," says Emerson, "is the only soul in all history who has properly appreciated the worth of man." "God, or Good, does not grow," says a prominent metaphysical writer and thinker; "but man grows forever in his power to *recognize* this omnipresent principle. The revelation of God, or Good, waits forever on the growth of individual intelligence for its recognition. In proportion as a man recognizes the eternal Law of the Good is heaven made manifest in the earth—brought forth from within." Jesus was not speaking for himself alone, but for every member of the race, when he said, "I and my Father are one." Let us never forget that we are, in deepest reality, "the temples of the Living God."

It is high time we returned to the ancient truths of the Wisdom Religion of the world, the profound and esoteric teachings of those who have *attained*, of those who *know*. The New Gospel of Health proclaims that all evil and error are relative, not absolute; are as the passing shadows of the mortal consciousness; are the signs of ignorance, or imperfect apprehension of the truth; are indicative of the earlier stages of the evolution of the soul. They belong not to the eternal being of the Higher Self. Because the New Philosophy of Health sees the good, and emphasizes the good, and affirms the good, and thinks the good, it leads men out of darkness into light. Their errors, their evils and falsities, drop away of themselves through lack of nourish-

Digitized by Google

ment—through the expulsive power of higher principles and affections.

The New Philosophy of Health liberates men from the bondage of fear, and proclaims goodness, health, and sanity to be the normal attributes of the human soul. With this understanding of the absolute nature of the good, turning our whole attention to its supreme reality, we attract the good to us. We enter into harmonious relations with the perfect Law of the Good. We place ourselves in the middle of the stream of Divine Life and Power; so that we are borne on easily and rapidly to the fulfilment of our immortal destiny as children of the Living God.

The understanding that all is good, in deepest reality, gives us a new insight into the nature and order of the universe. It enables us to see a meaning and a purpose in many of those trying experiences of our lives that seemed before so cruel and so hard to bear. We can begin to see with St. Paul how our light afflictions, which are but for a moment, are, in ways undreamed of by us, working out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. The Infinite Love and Wisdom are in all things and over all things. The law of karma, or mental and moral causation, is absolutely just and good. In all our mortal experiences we are learning wonderful and most valuable lessons. The one grand object of our human life is to discipline and unfold our natures and perfect our characters. Our sorrows and disappointments tend to draw us away gently from the lower to the higher goods of the soul. There is no "chance." All things are under law and are well and wisely ordered. We may gladly and fully commit ourselves and all our cares and interests into the Everlasting Care of God.

Let us make use of the great Affirmations of Being. Let us daily affirm and realize the great and imperishable truths of the Spirit. In the understanding, in the inner

Digitized by Google

realization, of these truths, let us find our peace, our power, and our poise. For example:

All things are working together for my good in the Absolute Love of God. I rest in peace.

In the Infinite Safety and Protection I am shielded from all harm.

The Eternal Christ within me is my full and glorious deliverance from all my mortal cares and troubles.

God is my All-sufficiency *in all things.* I rest my life in God.

I am one with the Law of the Good, and all is well.

SPIRITUALISM has marched on from conquest to conquest, until to-day it has in this country its national association, its State associations, its numerous legally-organized societies, progressive lyceums, institutes for young people, helping-hand associations, monthly and weekly periodicals, its edifices and temples of worship, and millions of ardent devotees, comprising thinkers, scholars, statesmen, archæologists, scientists, biologists, metaphysicians, clergymen, jurists, and philosophers—the cream of the world's erudition. Its foundation is now as firm and abiding as the stars. And all the combined forces of materialists might as well attempt to dam up Niagara's rushing, thundering waters with tissue-paper as to think of checking the mighty march of this great nineteenth-century truth.—*J. M. Peebles, A.M., M.D.*

THE progress of religious belief from a less to a more enlightened stage is carried on apparently by a series of waves of thought, which sweep over the minds of men at distant intervals. There are periods of comparative calm and stagnation, and then times of gradual swelling and upheaving of the deep, till some great billow slowly rears its crest above the surface, higher and still higher, to the last; when, with a mighty convulsion, amid foam and spray and noise of many waters, it topples over and bursts in thunder upon the beach, bearing the flood-line higher than it had ever reached before. A great national reformation has been accomplished.—*Frances Power Cobbe.*

Digitized by Google

# FORM AND SYMBOL.

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

There is a tendency among the followers of the New Thought movement to renounce all allegiance to form and symbol, on the ground that they act as barriers to soul-development. This is true, in part; yet both form and symbol are necessary, and must continue to be employed for a very long time.

There is a continual change going on in the human mind that necessitates new forms and new symbols to give expression to changes of thought. The symbol becomes more refined, perhaps, but for an inner condition there must be an outer expression of some sort. We relegate old symbols to the rear when we realize their spiritual import, but we find that new ones take their places. When we learn so to discriminate between subjective states and objective forms as to see their true relation as cause and effect, we will no longer lay stress on the objective side of life. But this will not necessitate our denying the objective side altogether. Realizing the spirit, we will neither discard the letter nor be ruled by it.

The forms and symbols that are necessary to one may not be to another; therefore, it would be well to recognize the fact that each person must determine for himself the value they possess. It would be a great mistake to remove symbolism from the minds of persons that believe it to be essential to their welfare. People *unfold* to a knowledge of the spirit; but, until this development takes place, they must continue to get their hope and consolation from the letter. It is never profitable or wise to take away anything

Digitized by Google

without giving something better in return; therefore, it is not well to undermine the belief in form and symbolism of one who has not attained to a knowledge of spiritual things.

This subject is of such vast proportions that it is not possible to treat it satisfactorily in the limited space at my disposal. I shall refer only briefly, then, to certain of the great symbols adhered to by the great body of Christians, and to their occult meanings as set forth by those who have made an esoteric study of symbolism.

The Swiss have a saying that "speech is silvern; silence is golden." The sage of Chelsea said: "In a symbol there is concealment, and yet revelation." Here, therefore, by silence and speech acting together, comes a double significance. And, if the speech be high and the silence fit and noble, how expressive will their union be! Thus in many a painted device, a simple seal-emblem, the commonest truth is proclaimed with new emphasis.

In the symbol proper, there is always, more or less distinctly and directly, some embodiment and revelation of the Infinite. The Infinite is made to blend itself with the finite—to stand visible and, as it were, attainable there.

Symbolism must be viewed from two standpoints, namely, the esoteric and the exoteric. An artist wishes to depict on canvas some lofty ideal that he has conceived in mind. The ideal may be love, faith, hope, or all three. He selects the human form and seeks to portray his ideal through it. In this he succeeds—to his own satisfaction. Now, this picture will always mean more to him than to a person that perceives only a beautiful form. Again, he wishes to depict strength, sublimity, and grandeur, and he paints a mountain whose top towers far beyond the clouds. His picture will always be associated with the ideal he had in mind when he painted it. Another person, viewing it, might see only a lofty mountain and the accompanying effects of clouds and sky, of light and shade.

Digitized by Google

Now, in both these cases the pictures are symbols; but how differently they are viewed! In one case we get the inner meaning; in the other we perceive only the outer form. Therefore, it becomes necessary, in order that we shall arrive at a knowledge of truth, to have the inner knowledge of the symbol made plain.

Again, we are to look at symbols from another point of view. No matter how sacred a symbol may have been at a certain stage in human development, it loses its power when man has acquired a thorough comprehension of its significance and has risen above its need, or when it has been replaced by a still higher symbol; for every symbol is but the garment of an ideal.

Symbols are the clothing of thought, and thought is continually shaping for itself new clothing. Old forms pass away and are replaced by new; but the persistency with which we cling to all form is a remarkable trait in the human character. Carlyle says:

> "The law of Perseverance is among the deepest in man. By nature he hates change; seldom will he quit his old house till it has actually fallen about his ears. Thus have I seen solemnities linger as ceremonies, sacred symbols as idle pageants, to the extent of three hundred years and more after all life and sacredness had evaporated out of them."

At all times in the history of the planet there have been those who were possessed of deeper spiritual insight than the masses of the world, and it has ever been their desire to transmit the knowledge of which they were possessed to future generations—and almost invariably they have sought to do this through symbolic signs. They knew the significance back of the sign, but the masses have believed in and worshiped the symbols themselves, *i. e.*, have lived in the letter and missed the spirit. When we live to the spirit, we die to the letter; when we are alive to the letter we are dead to the spirit.

Perhaps one of the earliest of religious symbols was

Digitized by Google

that of the cross. The cross of Osiris was one of the most sacred symbols of the ancient Egyptians. It was an indispensable emblem in all religious ceremonial. It meant the pathway to eternal life; the emblem of eternal hope; the mystery of life and death. It also meant the union between man and God. It is said that the early Spanish conquerors in Central and South America were astonished to find the cross an object of religious veneration among the natives. What meaning they attached to it, however, is unknown. Among the Romans its office was a degrading one. Death on the cross was held to be so dishonorable that only slaves and malefactors of the lowest class were subjected to it.

In the Christian era all this was changed, and the cross again became an object of veneration and worship. The esoteric meaning is as follows: The four points make four angles, dividing the circle into four equal parts. The cross thus portrays a perfect union, balance, equality, and at-one-ment on all four planes—the phenomenal, intellectual, psychical, and celestial or spiritual.

The mystery of the crucifixion is explained as follows (from four different points of view): First, to the natural and actual sense, typifying the crucifixion of the man of God by the world; secondly, to the intellectual and philosophic sense, typifying the crucifixion in man of the lower nature; thirdly, to the personal and sacrificial sense, symbolizing the passion and oblation of the Redeemer; and fourthly, to the celestial and creative sense, representing the oblation of God to the universe. To the crucified, regenerate man, having made at-one-ment throughout his own dual and fourfold nature, this crucifixion is the death of the animal body; the rending of the veil of the flesh; the union of the will of man with that of God; the coming into accord with the absolute law of love. It is sometimes called the *reconciliation*, which is but another name for the at-one-ment.

Digitized by Google

The Serpent has ever been the symbol of wisdom. It is also the symbol of man's lower nature. The fiery serpent that destroyed the children of Israel in the wilderness symbolizes earthly wisdom, or wisdom acquired through the objective senses; while the serpent that Moses lifted up in the wilderness symbolizes the higher wisdom, which gives life. In the light of this we can more readily understand the saying of Jesus: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up." The serpent with its tail in its mouth signifies eternity—neither beginning nor end.

The symbol of baptism by water is purification, and was used many hundreds of years before John the Baptist. The communion that is celebrated in Christian churches is the intercourse of soul with soul. The body, or "bread," of which all must partake, corresponds to the word of God. "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." The wine is the divine Will, the life of God, the Love that is to become active within the soul of man. Unless we partake of this bread and wine, we can have no realizing sense of the at-one-ment; we can have no knowledge of man's sonship to God.

In the world there are two classes of minds—both seeking a knowledge of the Truth. One strives to attain or unfold to truth, the other to *acquire* it. The one that seeks to attain to it looks from within outward; the one that seeks to acquire it looks from without inward. He that seeks to *acquire* Truth relies largely on the reasoning faculties of mind; while he that seeks to attain to it relies on the intuitive or spiritual faculties of the soul. One gets the knowledge that comes through objective channels; the other draws direct from the subjective source. The objective deals with forms and symbols, working from form to the "something" that lies beyond. He that lives in the

Digitized by Google

subjective arrives at the true nature of things and sees them in their true relation, knowing the subjective to be cause and the objective effect. He *sees* from cause to effect, instead of *reasoning* from effect to cause.

The only reality a symbol possesses is the invisible thought that calls it into existence. Then let us try truly to distinguish between the form and the power that animates it.

"The letter fails, and systems fall,
And every symbol wanes;
The Spirit over-brooding all,
Eternal Love remains."

REINCARNATION illuminates the darkest passages in the murky road of life, dispels many haunting enigmas and illusions, and reveals cardinal principles which, if apprehended, will steady the shambling gait of mankind. Virtue, kindness, and spirituality may thus be seen in their unveiled splendor as the only proper modes of action and thought. The noblest life is discerned to be the only sensible kind, and not abandoned to the accidental expression of impulse or sentiment. The cause of all the evils of modern society, the parent of the revolutions of Europe, the source of the labor disturbances aggravating America, is the arch-enemy of the race—materialism. Reincarnation combats that foe by a most subtle and deadly warfare.—*E. D. Walker.*

MR. PETERKEN found it quite difficult to support his large family. One day he appealed to his neighbor, Mr. Jones: "I have nothing for my children to eat. Can you give me something to do?" "Have you a fish-hook and line, Mr. Peterken?" "Yes!" "Then go to the river and catch fish; bring one-half to me—you keep the other half." After landing a few fish, Mr. Peterken had a revelation that they were as much his as Mr. Jones's and there was no sense in dividing. Once more despondency settled over him, for he had no one to work for to enable him to support his starving family!—*E. A. Sheldon.*

Digitized by Google

## THE JEWEL IN THE LOTUS.

BY STANTON KIRKHAM DAVIS.

So fair is the face of Nature, so winning her smile, so expressive her grace and beauty, that it is not strange that men should be content with this passing loveliness and should write sonnets to her moods—the smiles and the frowns—but seldom an ode to the Soul of Nature. It is significant that men once believed in divinities of the woods and streams—in Naiad and Dryad; and it is still a gentle custom in Japan, when the earth is bright with cherry-blossoms and the wistaria, to write petitions and tie them to the flowering branches of the plum-tree.

Now, the Soul has not gone out of Nature; it is still the source of her perennial youth. And the inspired votary, admiring all beauty, yet sees it is but a symbol. He reads the stars; he learns history from the rock, love from the flower, and wisdom from the owl;—

> "Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Always he inquires; and nothing in Nature is to him trivial or without meaning. Where did the ant acquire its language; where did the bee learn geometry; how came the ichneumon to lay up food for the offspring it shall never see; who taught the insect to simulate a leaf? Thus it is that, wandering in the pleasant country, he comes to seek that which, strangely enough, the prayer-wheels of Thibet proclaim—the Jewel in the Lotus.

The naturalist, in search of new plants and strange birds, may wander perchance to those Elysian fields where he shall seek traces of the Word, and shall behold the flora and fauna of a higher life. Then shall he see Nature as the expression of Divinity—as the Divine in him made manifest. He shall learn that the wood-thrush, the violet, and

Digitized by Google

the lady-slipper are each a particular phase of the Divine Mind—its life history a glimpse of the process whereby God works.

The seasons mark the rhythmic expansion and contraction of Life—the out-breathing and in-breathing of the Infinite. Spring is Nature's darling—the fair one; her gentle admonition to the jaded world to renew—forever to renew; to cast off dry custom and tradition as the tree its withered leaves, and to renew the mind that it may be transformed as by a newer and a fresher verdure. Always the last snow-squall is from the south; the flakes fall from the lap of Flora, ever so gently, strewing the apple-trees and nestling to the warm earth in little patches. Thus come the anemones and the apple-blossoms.

Now should we go into the woods and fields and listen to the glad song of love. Great is the sun's love for the earth; sweet and inspiring is the epithalamium now written in flowers and sung by birds. The pollen of the pitch pine rises like incense, and the air is heavy with its fragrance. The bursting buds of the wild cherry and the shad-bush, the new glory of the red and the white oaks, and in the swamps the red haze of the flowering maples—all apprise us of solemn and joyful rites. The subdued and liquid song of the kinglet, bubbling and gurgling as the sound of water running under ground, is a sylvan voice that recalls faun and satyr. The thrushes awaken the echoes with droll soliloquies; the cheery voice of the song-sparrow speaks of joy, and the bold, bright note of the robin calls to work. Hear the blue-bird and the meadow-lark! See the pastures carpeted with houstonia and yellow cinquefoil! How glorious the dandelions! A field of these golden stars is like a martial strain, so positive is its assertion of glad life; it is a smiling face that gladdens the heart. To smile is to do good. Out of the Infinite have these bright ones returned to communicate their beauty and their good will.

Yesterday the woods were silent; to-day they are merry

Digitized by Google

with the sound of many voices and bright with the gleam of the orange and gold and blue and green of the migrating warblers. See the little wanderers who travel by night and by day, over land and sea, from Canada to Mexico—and take no thought, but trust in the Infinite Love!

What if the spring is backward? The sun has none the less reached his accustomed place. In due time he shall illumine the bog of daily thought, and in its midst may appear the white-fringed orchis of the soul. Like the aurora borealis in this latitude, our faith is fitful and uncertain; but we may reach higher latitudes, and dwell in purer regions of thought, where it shall be continuous. Welcome these gleams of thought that play upon the horizon, that they may kindle to a steady glow. The Spirit is ever ready with its communications. Hear its message, and instantly we are sensible of the companionship of the souls of the great.

In the flash of insight the soul wings its way to the regions of light; the vision is clarified, and the whole being infused with the glory of the moment—then only are we awake. We shall count our hours of life from one such moment to another. They are epochs; they are the rings of growth whereby we may see how long we have truly lived. Every question of the intellect is answered and every doubt is dispelled in one gleam of the soul.

The glare of sunlight is dear to the saxifrage; the gold thread loves the twilight of the hemlocks, and the society of moss and fern. All goes to show that there is a place for each, a sphere of action, a particular beauty; and to all come influences beneficent. The clover waits for the bee, and the orchid for the moth. Not he that runs, but he that stands and gently listens, shall hear the oracle. Unto every soul would Nature give her balm. To the lonely she whispers, "Trust"; to the timid, "Courage"; to one she says, "Act!" to another, "Wait!" and to all she whispers, "Love."

Digitized by Google

The twig grows and buds when supported by the whole great system of root and branch—earth and sun; but when cut off it withers. And it is for *us* to draw from that Source which is infinite. The heart beats and the lungs expand without conscious effort; why, then, this painful struggle to regulate and to map out life? We have but to live in close communion with the Source of Love and Wisdom, and our lives shall be beautifully ordered.

It is not the academic but the spiritual mind that receives the true impression of Nature. A Thoreau shall reveal far more significant truths than ever a Cuvier; for he sees in bird and flower, not an aggregation of cells or a wonderful mechanism, but a *friend*, the mystery of whose life is one with that of his own. Love is the key to the universe; it unlocks all doors. He that loves most shall understand most. The unlettered Singalese boy of Ceylon who draws his rickshaw to one side of the road, rather than tread on a worm, gainsays the most eminent of vivisectionists.

We have largely analyzed and classified the flora and fauna of the earth; we have evolved a score of sciences; yet we fail to make a more absolute statement of Nature than did David—when there was neither analysis nor classification: "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge."

When the mellow sunshine has warmed the earth, and it blossoms forth in beauty; when the air is redolent with bayberry and sweet fern, and the wild rose is in its glory: he that sits in rapt devotion, and ponders all this mystery, perceives that the Soul is the cause ineffable—all beauty but the effect. For the grandeur of a Himalaya, the delicacy of an orchid, the soft radiance of a spring day—all the beauty and delicacy and wonder of Nature are but the shadows of that Inner Life. Within—*within* rests the sublimity of which these are the symbols.

Digitized by Google

# FIAT MORALS.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

## III.

"Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them."

Contrasted with the objects of Egyptian and Canaanitish idolatry, no doubt the formless Jahveh of the Israelites was a marked advance. If only the reformers had possessed the true scientific spirit, or even the true spiritual spirit, the ultimate Reality transcending phenomena would have found expression about the time of the Exodus; the four thousand or so years that have intervened would have been devoted to better things than wrangling over objective symbols of subjective substances, and these papers of mine had never been written. Surely these things would all have been inestimable blessings! But they were not destined to be.

The fairly intelligent, beneficent, and efficient deity with whom Moses was on such terms of intimacy as to be called "his friend," was after all, in the imaginations of the people of Israel, but their own tribal god, for whom it was incumbent upon them to provide suitable accommodation—an ark (the ark of the covenant) and afterward a tabernacle—and for whose worship an elaborate and gorgeous system of ceremonials was established. The episode of the golden calf (a relic, doubtless, of the bull Apis, of their former house of bondage) was a practical object-lesson to Moses; and it was, it is quite evident, because of this incident that the law of Sinai was supplemented by the ritual he established and by all the childish

Digitized by Google

paraphernalia—the cherubim, the altars of shittim-wood, the pillars overlaid with gold, and the vail of twined linen and ephods of cunning work. Verily, it was *all* cunning work.

The idolatry of it all, and the superstition, have, however, a certain sort of justification. As in the Mayaana and Hinaana of India, there were two gospels promulgated by the great lawgiver: the one for the few, the thoughtful, the minds capable of comprehending, at least in part, the sublimity of the moral abstract; the other for the many, the destitute of thought, for all the vast majority, the autochthons, the ignorant who must be ruled by superior will-power, the depraved who bow instinctively to superior virtue, the immature who cannot understand the abstract but require the concrete, who need symbols as they need bread. There were two phases of that wonderful thought, long after put into subtle form of words by the Man of Nazareth: "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

The history of idol-worship is one long record of brutality. From the remotest times the icon looms up above the facts and principles of Nature—as now in all lands the towers and minarets and domes and campaniles and spires lift their impious claims to altitude above the lowly and humble roofs of wayfaring fools and home-biding men. Their arrogance and pretension to superior altitude have been fully matched by the arrogant and pretentious claims of the perverse priestcraft that erected them. From the shrines of India to the latest chapel of the West, one sentiment has animated mankind—a crushing fear of the inscrutable and terrible. And in every structure to the gods, one or many, may be found a tower of Babel—a vain effort to attain heaven by a material and sensual pathway.

The uses of the moral laws are like those of the dead

Digitized by Google

languages or the higher mathematics: of little practical utility in themselves, but amazingly useful—the one to train the mind, the other to form the character. It matters not what the law may be, so long as it be conceived as moral by the individual. There is a code ultimate, absolute, abstract, and standard, "forever settled in heaven"; but this is of a different order from the moral standard of the world—temporal, limited, geographical. There is a natural body of relations and there is a spiritual.

The commandments of men vary with their climate. Those of God depend not upon isothermal lines. Mortal laws alter with circumstances and conditions of habit; divine laws never change, but manifest themselves differently to all sorts and conditions of habit, of society, of culture, of mentality. To enumerate, still less to analyze, the vast number of edicts, man-made, that yet have claimed not only God sanction but God initiation, would be fruitless. These abound as the ethical basis for conduct in all zones and for all tribes. For ourselves, we of the Western civilization inherit those called of Moses and Sinai—that Decalogue which has done so much to shape our destinies, and which to-day so many millions revere as extra-natural, inspired, the work and ordering of the Supreme Being.

That power of the universe which we call *God* works by slow and insensible degrees, gradually building up conditions and providing the elements of the material for its own opportunities. The advent of a great idea is like the sudden explosion of a charge of powder. How long the volcano heaved up the sulphur out of its entrails; how long the birds prepared the natron-beds; how long the willows grew for the charcoal, and the grinders ground and mixed, as the forces of Nature grind and mix the elements in one mind, till in time's fulness the torch of seeming chance, the friction primer of the hour—and, lo! a detonation, and the embattled genius fires a shot heard round the world!

Digitized by Google

Thus the Buddha appeared to the Eastern intellect, and the Christ to the Western heart. They were both true revelations, but it is to that of Jesus that our attention must be now invited, chiefly that in the course of time a grossly false conception of the divinity of this man, divine in substance, has grown up under the blighting shades of ecclesiastical power. The worship of the body of Jesus is of all forms of idolatry the most prevalent, fascinating, insidious, and dangerous. Idolatry is having any idea but the true ideal, any aim but the right direction, any god but the *one* God. It is not alone a reverencing or adoring of a material idol, of stone or wood or metal; it is a departure from truth in any shape, the worshiping of anything but Truth, the following of a false god of opinion, by whatsoever name it be called.

The true God is a jealous God, not visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children from anger, but because his nature is such that sin must be requited, the act must find its consequences—because he is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity. This God is neither liberal nor lenient. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

No science is of any utility unless developing its applied arts. The use of astronomy is in navigation; of chemistry, the practical arts of husbandry, distilling, dyeing, brewing, baking, and countless others. Men navigated before they were scientific; they dyed and brewed and baked before chemic lore was dreamed of, and were and are religious while as yet the idea that religion may be also scientific seems to be beyond the scope and verge of the most iridescent fancy. Men are interested in that which gratifies their imagination; in the imagery and pageantry and pyrotechnics of feeling, content to feel deliciously rather than willing to understand profoundly —chiefly that profound knowledge is laborious, and the delight of sweet emotion charmingly easy.

Digitized by Google

The Ethic is manifested only by the morality of a moral being. The cosmic consciousness, perfectly intelligent, everywhere and always, is revealed only in personality. As it is with the discourser upon science, so also with the missionary of religion. Would it be possible, do you think, that I, with all my high aspirations, my ardent desires, the constancy of my certain aims, and my certainties of science, could effect the conversion of a sinner from the error of his ways? Imagine a low dive of the metropolis, filled with a gathering of outcasts, roughs, and thieves. How futile there the loftiest demonstrations, how powerless the most acute reasoning, how inadequate the sublimest logic and the subtlest proof that the wages of sin are death!

See now how a foolish thing of this world confounds the wise. Into the midst of this ribald assemblage comes one of the right sort—no cant, no theology, no dogmas; earnest, brave, determined, eloquent. He asks a hearing; they accord it—as, at first, a relief to their monotonous debauchery. At first no more; and then a languid, an attentive, an absorbed, and at last an overwhelming interest. Filled with compassion for the sinner and with hatred and loathing of the sin, how strong is the preacher telling of the love of the crucified Son of God, who was the friend of sinners and died on the cross between two thieves! Before he had done, half the courtesans would be sobbing aloud, and not a few men crying, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" Of course these impulses seldom prove lasting in their effects; but sometimes they stick. One man whom I knew several years ago, sunk in all forms of debauchery, was touched at a meeting of this sort by, I think, Mrs. Van Cott. He has been a good, sober citizen now for nearly twenty years, and nothing would persuade him that he had not been washed in the blood of Jesus. And who would try? *He was.* In the sublimity of the idea

Digitized by Google

and the pathos of the story, the doubts of infidelity are stifled. Doubts cannot breathe in such an atmosphere. And it is because the moral power of the universe was incarnate in the man.

Oh, the pity of it! The pity of our ignorance! The pity that all this should be held as mere sentiment, a fiction of the marvel-loving ancients on a par with the Isis of Egypt, the Valkyrie of the halls of Odin, the moon-myth of Peru! But it is not mere sentiment; it is Truth personified. With the story of the manger and the cross, and all other mental instrumentalities upon which the soul is nourished, pure religion need not concern nor disquiet itself. That is in the result, not in the process; in the life, not in the means of living: as from a lens of ice, it is heat out of cold; as from a black mass of carbon, it is light out of darkness; as from the foolishness of preaching, it is wisdom out of folly. "It is sown in weakness; it is raised in power." If only by that path we regain the blissful seat of a true relation to Truth; if there we find our revelation; if thus we are forgiven our disobedience, then the antidote comes for the venom of the fruit of the forbidden tree, and to our early purity the greater Man within restores us.

The pure in heart see God. But one beholds him in the sunlight, another in the dark; he is a pillar of fire, and again a cloud; he comes to the Albigenses, the Savoyards, and the Huguenots in the martyrdom of faith, and to the fierce Dominican as the persecutor for faith. All things work together for good; all things are pure to the pure; the truth cannot hurt the true.

If, therefore, a man seek mercy for himself, he must find it within himself. If he want an atonement for the evil of his life, a propitiation for his wrong-doing, forgiveness for his sin, he must atone to himself, propitiate himself, forgive himself. Go to your own heart to worship, and to him you have wronged for absolution and remission of your sin. These ideas were taught in India thou-

Digitized by Google

sands of years ago, and in their most pure and perfect form by the Man of Nazareth. Jesus taught that the kingdom of heaven is within; that God is Spirit, and that the worship of anything but Spirit is idolatry. And what is Spirit? Jesus himself answers: "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit": the words spoken by the Word that was in the beginning with God, and which was God. Wherever a true word is spoken from a true heart, there is God.

The truth of the being of Christ and the sacrifice of Jesus is this: that God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that loveth him and worketh righteousness is accepted of him. "And he shall gather together his elect from the four winds, from the uttermost part of the earth."

On the sweet, simple phrases of a beautiful incident in the life of the lowly reformer, the peasant prince of Palestine, the cowardice and paganism of the natural man, the beast scenting afar his godlikeness and startled at it, have been reared two great and countless lesser temples of idolatry. Less than two centuries ago the world was plunged again and again into baths of blood over the meaning of a few words recorded in the Gospels as having been uttered by Jesus. Yet how simple those words; how natural their meaning; how exquisite their morality; how lofty their philosophy!

"Forget, O strains untiring, Gethsemane's dark cup;
Foretell not the heart-breaking despair of Calvary's height;
For, with boundless sweep and gyring all the universe moved up—
The depth, the dark forsaking on the primal Christmas night."

Wherever a noble deed has been done; an uplifting thought uttered; a high and worthy aspiration felt—"Take; eat; this is my body." And wherever a soul has denied itself and taken up its cross for the sake of Truth; wherever a sacrifice for another and for Love; wherever a man has died for men—"This is my blood of the new testament."

Digitized by Google

# TRUE THEOSOPHY.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

Despite the many conflicting views extant concerning Theosophy, there is an underlying conviction in the mind of many a sober thinker that all that needs to be done is to clear away rubbish, get rid of misunderstanding, and discover the true genius of the subject in order that we may stand face to face with a most sublime system of philosophy. In 1875, when the Theosophical Society was formed, the founders desired no more than to establish the nucleus of a universal brotherhood of students (men and women jointly), to study the vast treasure-houses of Oriental philosophic literature and devise means whereby the development of the psychic powers latent in man might be intelligently assisted.

The history of the alleged Theosophical movement in this and other lands during the past twenty-three years is too well known to require more than passing notice. Although many newspapers throughout the world have commented freely—sometimes favorably, but oftener adversely—upon the movement, yet comparatively little attention has been bestowed upon Theosophy itself, as disconnected from all organizations or attempts of any sort to crystallize its teachings or direct its movements. Outside the elaborate writings of H. P. Blavatsky and the numerous books published by Olcott, Sinnett, and Mrs. Besant, under the auspices of the Theosophical Society, there have been many scholarly treatises written by independent authors. Max Müller's "Theosophy" is an instructive work, in no sense partisan in tone or spirit; and the same

Digitized by Google

may be said of "The Mystery of the Ages," by the late Lady Caithness, whose mansion in Paris was largely devoted for several years to the propagation of what its mistress styled "Universal" in contradistinction to "Aryan" Theosophy.

However much of value there may be in books and societies, the true genius of Theosophy discards all externalisms except as steps to private, individual culture. Gnosticism is Theosophy. The Gnostics, Gymnosophists, Mystics, Quietists, and many other sects of esoteric truth-seekers that have appeared at different times in various places during the progress of the present era, were Theosophists in the deeper if not in the conventional meaning of the term. True Theosophy is essentially spiritual individualism, in the sense that the inner light rather than any outward teaching is regarded by genuine Theosophists as the truly authoritative source whence wisdom can be obtained. Lecture-halls, reading-clubs, and libraries all have their places; but the great mistake made by the Theosophical denomination has been its too intense devotion to personal leadership—the rock on which so many well-intentioned enterprises have split.

As mistakes are invariably instructive, and we learn through our bitterest and most unwelcome experiences, it is unprofitable to bemoan divisions, though it is not impracticable to seek to heal breaches instead of further widening them. Most of all is it a benignant work to do what in us lies to clear away misapprehensions and point to those great fundamental truths that alone constitute the essence of a Theosophical system neither Aryan nor Semitic, but larger than the confines of either.

The four Greek words from which "Theosophy" is derived are *Theos* (God), *Theoi* (gods), *Sophia* (wisdom), and *Sophos* (wise). There are two distinct meanings attached to the word *Theosophy:* first, Divine Wisdom—its transcendental import; second, the wisdom of the gods—its

Digitized by Google

secondary signification. The gods are coming to life to-day in a truly wonderful manner. Recent explorations in Egypt are leading distinguished archæologists to declare that Osiris, Horus, and Set were God-Kings probably more than ten thousand years ago. This discovery throws much light on the otherwise incredible statement of Manetho, the historian, who tells us that Egypt was ruled by gods, then by demi-gods, and finally by native princes (Pharaohs) that subsequently became so degenerate that their dynasty was overthrown. In this use of the word *gods*, we are not called upon to imagine such mysterious beings as the Sephiroth of the Kabbalah, or the Demiurgos of the Gnostics—the Theosophical conception of the Masters answering very well at this juncture.

What is a Master but a highly-developed adept or hierophant, who has so far transcended ordinary human limitations that, though still a man, he is no longer of the average sort—subject to the limitations that commonly beset humanity? The Himalayan Brothers and other orders of recluses are not Masters, though they may constitute fraternities that are struggling on and up the steep ascending path that, if faithfully persisted in, will eventually reach the summit of Mastership, which is the regal height of complete ascendency over all weakness incident to earthliness of nature and of aim. Oriental scriptures describe the path along which the initiate may travel, until at length external nature is his servant and he its lord.

No outward directions can be given that can ever suffice to point the road to highest attainment other than imperfectly; but, although nearly everything depends upon self-discipline, resulting in a constant inward growth till all exterior things become submissive to the will of the conqueror, yet there are hints that may profitably be thrown out in literature (and still more advanced directions in private conclave), serving to show along what road it is

Digitized by Google

necessary to travel if we would attain to a knowledge of divine wisdom transcending ordinary realization. Prayer and fasting have been dwelt upon excessively, and much has been said during late years concerning concentration of thought. These are the first steps, because they serve to remove barriers and to fix the mental gaze on a desired prize or eagerly-sought goal.

Prayer, when sincere, introduces the one who prays into spiritual communion with the sphere or state he invokes or images during prayer; and, as neither the intellect nor the imagination can picture a state of life higher than the universe can realize, prayer in the Theosophic sense is no formal or mechanical obedience to a ritual decree, but the earnest, vital, spontaneous outreaching of the soul to unite itself with whatever is truly kindred with its most intense desire. Abstinence from food is often detrimental, especially if it weaken the frame and render the imagination subject to hallucinations; but refraining from all excess in every direction is a necessary step along the path of ascension. Concentration of thought on a well-chosen model keeps the attention fixed, if not on an abstract ideal, at least on a concrete image corresponding to the spiritual idea, and for that reason it is often easier to practise concentration in some places than in others, though the trained adept has learned to be unmoved by exterior things to the extent of having become superior to all unwelcome distractions. Meditation, which follows closely upon concentration, is quiet absorption in the theme upon which one has willed to concentrate. As *will* is and ever must be the gate to all true attainment, there are no victories for those that hesitate to exclaim, "I will be whatsoever I will to be," which is a talismanic motto of great virtue when employed by one whose aspirations are pure and whose determination is to strive to the summit of victory over all the elementary forces of nature, which are rightfully subject to the sway of human will.

Digitized by Google

Daniel and his three companions at the court of Babylon are examples of Mastership. The power possessed by these four young Hebrews was far above that of the seventy elders that constituted the Sanhedrim, the highest court in Israel. The vows of abstinence taken by probationers for the esoteric mysteries differed entirely from the requirements of the rabbis, who were not called upon to be more than wise moral teachers and expert jurists.

Theosophy has existed from immemorial times as a secret element in all religious systems—apart from all, yet within all and the life of all, for true Theosophy is super-creedal. Being known to the heart of all systems, which is one, it cannot ally itself exclusively with any restrictive cult. It is often truly declared that, though Theosophy is Religion, it is not *a* religion. It is the spirit, the animating soul, of all philosophies, arts, and sciences, as it is the permanent element in all—outward phases being invariably transitory. Although it is not difficult to gain some theoretical knowledge of the tenets of Theosophy from books and lectures, yet to be a practical Theosophist is a very different matter. This implies a life of such devotion to interior development as to alarm and repel the average business and pleasure seeking devotee at the shrine of this material world. Persons that have not outgrown envy, jealousy, and other brutal instincts, cannot be Theosophically developed because the training necessary for the expansion and liberation of faculties receptive to celestial truth, at first hand from supernal sources, is impossible until we live inwardly according to the precept, "Love your neighbor as yourself"—and "neighbor" implies everybody.

In that valuable treatise, "Light on the Path," by Mabel Collins, the rules are laid down enigmatically. The first three are: Kill out all sense of separateness; Vanquish ambition; Overcome the hunger for personal growth as

Digitized by Google

something apart and distinct from the welfare of your brethren. The first precept needs careful study, as to some ears it suggests destruction of individuality; but this is not meant. In Theosophic circles the word *separation* is confined to the meaning given to it in general conversation, when people say, "They are separated," signifying they have disagreed and parted. Individuality is to be preserved and its rights maintained; but separateness of interest, which amounts to opposition of aim, can play no part in a state of society—no matter when or where established—in which universal peace and good will really as well as technically prevail. Ambition must be changed to aspiration, the incentive to work being no longer private gain but general weal. Thus ambition dies to give place to its successor, aspiration—in which it is raised to new life on the five points of universal fellowship, embracing the mystical Hand that symbolizes all humanity. What is meant by the "hunger for growth" is but the fevered, restless striving for personal achievement, which is the bane of modern culture and the greatest drawback to spiritual advancement. It prevails to a lamentable degree among those always ready to take up with every new movement that promises spiritual development as the reward for obedience to prescribed exercises.

True Theosophy is a growth from within, not an engrafting from without. To all who earnestly and sincerely devote themselves without prejudice to the service of humanity, divine wisdom can and will come in measure as they need it from the soul within and the wise, unseen teachers about them—really present, though veiled from carnal eyes.

---

ALL visible things are emblems; what thou seest is not there on its own account—strictly taken, is not there at all; matter exists only spiritually, and to represent some idea and *body* it forth.—"*Sartor Resartus.*"

Digitized by Google

# THE GATEWAY OF PEACE.

BY JEANNE G. PENNINGTON.

Now and then, in the endless procession of men and women crowding upon the highway of life, we touch one whose presence is at once soothing, inspiring, and elevating. We may hear no word spoken that will give us a clue to the secret; no deed may transpire that would serve as suggestion; we would find it difficult to describe this hidden quality, which conveys a sense of infinite power in reserve. But one distinct impression we receive: the single moment's contact with that person, before the surging mass could sweep him or her beyond our further touch, has opened up to us new vistas of the majesty of human nature.

With an earnestness hitherto unexperienced in the same degree, we seek henceforth a similar expression in others; but the quest is so infrequently rewarded in even the slightest measure that we of necessity begin an investigation of ourselves. A dim suspicion has awakened that *our* work begins *here:* if we require this beautiful, inexplicable thing, we must seek it *within.* We are not yet quite ready to be convinced; having received such inspiration and right impulse from one momentary glimpse of another and stronger life, we believe we *must* find it again, for all time, and that in finding it we shall satisfy the hunger of soul for the perfection of its ideal human intercourse. Therefore, we continue the search, thoroughly and indefatigably; and not until many years of disappointment and disillusioning have accomplished their brave, unfaltering purpose, do we steadily face the facts, and reason thenceforth from them.

Digitized by Google

Robert Browning evidently spoke from intimate personal knowledge of his subject, though he chose such a laconic fashion to remind us that—

> "The common problem—yours, mine, every one's—
> Is, not to fancy what were fair in life,
> Provided it could be; but, finding first
> What may be, then find how to make it fair,
> Up to our means: a very different thing."

We have looked eagerly here and there, expecting to find in every new author, teacher, or friend, this "something" that will keep alive and constantly at work the best within us, and yet that will at the same time soften the aroused energy into an all-inclusive tenderness; for nothing less than this could satisfy. Now, we discover that the author who soothes fails to inspire; the teacher who inspires fails to impart the blessedness of calm; the friend who promises to ennoble fails in critical moments to give us of his best; and repeatedly we are thrown back upon the something *latent within ourselves* that alone contains that nourishment for which we so sadly hunger.

Once we fearlessly face this unalterable condition, and cease demanding from others that which we ourselves must provide, we cross the first barrier toward self-reverence. We must accept no other guide than that quiet Voice, which we hear faintly (now that we have begun to listen), and which we heard not at all during our clamorous demand for the external aid that, seemingly, was unjustly withheld from us. Self-reverence is the seriousness of realizing once for all that to ourself alone has been confided the growth of the individual of which the personality is but the instrument. The tone may be pure, wholesome, and melodious if it proceed from within, or harsh and discordant if, primarily, from without.

Now we begin to comprehend the meaning of the stings and arrows showered upon us by outrageous fortune; for

Digitized by Google

instance, why a gay, happy mood is so invariably succeeded by one of apathy and general undesirableness; why those extraordinary persons that contributed so largely to our delight yesterday fail us so utterly to-day; why the world seems all out of tune, and life not in the least worth living. So long as externals hold or invite us, so long shall we suffer such reverses. Only by a recognition of that self-reverence which is reverence for our real Teacher, who dwells constantly within and has waited long and patiently that we might thoroughly exhaust the things outside, might entirely satisfy ourselves of their futility, and might turn with entire freedom of choice and absolute conviction to Him—only thus and there can we find consolation and ever-increasing, ever-reinvigorated growth. "He is thyself, yet infinitely greater and stronger than thyself." Only here and through this Teacher shall we discover those simples that cure heart-ache.

Once the doors are opened, and we enter without reserve into possessions confided to ourselves, we face the Light, which will grow more and more unto the perfect day. All difficulty, suffering, and sorrow group themselves henceforward among the errors to be finally overcome—to be *utilized* on the way. We have grasped a definite idea—that of *poise;* the balancing of the self; the conscious swaying with the rhythmic motion of the universe; the unvariability of absolute Law.

We *know* beyond all power of words and possibility of refutation that in the higher self alone, which is God, or Law, and its perfect reverence, rest the germs of peace and the blessedness of service. But the outlook is discouraging; habits are fixed; cords bind closely every-day interests and distractions to our unlettered hearts, and we rise to-day to fall to-morrow into the old and seemingly impassable straits. Yet, hearken to the words of the older brothers—they that have helped to place lamps in dark

Digitized by Google

places, that all may mount more rapidly the upward slope. In varying keys, yet to the same measure, all sing the one grand song: Courage, hope, and ultimate triumph over the horrors of despair and seeming defeat. We recede but to advance the more surely. "Only be strong and of good courage and wait upon the Law, which shall give you the desires of your hearts."

Many years of our lives are spent in wishing we were not as we are, or that we might resemble others for whom we have admiration; yet one day the soul awakens—or, more strictly, the mind becomes receptive or responsive to the soul's suggestions—and immediately the whole face of life changes. We are incredulous, then interested, then awed, and finally inspired, as we grasp the fact that I, even *I*, am a necessary and vital part of the universe; to me is confided a share of its work and development; to me is given the privilege of service; I, too, am an "inlet" to the Mind and to all of it—to the Soul, and as much of it as I dare claim and express. I have one of the essential parts in the grand orchestra of universal life; I must see that the strains that proceed from my instrument help to promote harmony rather than retard growth, by discord, as the symphony is rehearsed.

We cannot grasp the wonder and beauty of this except as we begin to ask: What can I do? What part am I to play? What is the special work confided to me? And here begins the self-knowledge that inevitably succeeds the self-reverence already referred to. Once we studied others; once we looked abroad for information concerning those things in which we were most interested: now we know better. The Teacher who dwells within, and whose quiet Voice becomes more and more distinct as we lovingly listen for it, guides us unerringly from step to step and from duty to duty; through seemingly impenetrable places; across marshes and moors, where the clinging mire retards our material progress, and where in the old

Digitized by Google

days we should have resolutely refused to go; on and on into higher places, greater duties, and clearer vision, until, by what would once have seemed a needlessly indirect pathway, we come upon the definite work of this phase of our existence. Now we understand that, had we reached it earlier, the preparation would have been painfully inadequate; had not these months and years of seeming stagnation, inactivity, or unnecessary and misdirected effort not have been accorded us, we should have brought to our part of the grand mosaic which the centuries are forming less richness of experience and less absolute trust in the Voice that tells us we have found the right place.

The foregoing years have been the school-room from which we emerge bearing the responsibilities of men and women that have done the required work and taken their several degrees. It is now that the real development of poise begins. Once, as we took our place in the ranks, the proficiency and brilliancy of others already there in the same capacity would have visibly disconcerted us. Imagine a lute as imperfect as yours or mine presuming to sound in the presence of the Masters! We would have exclaimed and would have shrunk from the ordeal with all the pain of acknowledged inferiority. Now, however, we know that our little lute, with all its self-evident deficiencies, broken strings, and marred places (if breathed upon by the divine Spirit, which is beginning to sound through us), may produce wondrously beauteous and touching chords, which will straightway find entrance to some sad, unliberated hearts unused to grander harmonies.

"I am needed; I am a part without which the whole realm of universal Nature would be incomplete!" Say it and sing it again and again! Be undismayed because other instruments or equipments seem finer or more important. Yours is needed; that is why you are here; you are required in this place, otherwise you would be

Digitized by Google

found elsewhere. "Do that which is assigned thee, and thou canst not hope too much, nor dare too much." What does it matter that the whole past is one long record of so-called blunders, weaknesses, and mistakes? Let them so name *experiences* who will; but when we attain even a scanty degree of self-knowledge, we know that these blemishes do not touch the real man. On the physical and material plane they may be, indeed, irretrievable; but the real Self is uninjured, having brought from the various battles scars that to him mean victory, though the world may call them evidences of defeat.

If, as has recently been said, "man's first use of his peculiar power—that which has been committed to him alone of all creation: conscious choice—is *misuse*," that very misuse is the finger-post pointing him to the real way; and once he has assimilated (not simply theorized upon) the fact that "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap," he will begin to sow seed that will yield to him a harvest of satisfaction and delight. His Teacher's Voice will warn him—as never the voices in the external world have done—that here are pain, sorrow, and death: the only real death—that of aspiration, or of his ideals: his unconscious longing for the Divine.

And now comes a sense of oneness with the All Good: the Power, the Love, the Law, God—call it what you will: the name matters little; the terms mean the same. No longer a separate entity against whom the whole world once seemed arrayed; but a vital part: its heart pulsating with the great Heart; its mind in sympathetic touch with the great Mind; its varying experiences great *opportunities* offered by the Giver of all for the development of mental and soul fiber in this aid of His. No longer separate, but a part of the Whole; what was sorrow changes its face and dons the robe of joy; what was weakness transmutes itself into strength; what was error becomes, by the healing and cleansing process, purity, as selfishness in the old

Digitized by Google

light becomes diffusive tenderness in the new. Because of this, all weakness or lack of unfoldment expressing itself in those about him conveys the command to "love thy brother as thyself"; reach out to him; help him; most of all, *love* him with a love too great for discrimination or censure, but strong, tenacious, and uplifting.

Accept your work, whatever it may be, as the thing given to you and for which you alone are responsible. Old *Antonio*, as George Eliot makes him speak, is a well-spring of inspiration:

> " . . . but, God be praised!
> Antonio Stradivari has an eye
> That winces at false work and loves the true.
> The masters only know whose work is good;
> They will choose mine, and while God gives them skill,
> I give them instruments to play upon—
> God choosing me to help Him.
> . . . . . .
> But were Giuseppe's violins the best,
> He could not work for two; my work is mine,
> And, heresy or not, if my hand slacked
> I should rob God—since He is fullest good—
> Leaving a blank instead of violins.
> I say, not God himself can make man's best
> Without best men to help Him.
> If thou wilt call thy pictures eggs,
> I call the hatching—work. 'Tis God gives skill,
> But not without men's hands.
> He could not make Antonio Stradivari's violins without Antonio."

We have opened our spiritual eyes and become self-reverent; we have used our mental vision to gain self-knowledge. Now, with the soul-growth already acquired, we are beginning self-mastery, or self-control—real *poise:* the power that, once possessed, affords absolute dominion over all things, and that will make *us* also indeed and at all times "soothing, inspiring, elevating," in our intercourse along the general highway. We reverence ourselves as the essential factors in our Father's plan. The outline or purpose of that plan we know not;

Digitized by Google

but of this we are conscious—the great, loving, brooding Oversoul, which enfolds all living things in its infinitely tender embrace, which is strong to uplift and ready to restore, which bears healing and comfort on its wings, we may trust, knowing that if at this transition stage we find it good, beyond we shall find it better, and ultimately best.

We are one with the Infinite; all stores of riches—spiritual, intellectual, and material—are open to us. We *serve*, but under a Royal banner; all possessions of our Leader are shared with his followers, who are his children. As we become conscious of our privileges, we reach out and claim the things that await our recognition. They have not changed, but we have awakened. Life is opportunity and privilege; and once the soul is poised, has awakened from its torpor, and has united itself consciously and deliberately with this Love, which is the controlling power in the universe, what can do it harm?

"Let the great winds their worst and wildest blow"; they only drive us nearer to the Center of all things. Let sorrows or sadness come; they bear in their hearts the golden flower of higher enlightenment. Let friends censure or forsake us; we cannot lose anything that is really ours. As externals of all sorts fail or disappoint us, the great Heart draws us closer to Itself. We are attuned to the music of the spheres; we join in the Song of Life with glad voices, their tones enriched by the experiences through which we have come to this Chamber of Tranquillity. Nothing can disturb the soul that is anchored in the Eternal Verity.

All is good; all is educative; the most acute anguish precedes oftentimes the softest dawn of the true Light. Everything is best, as it comes to the poised soul; for everything offers itself as fuel for the constantly growing flame of pure devotion, pure consecration, pure service.

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control—
These three alone lead life to sovereign power."

Digitized by Google

# AMORIS.

BY WILLIAM J. ROE.

Amoris, stranger to the world, came asking to be shown
The proudest earthly potentates and every earthly throne.
He scanned the pompous pageants and the bold, barbaric sway
O'er countless servile millions of Afric and Cathay,
The White Czar and the War Lord, and Britain's loyal grace.
"Not here," he said, "do I behold the rule that guides the race;
The monarchs of the world abide in chambers scant or bare;
They fashion jeweled diadems for lesser men to wear;"
When all cry out: "Impossible!" but one replies: "I can!"—
The White Czar and the War Lord, the potentate of man.

We showed the grave assemblies where senators debate,
And statutes foil the majesty and tyranny of Fate.
"It is not here," said Amoris, "I find a will that's free;
Not here the power to baffle the gods' malign decree:
The Congress and Assembly and Parliament of men
Are they who serve obsequious the modest word and pen—
The legislators of the world in chambers scant or bare—
The few who think because they must and do because they dare;"
When all cry out: "Impractical!" but one replies: "I can!"—
The Congress and Assembly and Parliament of man.

"Behold the mailed armaments that hold the hosts in awe,
In arms embattled millions more strong than reign or law!"
The air was filled with martial strains, the banners gaily flew;
The honor and the glory were for those ignoble few—
The regiments and squadrons and batteries of men,
Who load the sacred shotted thought and aim the earnest pen.
"The captains of the world are they, in casemates cold and bare,
Who wait behind earth's parapet and for the wrong prepare;"
When all cry out: "Incapable!" but one replies: "I can!"—
The regiment and squadron and battery of man.

Come now and hear Fate's nuncios, more mighty still than they,
The potent potters of the soul who twirl this human clay;
The givers of the law to man by man alone impelled—
The sodden shape unto their sons of old their fathers held—
The lamas and the pontiffs and rabbis of our race,
Doomed by the Might Immaculate, to one High Priest give place.
His priests and prophets now abide in pulpits scant and bare,
The mangers and Gethsemanes and Calvarys are there.
When all cry out: "Unsearchable!" the heart replies: "I can!"—
The lama and the pontiff and rabbi of the man.

Digitized by Google

# A DAUGHTER OF LOVE.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

## *CHAPTER IX.*

### SURMISES.

"It was not she that you saw," said Mrs. Cathcart, after I had told her and her husband my story, the next day. "That was one reason why she feared to have him approach too near. The forces involved are so delicate, and yet so tremendous, that a contact might . . . And that may have been the reason of what happened."

"Whether it was she or not does not seem to me important," I replied. "Very likely it wasn't; it impressed me as a sort of wraith, rather than real flesh and blood. If it were not she, it was, I fancy, a true representative of her, and spoke her thoughts. But the vital question, to my mind, is, What has become of Holinder?—the Holinder she called into existence on the Himalayas, I mean."

"'Where are the snows of yester-year?'" interjected Cathcart, thrusting his hands in his coat pockets, and sighing.

"He has returned whence he came, I suppose," said Mrs. Cathcart, meditatively.

"My dear lady, where is that?"

"Spirits are free to follow their sympathies: you know —though we have never spoken openly of it—that Tania and he had been together before——"

She hesitated. "Perhaps," said I, "we had better speak now as openly as we can. The theory was, as I understood it, that Tania and Holinder were living some two thou-

Digitized by Google

sand years ago, and are named, and what they did and suffered described, in history—in scriptural history. He was the oppressor of her people; and she, going to him under the guise of love, slew him as he slept—for her people's sake."

Mrs. Cathcart seemed to shiver slightly. "Yes," she said, almost inaudibly, as I paused. It is cruel, I know, to pull off veils; but I am cruel sometimes.

"And now," I went on, "in accordance with the dogma of reincarnation,—which I question, by the by, though I don't deny it,—they return to the world to finish their destiny—or to fulfil *Karma*, if you like. And with their return comes new light on their former relations; or added complications are revealed, as some might put it. She had truly loved him; and that had given her a sort of right to kill him—as we sacrifice what is most dear to us personally, in the interest of some higher because impersonal good. The sword passed first through her own heart (as Tania once expressed it to me), and that took the stain of homicide from the deed. There is an opening for argument there, though: one's right to sacrifice what one loves ought to be limited in some way by the right that what we love has to exist. Private judgment, no matter how altruistic in intention, is hardly competent to decide in such a matter."

"If there was wrong in the act, has she not suffered?"

"Probably she has; but I will go on with my statement. At the time of the event, Tania (as we call her now) was being sought as the medium of another purpose—a cosmic one, we might call it—involving the destinies of the human race in some such way as the great avatars of history. The being who was seeking her for this end was of a superior order, either inhabiting another and more advanced planet than ours, or at any rate emancipated from the limitations that control the average of mankind as we know it. She

Digitized by Google

was to have been the associate of this being in some stupendous scheme for the benefit of humanity; but her love for the man she slew, and the act to which it led her, caused an indefinite postponement. Now, however, the curtain rises once more on the same drama—with the modifications of twenty centuries. The same actors are on the stage; and there is, as before, the same dramatic complication—the antagonism between the personal love and the greater love, whatever that may be."

"Well, with the disappearance of the Holinder that we knew, and the appearance of the one you used to know, it seems that the antagonism should be at an end," Cathcart remarked.

"I am not so sure about that. The subject becomes obscure at that point. Tania, as you tell the tale, when she appeared to be merely reviving a body seemingly dead, was in reality incarnating in it a new spirit—the spirit, namely, of the man she had formerly loved. At all events, if we assume the original Holinder to have been, not actually dead, but only moribund, or in some kind of trance, the new spirit was so much stronger and more vital than the normal one as wholly to subordinate it and make it undemonstrative. It has now abandoned its temporary quarters; but it cannot have therefore ceased to exist, and, as your wife suggests, it may, by the law of spiritual affinity, be as near Tania as it was before—nearer, may be."

"And she must be fully conscious of it," the lady added.

"Then, so far as I can see, we are as much in a muddle as ever," said Cathcart.

"More so, since the problem is now transferred to the spiritual plane," I rejoined. "If she loved him before, she loves him still, though she would, of course, be quite indifferent to the body he has been wearing. For aught I can tell, too, his disincarnate spirit may have more power over her than when incarnated; he may have gained a point on that mystery we call Carmagno, instead of losing it."

Digitized by Google

"She can't marry a spirit, though—at least, not so long as she remains in her own flesh and bones," the artist suggested.

"But she can refuse to follow Carmagno, which is the main point," said I.

"But the girl is a girl, after all, you know," returned he, getting up impatiently and pacing up and down the studio. "Marriage is a condition that usually begins here, anyway, wherever it may continue. If she realizes, as she must, that she can never be his wife in this world, then she would be more likely than otherwise, I should fancy, to comfort herself with Carmagno's scheme, which ought to be enough to keep anybody's mind off his private affairs."

"Yes, that's one way of looking at it," said I, smiling. "What is your opinion, Mrs. Cathcart?"

"I think she will soon return to us. If she went away so as to be temporarily apart from his influence, that motive would cease to exist, since he is no longer restrained by physical obstacles. Then we shall know from herself all that we can know. I don't feel as if the drama were ended yet. Her own coming into the world, you know, was as much a mystery as anything else."

"What is your interpretation of that, by the way?" I asked.

"I know nothing; I have only had impressions—visions—of what might be," she answered, pressing her white fingers over her eyes. "When we went to sleep that night in the mountains, the golden coffer was full of white ashes; when we awoke, the ashes were gone, and the little infant was in their place. The mother—if she *were* the mother—had vanished. Whose ashes were those? How many centuries had they lain hidden in that rock tomb? What became of them during that night?"

"I see what you mean; still, the thing is open to a matter-of-fact explanation. The infant may have been the woman's child, which she had concealed till you slept and

Digitized by Google

then left in your care, being for some reason herself unable to care for it. She could easily have disposed of the ashes; and of course they may have been the ashes of anybody, as well as of—the person you are thinking of."

She gave me a gentle look, as much as to say, "You may be materialistic, if it pleases you!"

"What is Holinder—that is, you know what I mean—what is *he* doing? What is *his* attitude in the matter?" Cathcart broke in.

"He is not deeply concerned, though a little puzzled to know how he came here, since he last remembers himself twelve thousand miles away. I allowed him to suppose that he had been ill and out of his head; but he has not yet digested the fact that it is several years since he was his proper self. But he is as he always was: when he doesn't understand a thing he ceases to think about it. I have put him up at my rooms here in town; I believe he is looking for a place on his newspaper to-day."

"Why doesn't he come here to us?"

"My dear fellow, he has no idea that such people exist."

"But he'd remember us if he saw us, surely."

"I don't know why he should. He is another man. Of course he would be delighted to be introduced to such charming persons, and to such good dinners and cigars and wines as you could give him. But if I were you, I wouldn't encourage him. There is no particular harm in him; but he is a bore."

"Upon my word, that seems the most extraordinary thing of all," Cathcart muttered. "A fellow one has known for years! Not dead, and yet—oh, he'd know *me*, I'm certain! I can't believe it!"

"It is more extraordinary how little a man really depends on what his body is," I said. "When I am with Holinder (the present one) I have none of the feeling I had toward the other. In fact, even his face seems different—the expression at least. It is something like being in a

Digitized by Google

house where you had always been in the habit of meeting a person and finding him not at home. I don't look for *him* in the house any longer; I simply wonder where he can have gone to."

"Yes, I wonder!" murmured the artist, gripping his red beard. "You think Tania knows, do you—and Carmagno, too?"

"If any one does, he ought to. But I presume he would rather have him stay as he was; for, although Tania incarnated him, so to speak, and loved him in his physical guise, still it is probable that he can affect her more vitally now than he could then. His chances of winning her are better. On the other hand, we know nothing about what goes on in the spiritual world (at any rate, *I* don't) as regards its relations with this one. Admitting all that about sympathetic affinity, it is possible that disembodied souls may be kept out of the reach of embodied ones—whether above or below them—except when the superior Power sees fit to lift the veil."

"You know more about Carmagno than we do," observed Mrs. Cathcart, looking at me.

"I know him enough to feel assured of the truth of the saying that real power is always power for good; yet any power short of the highest must be to that extent liable, at least, to error. He can see that only unforced good is permanent; yet his intense perception of some grand benefit that might be accomplished for the human race may betray him into giving too much weight to his desire for Tania."

"But how can he be mistaken?" asked she. "He has known her all these many ages; he has thought out all that grand benefit you speak of with a depth and continuance of mind that we cannot even conceive of; he has considered all the adaptations of means to ends: how can he be mistaken in the chief means of all? Is it not more likely that every one else is mistaken than that he is?"

"Well, admit it is, and there is still the possibility that

Digitized by Google

he is wrong. A human soul is an infinite thing on the side of its constitution—the side of its Creator. There is no fathoming it. No one creature of mankind ever knew another, or ever can. Each may know in another as much as he himself is conscious of, but no more. The limit of his self-knowledge must also be the limit of his knowledge of me or you. The limits of Carmagno's self-knowledge must no doubt be wide—as much wider than ours as you please. But there is a limit to it; and, compared with the Infinite, his scope and ours may appear almost identical. He does not know her absolutely, in spite of his thousands of years of study of her, if we admit that: and after studying her ten thousand ages more, he will still be practically as far from knowing her. Therefore, he may be mistaken. What is more, he may be mistaken in his whole theory."

"What theory?" demanded Cathcart.

"That a Messiah is needed, or ever will be."

"Do you mean to assert there has never been one?"

"I don't mean to assert anything; I only say that, speaking from my own private point of view, there has been one Messiah, and there never has been or can be more than one. I can see that it might have been necessary, once in human history, that the Creator of man should become incarnate in the flesh—that the finite should house the Infinite; for that is what creation presupposes. If man were not infinite on his organic side as well as finite on his conscious side, he could not exist at all except as a puppet or automaton; and the concrete symbol was necessary to avouch the spiritual truth. But all the other alleged Messiahs, previous to the Christ and after him, were but prophecies or echoes: great and good men who, after their death or during their lives, were regarded as Messiahs by their disciples or apostles, because it is an instinct or intuition in mankind to believe that God will ally himself with human nature; and we are all prone, at any time, to mistake the shadow for the substance. Meanwhile, as I say, my private opinion is

Digitized by Google

that Carmagno's theory is an error, and that Tania, in spite of her wonderful nature, is no more a possible avatar than you or I. It would all have come out right if it hadn't been for Holinder. If he had let things take their course, she would have come to him finally, because there would have been nothing else she could do. But he was a lover; and now—heaven knows how it will be! As you say, Tom, marriages ought to begin in this world."

"I never heard you talk in this style before," Tom remarked, gazing at me in some surprise. "Why didn't you say this sort of thing earlier?"

"I don't know why I didn't," I confessed. "There was some drag on my will and wits, for a time; I couldn't either think or talk as I wanted to. That day I spent with Carmagno had something to do with it, I fancy. When I opened my mouth, it seemed as if somebody else was speaking through it. But the embargo has been lifted now. Probably it has been discovered that what I say and think is not likely to do any harm. It is harmless as well as easy to be wise after the event. All my talk will not bring Holinder back to us."

"I can't answer what you have been saying, my friend," said Mrs. Cathcart, after a pause. "I have no faculty to judge about the great theories of life. But it seems to me that any one can do good; and I can't think that evil will befall any who have desired no evil. I can't tell you my reasons; but I feel that the end of this strange affair will be all that we, who love Tania and Holinder, could wish. And I feel that the end will come soon. Carmagno will vindicate himself; and Tania and Holinder will be happy. It is coming—I feel it!"

The servant came into the room with two letters on a tray. One was for Mr. and Mrs. Cathcart, and the other for me. They contained invitations to dine with Mr. Carmagno the following Sunday evening.

*(To be continued.)*

Digitized by Google

# EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

## THE IDEA OF LIBERTY.

THE ostensible purpose of the war we are at present waging against Spain is to liberate the Cubans from the ancient and oppressive rule of the mother country. It is universally conceded by candid minds, however, that both nations would be still at peace had it not been for the destruction of the battleship "Maine" in the harbor of Havana. The machinery of diplomacy would still be in operation and the movement for arbitration would be well on its way toward securing a peaceful adjustment of the difficulty—indeed, the freedom of Cuba might already have been accomplished—had it not been for the undercurrent desire for revenge in the popular mind for the real or fancied crime of the Spaniards in blowing up our splendid vessel and destroying the lives of our sailors. This has been expressed in an irresistible public opinion, engendered and inflamed by the sensational utterances of a flamboyant newspaper press, that completely overwhelmed the Executive branch of our Government and hypnotized the Congress into decreeing a war for which in many respects we were unprepared.

Now, however, that the struggle is on, and that victory for our side is inevitable on account of our superior strength and resources, it may be well to inquire into the nature of the blessing we are about to confer on the Cubans. While we officially disclaim all intention of territorial acquisition, or of control or political domination of the

Digitized by Google

unhappy island, yet the responsibility we have assumed will by no means cease with the granting of liberty to the inhabitants. Republics are usually governed by the peculiar politics of politicians, and foreign wars are not in their line; but now that we are about to become the self-constituted sponsors of the "pearl of the Antilles," the initiatory duty of establishing a republican form of government therein will certainly be ours. This is an entirely new departure for the United States, and it is impossible to foresee its consequences or its bearing upon the future of civilization. That this country must become a great naval and military power is inevitably true if our present policy be continued.

But is it certain that in our humane and unselfish undertaking we are going to impart something that we ourselves already possess? As there are none so deaf as those that will not hear, so there are none so helpless or hopeless as slaves that will not be free. Although an insurgent army has infested the wilds of Cuba for several years, yet doubt as to its numbers and the degree of sympathy it had from the rest of the inhabitants constrained our Government steadfastly to withhold official recognition of the Cubans' belligerency. But let us hope that the misgivings of many of our leading minds as to their fitness for self-government, which is soon to be tested, are not well founded.

More crimes have been committed in the name of Liberty than in that of Religion. Like the latter term, *Liberty* even in this country has been abused and perverted alternately into an excuse for license and a means of oppression. "Tyranny," says Plato, "springs from excessive liberty as certainly as a tree from its roots." True liberty cannot be conferred from without: it must be developed from within. No man whose *mind* is free is ever really in bondage. *Mental* slavery is the only successful kind in the world's history—and *war* has seldom even modified it. It is the historic source of superstition, the foundation of the gospel of fear, and the only

Digitized by Google

effectual barrier to progress on any line of honest endeavor. There is nothing reprehensible in medievalism except the ignorance that it fosters. It was the Dark Ages that gave birth to the policy of enslaving human minds as a means of controlling human bodies, and the survival of this spirit is more evident in Spanish dominions than elsewhere. The culpability of Spain, therefore, in the present situation is less political than moral; it is ethical rather than sociological —spiritual rather than material.

How "free," then, shall the Cubans be when relieved of the Spanish yoke? Are we able to emancipate them from the thraldom of superstition; from subserviency to creed and dogma; from the worship of tradition? If not, how "independent" shall they become? To what extent have we freed *ourselves* from these moorings? When peace shall have been declared, we will not see an end, but a beginning. A truly optimistic forecast of this pregnant imbroglio should compass *all* of its bearings, both immediate and future; and present indications are that the results shall prove of far-reaching importance to the United States, as well as in the vicissitudes of human affairs throughout the world.

AN English journal thus comments on the injurious effects of anger: "Anger serves the unhappy mortal who indulges in it much the same as intoxicants constantly taken do the inebriate. It grows into a sort of disease, which has various and terrible results. Sir Richard Quain said, not long ago: 'He is a man very rich indeed in physical power who can afford to be angry.' This is true. Every time a man becomes white or red with anger, he is in danger of his life. The heart and brain are the organs mostly affected when fits of passion are indulged in. Not only does anger cause partial paralysis of the small blood-vessels, but the heart's action becomes intermittent; that is, every now and then it drops a beat—much the same thing as is experienced by excessive smokers."

Digitized by Google

## AS TO MENTAL HEALING.

The ancient saw running, "Man is the only animal that thinks," records an interesting fact in natural history, but it is misleading. It tends to give the very erroneous impression that all such animals do think; whereas, history shows that only about one man in a million ever really thinks; and that thinking has ever been held in such reprobation, in fact, as to make it an extremely dangerous pastime. A thinker used to be very lucky if he got off with his life. The best ones didn't. But their thought pushed the world on, no matter what was done with their bodies, and, as a result, we are less apt to crucify or give hemlock to thinkers to-day, though we are still greatly scandalized by them. And so we have not fallen upon the leaders of the great revolution that is taking place in the science of bodily healing, though we scorn and detest them quite as cordially as ever we did Socrates or Galileo or Darwin. Facts are cold, hard things, and no fact was ever colder or harder than that a better understanding of the laws of life is being forced upon the world by the various mental-healing schools. It is quite in accord with all known law that the world should accept it only after the most desperate resistance. "The history of medicine," said William James, Professor of Philosophy at Harvard, recently, "is a really hideous history, comparable only with that of priestcraft." He was speaking in opposition to a bill meant to prohibit the practise of mental healing. The bill failed of passage. A similar bill lately failed of passage in our own legislature. All this does not mean that mental healers are infallible and drugs useless. It only means that we are slowly waking up to certain simple truths regarding the power of thought, and that we are in the last days of an age of drug-worship. —*Editorial in "Puck."*

THE conviction has been steadily growing in the minds of scientific observers that medicine is not a science, and that with the exception of surgery and sanitation it is not even a rational art. Each of the many systems of therapy and cure contains some small elements of truth, and if a fundamental law is ever achieved these separate successes of the present different systems will be found to be small aspects of a much larger truth.—*Professor Elmer Gates.*

Digitized by Google

## REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

SO RUNS THE WORLD. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. 290 pp. Cloth, $1.00. F. Tennyson Neely, publisher, London and New York.

As was to have been expected, the startling success of "Quo Vadis" has led to an increased demand for other works by its Polish author, who seems to combine many of the qualities of Walter Scott and the elder Dumas in his writing of historical novels. Although in this "one best book" he has doubtless reached the zenith of his fame and the acme of his powers, yet in "So Runs the World" is revealed an unsuspected versatility that whets the critical appetite with the condiment of curiosity. The translator is S. C. de Soissons, of Cambridge University, who devotes Part I. to an original and interesting sketch of Sienkiewicz's works and personality. The remaining parts of the volume are entitled, respectively: "Zola;" "Whose Fault?"—a dramatic picture in one act; "The Verdict;" and "Win or Lose," a drama in five acts. These four short works contain very little that is suggestive of "Quo Vadis," but they richly repay perusal and certainly do not detract from the author's world-wide reputation.

THE LAW OF CORRESPONDENCES APPLIED TO HEALING. By W. J. Colville. 121 pp. Leatherette, 50 cents. F. M. Harley Publishing Company, Chicago.

This is the latest work of one of the most indefatigable and brainy teachers in the ranks of advanced thought. It consists of a course of seven practical lessons in a subject that is constantly discussed among metaphysical students and upon which authoritative text-books are sadly lacking. Although most liberal thinkers to whom the theory of mental healing is familiar are prone to concede the psychic origin of disease—that external effects have a definite internal cause—yet few are able to apply the principle in explaining specific instances. Healers are frequently asked by patients to point out the particular variety of wrong mental action that has resulted in their special bodily infirmities, and when the diagnosis is accurate a cure quickly follows. It is such questions as these that this book ably answers—the correspondence between mental and physical states. Mr. Colville's article in the present number of MIND reveals the

Digitized by Google

author's pungent and virile literary style, and his newest book is heartily commended to all our readers.

"DON'T WORRY" NUGGETS. By Jeanne G. Pennington. 79 pp. Cloth and gold, 40 cents. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, publishers, New York.

The compiler of this attractive little volume is likewise a contributor to this issue of MIND. Her article on "The Gateway of Peace" reveals a keen sense of analysis and discrimination that is admirably displayed also in her latest book, the sub-title of which is "Bits of Ore Gathered from Rich Mines." Miss Pennington is evidently a profound and sympathetic student of Epictetus, Emerson, George Eliot, and Robert Browning, from whose various works she has drawn and herewith presents an immense number of meaty paragraphs. The selections are uniformly optimistic and reassuring, and are especially timely in view of the existing turmoil and unrest in international and individual affairs. Every member of a Don't Worry Circle throughout the land—and these groups are increasing at a most encouraging rate—should have several copies of this book to place in the hands of friends or others in need of an uplifting thought.

777 SENSATIONS. By Dr. J. Lendall Basford. 112 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. Published by the author, Boston. [For sale by The Alliance Publishing Company.]

This book is positively unique—nothing of the kind has hitherto come to our literary table. It consists solely of original aphorisms and epigrams on an immense variety of subjects. The author himself is a rare product—a physician not bound by the teachings of tradition or the dictum of conflicting schools. We focalize a few random shots for the benefit of our metaphysical readers: "A strong desire is a mortgage." "Anger is a congestion of reason, a fever of the spirit, and a malaria of the whole moral system." "No man owns anything except that which enters his spirit as Principle." "The flattering tongue of drugs." "Mental muscles make a man." "A soul whisper is noised around the world." "Since this life is not enduring, it must be but a dream of another that is real." The remaining 770 "sensations" are equally thrilling—a storehouse of nineteenth century wisdom.

Digitized by Google

# MIND.

VOL. II. AUGUST, 1898. No. 5.

## IS VITAL ENERGY COMMUNICABLE?

BY DOCTOR C. W. HIDDEN.

At the hearing on the proposed medical bill in Boston, in February, one of the physicians that spoke in favor of the measure is reported to have said: "It is impossible to cure disease in persons by the laying on of hands." Yet in almost every age men and women have appeared at intervals apparently blessed with the gift of healing by the "laying on of hands"—a convenient expression for simple contact, patting, stroking, rubbing, or kneading the body of the patient.

By the "laying on of hands" is implied that certain persons, in the possession of superabundant health, have the power to impart health to another through the medium of the human touch. This is not a latter-day discovery, but a very old and profound avowal. Hippocrates, the "father of medicine," was undoubtedly familiar with the practise, as is plainly evidenced in his "secret means of medicine;" also, Chiron and Esculapius, both of whom were famous as physicians in their time. *Chiron* relates particularly to the hand, and the name was bestowed upon the former because his cures were chiefly wrought by means of manual manipulation. Esculapius, his pupil, so far eclipsed the master that he was early invested with divine honors, and rude pictures on the walls of the

Digitized by Google

ancient temples on the Tiber bear thrilling witness to the force resident in his magic touch.

It is to be presumed that the doctor referred to in the opening paragraph is unfamiliar with "holy writ;" otherwise he would have known that one Jesus performed marvelous cures in the long ago by the laying on of hands. Even if it be claimed that Jesus was peculiarly divine, in all sincerity it cannot be held that the disciples were divine in the same sense, or to a like degree; yet they performed cures readily by the same means. Both Old and New Testaments reveal the fact that touch-healing was not unknown in very early days, as witness the king who, when told to go and wash in the Jordan to be healed of his leprosy, said of the prophet: "Behold, I thought, He will surely come out to me, and stand, and call on the name of the Lord his God, and strike his hand over the place, and recover the leper."

The doctor, being a regular practitioner, cannot be supposed to know that Hahnemann, the founder of homeopathy, taught his "disciples," as he called his students, the secret of how to manipulate medicines in order to take advantage of the healing influence "that resides in the human hand and touch." And, of course, he is totally unaware that it is quite orthodox in the practise of medicine to-day to make use of the laying on of hands under the less offensive name of "massage." "Ah, but massage is different," cries the doctor. Briefly, massage consists in the manipulation of body and muscles by means of kneading, patting, stroking, etc. Its purpose is to stimulate the nerve-centers; to reawaken life in the parts; to bring life to the surface of the body. Note that the physician insists that the *masseur* shall be healthy always. Why? Because the patient is benefited by a healthy operator and injured by one who is unhealthy. In other words, the patient is benefited by the presumable transference or absorption of healthy nerve-energy, vital-

Digitized by Google

ity, life; whereas, in the case of an unhealthy operator, the latter invariably absorbs the stored-up nerve-energy of the patient. This is the real and the only reason why the well-read physician insists that the *masseur* shall be healthy and strong.

It is now known that health is communicable—more so than disease. Note the stress laid upon the necessity for a cheerful demeanor in the sick-room, and how insistent the physician is for a healthy, happy, and contented nurse. The well man must absent himself from the sick wife, under penalty of loss of vitality; the sick must not mate with the well, or youth with age; and a child must not sleep with its aged grandparents.

What is animal magnetism? Mesmer's explanation illustrates the matter fairly well. He held and taught that the universe is pervaded by a subtle essence, or ether, which in man is akin to the life-principle itself. Mesmer believed that man possessed the faculty of generating this force or power within himself, and of projecting it, by act of *will*, through the medium of the touch. This etheric, mesmeric force he named "animal magnetism." Broadly speaking, then, this appears to be the secret of curing by the laying on of hands: the healer generates within himself healthy animal magnetism, which he is able to impart or transfer to the body of the patient as described.

We are met at the outset by the stock argument that this statement involves an unprovable proposition; in other words, that animal magnetism implies the existence of an unknown, invisible, imponderable force in Nature—a theory that was exploded in Mesmer's own day. Yes; in that day two men in particular denied and even derided, yet later discovered and gave to the world two subtle, invisible, imponderable forces—Lavoisier, discoverer of coal and wood gas; and Franklin, who drew lightning from the clouds. Sneer and denial count

Digitized by Google

for but little, save to a certain class of minds. Because you "do not believe" is not argument; because you are familiar with certain laws does not prove that you are in possession of the sum total of human knowledge. The fact that men denied at the time did not prevent Mesmer from performing remarkable cures; he met with great success, as did his followers—Greatrakes and Gassner in the United Kingdom, and his humble believer, Newton, in our own land.

In view of the evidence obtainable, it is strange that men continue to deny the existence of the beneficent something called, for want of a better name, animal magnetism. To illustrate: A child is lost; we hold the tiny shoe or article of apparel to the nose of a hound; —a sniff, and away bounds the animal to trace and find the child. When an escaped convict baffles the human sleuths he is readily trailed and run down by the blood-hound. Is it not fair to assume that a characteristic quality is imparted to both apparel and footprint, and that the hound, by reason of a superior sense of smell, is able to detect it? To say that the animal follows a particular footprint is to argue that the domestic creature that has been deserted or lost finds its way home by following the imprint of horse-shoe or wagon-tracks, which would imply a degree of intelligence few thinkers care to admit.

Persons that have been "charmed" by snakes say their senses were lulled by a peculiar odor emitted by the reptile; the hypnotic subject declares that there is a well-defined "charm" about the hypnotist; and patients are conscious of an electrical sensation when touched by the healer. Reversing the picture, we find the snake exhausted at the close of the act of "charming;" the hypnotist is glad to seek his couch after an evening of work; and, following treatment, the successful magnetic healer is conscious that "there went virtue out of him."

Digitized by Google

Brought to the bar of reason, the opponent of animal magnetism, or, as the writer prefers to call it, *vital energy*, has one unfailing refuge, *viz.:* to declare such things referable to the imagination; the result of hypnotic suggestion, or the effect of mind over mind; to charge that if any good is accomplished it is only temporary, etc. Now, to my mind, imagination seems a potent factor in human life and affairs. We are dealing with an unknown quantity. Let us thank the Giver of every good and perfect gift for this singular, powerful faculty known as imagination, which enables us to banish disease, to replace gloom with sunshine, to make heaven where misery has been!

And what is hypnotic suggestion? A command; the setting up of a train of ideas; an act of will. Then "suggestion" means the transference of thought, energy, sensation, or impressions from one mind or soul to another. But it is claimed that the subject is solely responsible for the phenomena evoked in hypnotism! The writer has not been without experience, yet he has never witnessed a case of spontaneous phenomena—has never learned of the induction of true hypnosis save in the presence of an operator.

Psychometry, popularly known as soul-sensing, yet strictly touch-sensing, embraces essentially this: whatever we touch we impress or charge with a semblance of our personality, proof of which is given by the trained psychometer, who, taking the article in hand, is able to sense and to voice an accurate description of the person or persons previously in contact with it.

The registering and measuring of externalized thought; the photography of thought and of the emotions; the photography of the emanations, or effluence, from the finger-tips of the hypnotist and the magnetic healer—these are facts of recent demonstration; and the

Digitized by Google

same is true of the photographing of the vital radiation —something that seems to partake of the qualities of which we are made up, and that resembles the general shape and seems a part of and inseparably connected with the human body. Ancient artists appear to have had an inkling of the vital radiation, as may be inferred from the aura that surrounds the pictured representations of saints. And in the time of Jesus the people must have realized something of this outer, externalized energy, or they would not have brought the sick and disabled into the streets, that "the shadow of Peter passing by might overshadow some of them."

The world at large has long been familiar with the fact that mind can influence mind—so familiar indeed that the axiom, "As he thinketh in his heart so is he," finds ready acceptance among the intelligent everywhere. It is also well known that mind can be trained to influence matter as well as morals, and that mind can be made to serve as a curative agent likewise. The more advanced members of the medical profession have already mastered this proposition, as witness the sterling articles on "mental therapeutics" in the regular magazines, and the quiet introduction of the system into regular practise.

Yes; it is true that mind can influence mind most remarkably. Consider the case of the farmer who was made seriously sick by a number of practical jokers, who insisted that he was ill; it was all a hoax, but the man sickened just the same. Also the prisoner who was told that he was to be put to death by bleeding; he died under the impression that his life-blood was dripping away, when the sound was really caused by drops of water squeezed from a sponge by the surgeon that stood behind the chair. A nobleman's neck had been bared upon the executioner's block; the axe was raised to strike, when the cry, "Reprieve!" was heard; the executioner

Digitized by Google

touched the man on the shoulder, saying, "Arise, my lord; the king has pardoned thee;" but the spirit had fled. We all know that certain sights will cause as violent a revulsion of feeling as the most powerful emetics; and we know, also, that sudden news will kill as well as make alive. We may as well admit, then, that mind has power over mind; frankness and fairness will harm no one—least of all the medical profession, the members of which should be the first to hail with glad acclaim any and all methods that tend to alleviate human suffering.

With regard to the alleged "temporary effects," I should like to ask, What may be guaranteed as permanent in the practise of medicine? What do we seek to accomplish by dosage? Plainly speaking, we give medicines to support Nature—to arouse the life-principle into action. Medicine, then, is not so much an end in itself as a means to an end; it is a support rather than a positive curative agent. Then how can we be assured of permanency in the treatment of human ills? A physician having a known "specific" for human suffering should not hide his light under a bushel; he is in possession of a formula worth millions.

But there is, in truth, no universal panacea. The fountain of perpetual youth has yet to be discovered. The golden age is in the future, not the past. No school of medicine has a monopoly of the healing art. To sneer proves nothing—a fact remains a fact. "What man has done man may do;" and this is as true in the domain of healing as in other departments of life. Men have healed for ages by the laying on of hands, and will continue to do so for ages yet to come.

Even if the cures prove but temporary, one thing is certain: An effect has been produced; a principle has been revealed, if not established. We owe it as a duty to humankind to recognize the fact, and to aid in demonstrating the principle behind the fact.

Digitized by Google

# THOUGHTS ON SPIRITUAL HEALING.

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

It is somewhat difficult to convince persons that look upon all suggestion as hypnotic that there is any difference between the suggestion given by a spiritual scientist and that given by a hypnotist. I shall try to show, however, in this paper, that the difference is a radical one.

A suggestion given by a hypnotist may be a good or a bad one; but he wills his subject to do, or not to do, as the case may be, using the influence of his will in such a way that the hypnotized person is practically at his mercy. It is claimed by many advocates of hypnotism that the moral nature of the subject cannot be perverted by a wrong suggestion; and that, although he will follow out and act upon one that is not in itself evil, yet when an evil suggestion is given the subject has sufficient moral stamina to resist it—that is, not to act upon it. This, I admit, may sometimes happen; but in the great majority of cases the theory is not tenable. I am persuaded that the average hypnotic subject will act as readily on a wrong suggestion, when entirely under the influence of the hypnotist, as on a right one.

From careful observation I have become convinced that hypnotic suggestion is a reversal of certain laws that regulate life, and that any seemingly good effects that flow from it will prove in the end to be detrimental to the well-being of the subject. We are too ready to reach conclusions when we perceive certain changes in mind and body that at the time apparently affect the patient for good. The history of medicine proves this conclusively.

Digitized by Google

The things that produced the quickest results were at one time considered the most valuable remedies. For instance, mercury was first thought to be an invaluable medicine, but its after-effects have undoubtedly been many times more disastrous to the body than any disease that it seemed to remove. Again, few persons will question the effect of antipyrene in reducing fever; yet this drug has killed more people than it has ever helped—by bringing about an unnatural condition and thus forcing such a reaction that the heart was unable to perform its functions. And this is true of all the different serums: the seeming present good is as nothing in comparison with the evils flowing from a poisoned state of the blood.

It will take time for the masses to become convinced of these things; but sooner or later it must become evident to thinking minds that unnatural actions and reactions of mind and body can in no way be conducive to health—that health and strength must proceed from natural mental actions, which in turn give place to natural physical actions. If we would make a careful study of the human mind we would perceive that it acts most truly when allowed the greatest freedom to follow its natural bent—that anything in the nature of compulsion tends to restrict its normal development. We would also see that mental freedom and harmony inevitably keep the body in a healthy (harmonious) condition.

The true office of individual minds in their action upon others is to present truths, not to try to enforce their acceptance. We should never use our wills to force another to do, or to refrain from doing, even that which would be best for him if he followed our suggestion. Spiritual treatment has for its object the presentation of eternal truths, leaving it optional for the patient to receive and act on them or to reject them, as he may choose. In this respect it differs essentially from hypnotic and all other

Digitized by Google

methods in which the reverse of this plays the most prominent part. Many well-meaning persons engaged in the healing art introduce certain things into their treatment that in a sense are akin to hypnotism. Anything that will not in the end prove beneficial to a patient, no matter what the seeming present good may be, is not a good thing to suggest to the mind of another. Any suggestion that has not for its object the elevation of the moral and the betterment of the physical side of life cannot be helpful. And anything that tends to deceive, so that the mind is diverted from the *realities* of life, can never bring gain to any one.

Now, I do not question the honesty or sincerity of the persons using these erroneous methods. Personality should play no part in our discussion. We want to know more about the laws that influence our lives for good, rather than to enter into personal controversies that are really of no benefit to any one. The question before us, then, is one of principle—the dealing with principles—and not an attack on any person or body of persons.

Every thought that enters the mind of man must to some degree affect his life, either for good or the reverse. All true suggestion, then, must have for its aim the presentation of the truth and nothing but the truth. When, therefore, any one denies away the visible universe, the visible body of man, sin, disease, the sorrow and distress of life, etc., he is not dealing with the truths of life, but rather dwelling in its shadows. The visible universe and the visible body of man are the clothing of invisible forces or powers that lie back of them. The sin, disease, and sorrow of life, while not real or eternal, have an existence that can never be overcome through any mental process of denial. Evil is overcome only by good. It is only as the heart of man becomes fixed on the eternal realities of life and truth that evil disappears; and it is only as the sunshine of God's love enters the *mind* of man that the

Digitized by Google

unreal shadows of life vanish. Why should we perpetuate the existence of evil and disease through "denying" them? Do our minds become more illuminated? No; the process of denial is after all one of weakness and despair. It never elevates nor spiritualizes the life. The things we mentally deny we must *picture in mind;* and thus the mind becomes filled with unwholesome thought-pictures.

The mental scientist stands fairly and squarely on the affirmative side of life, declaring that God is omnipotent, omnipresent, and omniscient. Every suggestion he gives has this as a background. Every thought-picture has in it the radiance of light and truth. Knowing that all knowledge is of God, he realizes that all knowledge must be good—therefore there can be nothing evil in the wisdom or power of God. Thus we see that spiritual healing overcomes the false existence of evil and disease by the affirmations of eternal, omnipresent good and of eternal life and health, recognizing but one will in the universe—the Will of God becoming manifest in the life of man. In the light of this truth, no spiritual scientist may exert the human will in such a way as to compel another to think or act as he may wish. In every treatment he gives, his own personality sinks out of sight, and only the principles—the truths of life—are brought into the foreground. Every thought of *self* is obliterated.

In God "we live, and move, and have our being." There is a spirit within man that when recognized by the mind is perceived to be one with the universal Spirit. He is one with the universal Soul of things. This is what spiritual treatment seeks to bring about—the recognition of the indwelling Spirit of God; the becoming at one with God; the human will disappearing before the Divine Will; the light shining in the darkness becoming a living flame, so that soul and mind and body are enlightened thereby.

Digitized by Google

It is a knowledge of this truth that brings the absolute freedom of life, whereby a man becomes a law unto himself, disclosing in his own life God's perfect image and likeness. The health, strength, and perfection of life can come only in this way.

If we should succeed in banishing pain through the mental process of denial, the temporary good would in no case be beneficial, because pain, after all, is an index to the violation of law. Through pain we become aware that something is wrong. If the pain be lasting, sooner or later we shall ask ourselves the reason for it. And when we perceive that it is the physical result of wrong mental conditions, we are bound to shape our thoughts in a higher and truer way. Thus we gain more knowledge of life through the observance of discordant states and afterward by overcoming them.

The great law of contradictories shows us in the end the "strait and narrow way" of life. The good of life becomes manifest through that which contradicts it. Sooner or later we realize that sin of mind and disease of body are not natural conditions; then we seek to replace them by true ones. The seeming evil of the world, therefore, is that which in the end shows us the way of life. By "denying away" the evil, we deprive ourselves of the experience necessary for our development. Darkness proves the reality of light. Ignorance proves the reality of knowledge. Sickness proves the reality of health. When we have proved the reality of anything, then the seeming, or that which contradicts reality, is seen in its true light as being only the shadow. In our pressing forward to the light we leave the shadow behind, and it has lost all power adversely to affect our lives. Thus "the tree of knowledge" by which we solve the mysteries of life is the tree of good and evil; and the evil is only dissipated from the mind of man by overcoming it with the good—by

Digitized by Google

realizing that good is an eternal reality and that evil is only the negation of good. It is this negative side, acting as a background, that makes evident to the human mind eternal life, love, and truth.

Spiritual treatment, therefore, has for its sole object the understanding of the laws that regulate life, in order that conformity may come through such knowledge. The *body* of man is not treated for health or strength. Physical weakness or infirmity is indicative of an untrue mental state. Change this mental state to a true one, through overcoming the false ideas by the truth, and the physical man so responds that the body becomes completely transformed through the renewing of the mind. Spiritual treatment is sowing the seed of God's word in the mind of another. That seed, if the ground is prepared for it, will bring forth fruit after its kind.

In giving spiritual treatment, the healer should first realize the things he desires to impress on the mind of his patient. He must feel them as soul-states first, and see them as thought-pictures next. He should also be positive concerning the truth of them. In giving his treatment his mind must be single to them, so that his soul and mind become absorbed in what he is doing to the exclusion of everything else. He should realize that he is one with all life—one with the life of God and one with the life of man; for it is such realization that brings rest and peace of mind and health and strength of body.

Two factors are discernible in each thing—its body (form) and its activity (qualities). The latter is nothing else but an effluence of the supreme Cause, because everything exists from the beginning in God, into whose unmanifested state all things will return in the end, and from whose power they all receive their qualities, or whatever they deserve on account of their capacity to receive or attract it. —*Paracelsus.*

Digitized by Google

# THE CENTERS OF ASTROLOGY.

BY ALAN LEO.*

In every part of the civilized world, a knowledge of astrology is now spreading with wonderful rapidity; but in no quarter does there appear to be greater activity than in America. In that land, which beyond all doubt comes under the mercurial influence of the Twins, we find a quick response to every phase of new or old thought; and it is small wonder that we find among American astrologers, or, as they seem to prefer the term, "astrologists," a great deal of action with its corresponding reaction. With regard to the latter I wish to express some of my own opinions, in the hope that astrology may be saved the ruin with which, in America especially, it is at present threatened.

All persons anxious to take up the study of astrology must feel a little confused when they learn that there are two distinct systems being taught in the land of Mercury; and when it becomes clear to those who have exceptionally broad views with regard to this subject that each of these systems appeals to its own class of students, it can readily be seen that there are silently growing some serious weeds of error—for both of these systems cannot be right. Persons drawn to the ancient (or original) side of astrology are of the positive, thoughtful, and intellectual class; while the others are of the negative, receptive, and so-called intuitive or instinctional class.

Among the various systems of astrology, only two are at present worthy of notice. These are termed respectively the geocentric and the heliocentric methods. The

*Editor of *Modern Astrology*, London, England.

Digitized by Google

students of the former make calculations from the earth as the focus, while the latter consider the horoscope as if the sun were the center. To the uninitiated, the heliocentric seems the only true method, for the sun is undoubtedly the center of the solar system; but the death-blow is instantly dealt to this method when we realize that we are not residents of the sun, but of the earth. It is correct to imagine that in essence we are related to the center; but, until the end of the soul's pilgrimage in its physical casket, it is for the major part of its manifestation concerned with mind and matter, and therefore polarized toward the earth. Our ideals may partake of the solar fluid, but all ideals must be individualized and made concrete through experience before they can become practical and woven into the soul.

At the beginning of the present year, a gentleman from America paid me a visit with the intention of taking lessons in astrology. After a short conversation I felt justified in inquiring his motive for taking up the study, which brought forth the exclamation: "Why, to make money, I guess!" After pointing out that a great deal of the energy by which he could then make money would be absorbed in the study, I was surprised to learn that he expected one lesson to complete his education. "Why," said he, "you are all behind here in England! In America we move with the times; *we* use the heliocentric system." I quickly came to the conclusion that a lesson in astrology, as *I* understood the science, was useless, and I told him that so far as he was concerned a lesson was quite out of the question. I invited him, however, to stay and take tea with me, and we exchanged impressions on the subject of America *versus* England.

The result of that visit was a determination on my part at once to start in pursuit of all the instruction I could gain with regard to heliocentric astrology. Could

Digitized by Google

it be true that, after all my years of tabulation and experience, I was deluded? No; the accurate predictions and delineations were against the idea. Still, the remarks of some friends, who were loud in their exclamations that as the sun was the center the geocentric system must be wrong, I patiently endured and made all possible inquiries —until it became plain that I must thrash the matter out for myself. What if, after all, we should have to reconstruct the rules of astrology upon entirely new lines? It would be better, then, to follow my American friend's advice and move with the times before it was too late; and so I began, but I have never gone any farther, for I found that there *was* no beginning—except in the imagination of some one who has fixed upon Aries, this being a geocentric rule applied to the heliocentric method. This point of the zodiac I found was placed at the lowest extremity of the circle, but for what reason I have been unable to discover. Evidently it was the invention of some one having a special motive for the spread of this so-called astrology.

I was on the point of giving the whole thing up in despair and disgust when it occurred to me that I might learn what the heliocentric astrologers had to say; but I decided first to have my horoscope cast by their methods, and accordingly applied to all the heliocentric "astrologists" I could find. In the first chart that arrived I found myself located in the quarters of wisdom and love, while those of labor and wealth had no place for me. As to the latter I am agreed, but as to the former I beg to differ. Labor has ever been my lot. Out of it I have acquired a little love, but wisdom—well, time has this quarter yet to prove. The map that accompanied the chart was most ingenious, but certainly not scientific. Rubber-stamped stars had been used to mark the places of the planets, but so far as I am concerned it still remains a Chinese puzzle. I believe this particular "astrologist" does actually "play

Digitized by Google

with the planets." No. 2 was supposed to be a reading of my character; but I can only conjecture that I have relieved some other fellow of a strange mass of contradictions. If it was really meant for me, I have no recollection of that particular incarnation. But No. 3 quite eclipsed the others; it paints the picture of a happy father surrounded by a family that quite tantalizes my ascetic tastes. So far as the "astrologists" are concerned, they have gone the whole length in convincing me that I shall never become a heliocentric astrologer, as I certainly cannot read myself through their delineations. The last that has come to hand unfortunately mixes the two systems—a very unwise thing to do.

Now, seriously, this playing with astrology is unfortunate, and is calculated to do a considerable amount of harm to the science. It appeals only to the receptive, negative mind that calls for things ready made, without the labor required by the geocentric method; therefore, I conclude that where success is obtained it must be only from an intuitive standpoint. It certainly does not proceed from the intellectual and scientific, for it has none. I am firmly of the opinion that this heliocentric plaything is not *astrology* in any sense of the word. According to this system, all persons born on the same day, and in some cases even in the same month, must have identically the same nativity, with the corresponding hypothesis that their life is the same. But by the geocentric method no two persons upon this globe are found alike; and this, to the glory of the supreme Ruler, produces the multifarious experiences of a different nature that shall eventually produce the grand harmonious Whole.

All life upon the earth receives the influence of the sun's rays. In the aura of the sun the solar system is sustained, and all terrestrial life is derived from the orb of day. The planets, being focalized centers into which

Digitized by Google

life is specialized, undoubtedly influence the mind. As we respond to the various vibrations, we feel the subtle force playing around us; that is how planetary influence is experienced through the mind. Life is common to all, but the mind is differentiated by the medium through which it passes. The Saturnian crystallizes and retains knowledge, and by contemplation churns it into the Jupiterian wisdom and justice. The Martial brain scatters its force through the energies of the muscles; and when this is transmuted into peace and love, the finer vibrations of Venus are experienced. Thus, while we are encased in matter, we shall still be a focus for the divine influence that is permeating the earth. But when we reside in the sun, we shall not again be subject to the Saturnine or Martial influences, having then become the wise ones who rule their stars, no longer being ruled by them.

## EIRENICON.

BY LAURA STERRETTE MCADOO.

For days, with somber, brooding wing,
The shadow of a voiceless woe
Swept o'er my soul, and everything
Seemed semblance of an empty show.
Each aim despoiled of trusting faith,
Of joy bereft, the slow hours' course
Passed spectral-like, a restless wraith—
Poor mendicant without resource.

But now from out this desert waste,
Where doubt made dull heaven's very blue,
With burgeoning hope I fly in haste
To sunbright realms of peace;—renew
In adoration of God's law eterne
My very soul, and gaze and love;
For in my heart a truth doth burn:
Who *worships* doth his manhood prove.

Digitized by Google

# THE PROBLEM OF EVIL.

BY FRANK H. SPRAGUE.

Any scheme of philosophy that recognizes evil as a factor to be reckoned with, in dealing with problems of human existence, seems to some persons to savor of pessimism. In whatever light the theme may be presented, in whatever fashion it may be treated, they regard any serious consideration of it as altogether superfluous. They are satisfied either entirely to ignore it or to dismiss it with the briefest negation. If evil is an illusion, they say, why recognize it, even in doctrinal matters? What profit can be derived from an intellectual discussion of a myth? Is it not sufficient to reiterate such positive sentiments as "All is good" and "God is all in all," and relegate the negative aspects of life to oblivion?

Sufficient as these positive affirmations may be for most practical purposes, there is nevertheless a sense in which evil does exist, and in which its recognition as an element of experience becomes necessary if we are to obtain the deepest insights into life. Granting that what appears to the finite mind as evil does not have its origin in the essential nature of things, and that it is not recognizable in the absolute consciousness, the fact still remains that in any deep analytical study of life this problem figures in a prominent way. We may so direct our attention as completely to shut it out from view; but this manner of disposing of the issue suggests the action of the ostrich, which buries its *head* in the sand in order to escape impending danger.

If the value of evil is simply phenomenal, not intrinsic,

Digitized by Google

is the question of its existence worth considering at all; and if so, what should be our attitude toward it? Admitting the non-reality of the picture in the mirage—that it is not what it seems to be—the mirage still persists as a fact of observation and enters into any just estimate of the experience of the desert-traveler. Even though he may be well aware of the correct value of the phenomenon, it still has, even as illusion, an interest and significance for him—in that it plays a memorable part in his desert experience. So this problem of evil is of the deepest moment in a contemplative survey of life, even though it be recognized that evil itself has no valid basis of existence in spiritual reality.

As the pendulum of thought swings backward from the depressing pessimism of the recent past, an accelerating momentum would naturally tend to carry it, beyond the point of perfect equilibrium, in the direction of an unduly exalted optimism. The present reaction against an excessive and, in many cases, almost exclusive contemplation of the nether side of existence bids fair to lead, in some instances, to an attitude in which only certain beneficent features of life are taken into account. By singling out such features and dwelling upon them apart from the grand whole of life, one may obtain a view quite as ill-balanced as the characteristically pessimistic one. Between these two danger-points, the Scylla and Charybdis of speculative thought, the impartial, earnest truth-seeker must steer his bark. On one side lie the seething depths of a despairing pessimism; on the other, the deceptive, alluring shoals of an ecstatic optimism. The ship of life can only be piloted successfully in deep water; but it must be in the calm depths, where the current flows firmly and steadily.

What explanation can be offered of experiences commonly termed "evil"—pain, suffering, conflict, death, and

Digitized by Google

the like? What are their true values in the picture of life? How shall we properly estimate their worth in the grand total of experience?

A picture without lights and shades would be anomalous; the execution of a picture is effected by intelligently observing their gradations and adjusting them in such relative proportions that each plays its part most effectually in producing the general result. It is possible so to scrutinize the picture that we shall see nothing in it but shades. In one sense, this estimate of it is literally correct. Studied solely with reference to the details of color-gradation, from a technical point of view, it consists entirely of shades. The shades are the life of the picture; they give it character and emphasize its bright features; the strength and disposition of its shadows determine its effectiveness. But this fashion of estimating a picture—taking into account only the quantitative relations of its colors—is decidedly inadequate from a genuinely critical standpoint. Such observations may be perfectly correct as far as they extend; but other considerations are indispensable, if even the faintest appreciation of the deeper significance of the picture as a work of art is to be obtained. Its worth depends upon the manner in which it portrays ideas that must be interpreted through qualitative as well as quantitative relations.

Darkness, as a phenomenon of the natural world, denotes merely the absence of light, in a relative degree. Even here absolute darkness does not exist; it only seems to exist when contrasted with stronger light effects. But the phenomenon of darkness is essential to an appreciation of light effects. The negative element in perception is necessary in order that a positive reality shall be appreciable. One may be fully aware of the true character of a phenomenon the value of which is purely negative; but that circumstance need not in the least

Digitized by Google

detract from the vividness of the sensation it is instrumental in occasioning. Likewise, if one considers a picture solely as an effective combination of shadows, correct as this estimate is, as far as it goes, one's impression of the artist's intent is of a wholly misleading character. One construes the instrument as the end. In an absolute sense, the general effect is occasioned entirely by light; in a relative sense, entirely by shade. Were it possible to imagine a picture without shadows, it would be utterly lacking in character. One must recognize the negative element of darkness, not as embodying in itself the essential idea of the picture, but as serving to bring into manifestation such real revelations of beauty as light affords, and yet which the positive aspect of light alone is powerless to express. A monotint is characterless.

Light shining through a photographic negative produces a perfect picture; yet an examination of the negative itself reveals no such picture, but, instead, imperfect and often grotesque images. The finite spectacle of life is only the negative through which absolute Reality shines to manifest itself in the perfect picture. Cold, bare facts do not constitute the reality of life. When we view a cathedral window from the outside, it suggests gloom and cheerlessness. We may try to penetrate its dense substance, in the hope of discovering what lies within; but it proves an unyielding barrier to the sense of sight and refuses to disclose the secret. We may study it from this standpoint forever without arriving at a satisfactory conclusion regarding its artistic intent; but, if we change our point of view so as to approach it from the inside of the edifice, we are instantly attracted by a beauty and warmth of coloring in no way perceptible from the outside. The very forms that, viewed exteriorly, appeared cold, dismal, lifeless, and devoid of expression, when viewed interiorly are transformed into ideals that manifest absolute beauty.

Digitized by Google

When we analyze the world of finite forms, we perceive evil, suffering, and abnormality. Only when the light of an absolute principle radiates through it is it transformed into a real world of beauty, truth, and goodness. The steady, monotonous glare of light untempered by shade soon becomes as unendurable as the depressing gloom of darkness unrelieved by light. Either condition tends to induce blindness. The significance of those factors of experience commonly regarded as evil depends upon the interpretation one gives them. If one accords evil an intrinsic value of its own, instead of attaching to it only such incidental importance as it possesses in the capacity of revelator of a deeper, universal consciousness, it seems to suggest the existence of some malevolent power, actuated by a diabolical purpose.

Heroism that faces difficulties construed as essentially evil often presages despair; but insight that appreciates their true nature enables one to surmount them and cause them to be instrumental in yielding a deeper soul-consciousness. So, while evil is not absolutely real, it plays, even as a phenomenon, an important part in the drama of life. Any single object or experience, regarded in the partial sense as a fragment, provokes a certain feeling of dissatisfaction. In one's inmost being one longs for perfection, completeness, infinity; yet such a state of existence, into which the conception of partiality (implying a complementary something unrealized) did not enter, would be one of such unrelieved monotony that spiritual blindness would ensue.

In a great work of art, the unity of completeness is attained through a combination of finite effects. The execution of all its details is controlled by the creative spirit manifested in a perfect ideal. Its success depends upon the faithfulness with which each component part contributes its share to some larger effect; so that, com-

Digitized by Google

prehended as a whole, the work gives perfect satisfaction. A career consisting of a steady, unbroken flow of pleasurable experiences would, in its entire aspect, produce an impression not altogether agreeable. Every satisfying effect, whether derived from a work of art or a life of active effort, is due to the presence of elements that, observed apart from the whole, are disappointing, perhaps even ugly. Analysis conceals harmony and ideal perfection, while synthesis reveals them.

The whole appearance of life depends upon our attitude toward it—whether we try to arrive at a just estimate of it through its details, or interpret its details in the light of its completeness as an ideal unit. Details are indispensable to the realization of a perfectly satisfactory effect. Phenomena that, distinguished separately, seem in the act of perception like flaws or blemishes in their relations to the whole, because they suggest imperfection or ugliness, are essential factors of the complete representation. Therefore, every detailed expression of a perfect ideal is calculated to exhibit certain evil aspects; and these must be accounted for, not on the supposition that the ideal is necessarily deficient, but solely on the ground of inadequacy in our method of trying to comprehend its significance. Parts cannot exist without a whole; they must be parts of *something*. The fact that we recognize them as partial is evidence that we have knowledge of a complete unity to which they must be related.

Life viewed in detail may seem to exhibit attributes entirely foreign to those revealed by contemplation of it in its totality. As we know it in the light of absolute consciousness, we discern in it neither good nor evil. Appreciation transcends discrimination. The bright and dark spots of the finite picture blend and resolve into an infinite ideal.

Digitized by Google

The endless array of forms in our world of the physical interpretation may be likened to separate threads or strands woven into a tapestry. One may trace the courses of individual threads, and even gain an exhaustive knowledge of their several characteristics, without entertaining the slightest idea of their superior worth and significance as necessary portions of the whole fabric. The chief value of the finished product depends on the faithfulness with which it embodies the idea of the designer. However beautiful and perfect the threads may seem individually, they utterly fail to serve their intended purpose unless they so harmonize and blend as to produce the desired effect. The weaver, from his comprehensive viewpoint, is able to form a correct estimate of the potential value of each separate thread that is being woven into the fabric in process of construction, and therefore to discriminate in the proper disposal of all. The design already exists, perfect and complete, in his mind; and it is simply reproduced, in the weaving, under outward conditions. But one not already familiar with the design is soon confused in attempting to follow the threads separately through their obscure, intricate courses. The whole piece looks, to him, like a mass of hopelessly tangled materials, giving no evidence of design, beauty, or any other æsthetic or practical consideration that would be likely to compensate for the trouble and expense entailed by so elaborate a method of workmanship. In like manner, the real meaning and intent of our finite lives can only be known in the light of a universal consciousness.

If one were to assume the standpoint of an orchestra player, buried in his own part and devoting all his energies to its execution, one would hear only a din of harshly discordant, irritating sounds. Each individual instrument would seem at variance with all the others, and

Digitized by Google

they, on the other hand, would seem bent on drowning its tones. Yet each seemingly insignificant part, untuneful and out of place though it might sound to the discriminating but miscalculating ear of one who tried to follow it alone, would be considered indispensable when estimating the effect of the whole performance. To appreciate the beauty and grandeur of the music in its entirety, one must get outside the din and inharmony attending the technical rendering of its several parts and assume the standpoint of the conductor, or the composer. Then, for the first time, the work would appeal to one as harmonious and inspiring. Every detail of the performance would thus become intelligible and more deeply significant than it would have been possible for it to appear without the practical observations acquired through experiences that were, in themselves, perhaps vexatious and well-nigh unendurable; for one would then be fitted to understand the importance of each part in its relation to the others, and its ultimate bearing on the whole production. Therefore, one would be able to view the whole situation both critically and appreciatively, and to realize the fullest meaning of all one had seen and heard. The facts of din and dissonance would be just as certain as while one felt the depressing influence of their spell. But they would no longer remain in evidence; for the grander idea of the whole composition would so overwhelm them as to transform ugliness into beauty.

Suffering and disappointment may be very much in evidence in the finite consciousness; but their import depends altogether on the plane from which one regards them. They play a most important part as agencies in awakening us from the sluggish repose of ignorance and selfishness on the lower planes of consciousness. Some awaken slowly and reluctantly, only after being repeatedly aroused by most distressing experiences; but then

Digitized by Google

the need of awakening is most imperative. We live in dreams until the burden of suffering becomes unendurable and impels us to awaken to a consciousness of reality. Suffering in dreams may be most intense; but when, on awakening, one realizes the nature of one's misery, it is forgotten in the joy attending the discovery of a more real state. Intensity does not indicate reality. Forces that clash most violently are soonest spent. Evil is transient and suicidal; the good alone is eternal. From the universal point of view, one may know life, not in dreams, but in the full light of an awakened consciousness. Above all the hardships, pain, discord, and even the horrors that invade the realm of finite conceptions, one may delight in the eternal harmony that attends the consciousness of an infinite reality.

We live to overcome, and to rejoice at our triumphs. We glory in the consciousness of our power to transcend each finite plane and make it a stepping-stone to others above. Life is both high and deep. Only by coming up from its depths can we appreciate its heights. The glory of the view from the mountain-top is due to the presence of valleys below. In the comprehensive view above, they appear totally different from the conception we entertained of them while groping our way through the dark, gloomy forests that line their recesses; but the change is in our viewpoint, not in the valleys themselves. Neither mountains nor valleys could exist alone. The one kind of formation implies the other.

The timid, apprehensive Israelites saw only forebodings of disaster in the Red Sea and the wilderness. But, to the larger vision of Moses, such obstacles vanished in anticipated possession of the promised land. So, as our thought lingers on the lower planes of consciousness, on its journey to the realm of spiritual reality, which it seeks to possess, we seem beset on every hand by evil

Digitized by Google

forces. Ideas seen in perspective, as they must be when projected in a world of time and space, must appear distorted. As time and space have no absolute values, the angle and extent of the perspective in which any experience appears must depend on the attitude of the observer. If our world seems to be essentially base, evil, unsatisfactory, it is an indication that we see life at too close range—too narrowly. Were we to adjust our viewpoint after the manner of the greatest seers, the real value of our world would be readily appreciable.

In music, every major scale has its corresponding minor, and every scale its minor intervals. Minor intervals give music its depth and richness. Were it possible to banish the minor quality, music would be tame and monotonous. The deepest expression is tinged with the somber, subdued undertone of the minor. Yet, how different is the hopeless melancholy, represented by a doleful, unrelieved minor strain, from the spirit of joy and triumph revealed when the minor strain leads up to a full major chord! Should the music end in the midst of the minor passage, we might indeed pronounce it unconsoling and morbidly suggestive. But we wait expectantly for the coming of the major chord; for the light it sheds over the otherwise gloomy minor passage alters its whole complexion. The weakness of the minor is supplemented by the strength of the major.

The transcendental view of life is the only broadly satisfying one. It is to obtain this viewpoint that humanity yearns and strives, wittingly or unwittingly. Its scope is inclusive, not exclusive. To exclude from our world what (in the finite view) seems to be evil, tends to render it characterless. Experiences of an apparently evil character have their uses in subserving larger ends. They impel us to expand our thought so as to include, surmount, and transcend the evil. Thenceforth it ceases to be evil: it is transformed into good.

Digitized by Google

# FIAT MORALS.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

## IV.

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain."

It is probable that few have any idea of this commandment except that it is a prohibition upon "swearing." Some, with an especial foible for eccentric construction, amplify the limit so that it shall include the use of the oath in court, or in acknowledgment of the truth of statements of fact embodied in an affidavit. The Society of Friends, or Quakers, and other most excellent but peculiar people, justify their formal statements in the witness-chair, on taking office, and elsewhere, by an affirmation: their "I affirm" having all the legal force and effect of the "I swear" of commonplace citizens.

There are some who think the law is kept if they keep it literally—who refrain from using the name of Deity in any of its forms by way of expletive—and yet when angry against their brother, with or without cause, they vent their spleen and virulence in some other form of words to which they have accustomed themselves as a safety-valve to temper.

Swearing, the oath, the use of the name of God in conversation—these are perhaps the least of all ways by which his name can be taken "in vain." Such practises are vulgar, in bad taste, rough, rude, uncultured, the sign as frequently of early neglect at home as of a vile heart. Perhaps Moses had the acumen to recognize this as the most petty of the ten; for after a fashion he seems to apologize for giving it such great prominence by saying,

Digitized by Google

"The Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."

Doubtless some of the children of Israel had fallen into the critical habit—always an exceedingly unhealthy one for theodetic practises—and Moses took this course of expressly forbidding mention by name of the Supreme Being in order to cut off one very efficient supply of reason, and thereby rebellion. It is difficult to argue *pro* or *con* concerning that whose name cannot be mentioned. Even the unknown quantity in an algebraic formula is designated as "*x*." It is stated, and to a great extent with right reason, that there could not be thought without language; though the converse of this proposition is equally accurate—no language without thought.

Moses, therefore, was preëminently wise in making this a separate and positive fiat of his assumed personality on rational grounds, wholly aside from any awe-inspiring and devotional feeling attaching to the Unknown. Herbert Spencer's idea of the value of the Unknowable is practically of the same order—both exemplifying the principle that the mysterious is always the terrible. Then it is more than possible that the vague and vast conception of the Inscrutable, already in good shape in the Vedanta philosophy of India, had been blown westward across the Assyrian civilization and taken root in the Mosaic imagery —a form of faith that held the Ultimate so highly exalted that from the lips of the pious Brahman the great name of the Trimurti—the name of AUM—is never spoken.

There is another principle to be considered concerning the mental attitude of the individual toward the Universal, aside from the idea of adoration; it is that of the civility due to Power. A wise man has told us that it is eminently proper to speak respectfully of the equator. That, to be sure, is called an imaginary line; but it is for all that a potential one, marking for the earth the mean

Digitized by Google

of the oscillatory movements that project the sun back and forth along the zodiac, between Cancer and Capricorn, and hold the balance of the seasons.

Religion is the innate gentlehood, peculiar to no set form, that marks the noble soul in all ages and all climes; but theology is the etiquette of the feeling of which religion is the true foundation. These feelings of amity and good will are common to all races of men, and invariably, unless diverted by some sort of self-seeking or misapprehension, will cause men, of howsoever diverse lineage and customs, to be friends and fellow-helpers the world over.

The ultimate object of all emotion is personal happiness; if, therefore, no extraneous cause deflects the tendency, man, even in a state of nature, even a savage, will yield to the influences of peace and meet a stranger coming with manifestly peaceable intent in a spirit of comity and good will. Of course, if the fat missionary, no matter how excellent his intentions, meets the lean and hungry cannibal, no matter how fine his intuitions, the result is not difficult to prophesy. It is the same in all analogous cases: the dominant determinant of action is the resultant of all sensuous components, in which the selfish instincts prevail more and more the less the moral nature is cultivated.

Intellectual education and what is called "culture" undoubtedly modify the brutal instincts—and ethical education also, in, I think, no greater degree; but they are both little better than veneerings, more or less thin, more or less highly polished. There is a higher education, in which the spiritual may be cultivated in parity with the intellectual—the brain and heart fitly framed together, to work, not as master and slave, but in unison: each, like the truly mated, in its own proper sphere.

There is a mysticism in which is nothing mystical, an

Digitized by Google

occultism in which is nothing hidden, an "infidelity" that is far from being unfaithful. The perversity of credulity, the blindness of sophistry, the debauchery of ignorance—these are the sins of the world. Ignorance rebels at reason, but Intelligence yields to truth as readily as the mercury responds to its deity, the temperature, in the bulb of the barometer.

It is not enough that the "good" man should be good: he must be wise also. To be harmless as a serpent is admirable; but to his harmlessness he must add the serpent's wisdom, and use it, not as a serpent, but as a dove. He must learn that manners do not always coincide with morals; the South Sea savage does not shake hands, he rubs noses; the pleased dog is very grave with his mouth —he smiles with the wag of his tail; and so it goes. Plenty of tactless people look at a human being's intellect, and, failing to detect an adequate response to their own greeting or reasoning or expression of emotion, decide off-hand that the other is lacking either in ability or appreciation; whereas, in fact, no one is lacking if you appeal to the right faculty. You must tingle the exact cortex of the brain; his ear must catch the exact note; his *self* must vibrate in unison with yourself. You must learn his idiom, and not trust to his comprehension of yours. Voltaire says: "Mystics and charlatans consecrate their ignorance by giving a name to phenomena that they do not understand;" and Emerson enjoins: "Beware of him that comes saying, 'I have a revelation'."

This paper, in its subject-matter, is necessarily a continuation of the arguments of the preceding two, rather than a subject separate and apart; indeed, the three commandments are all in effect one, summarized by Jesus as the first and great: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength." This means nothing

Digitized by Google

more than that the obligation is upon every one to seek and follow the light of Truth. All the other commandments treat of the duties of man to his fellow-men: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

In fact, essentially, in the ordering of the Eternal Being, as well as in the fiats of Moses and the revelation of Jesus, there are but two crimes: theft, or wrong done your fellows in deed or thought, and wrong done yourself in any departure from Truth, which is everywhere and always idolatry. This may not be either the adoration of a graven image, or even, as pointed out in the previous paper, the worship of the bodily shape of Jesus. There is another—insidious, specious, but fallacious—form of idol-worship, about which I shall have something to say in a later paper, where it more properly belongs.

You may curse and swear, utter oaths, be profane; that is bad taste. You may put your signature after a jurat rather than insist upon affirming; that is a pardonable offense even in a Quaker. It is a verbal concession to popular custom—nothing more. But to know that black is black, and yet call it white, or any shade of color—that is sin indeed: the sin, if you choose, against the Holy Ghost; the sin of which the Truth itself proclaims: Whosoever denieth me before men, him will I also deny before the Father.

To be cowardly and call it prudence; to be lustful and call it love; to be miserly and call it thrift; to be a spendthrift and call it good-fellowship; to be of a bad temper and call it righteous indignation; to be revengeful and call it a desire for justice; to be bad and call yourself (to the world) good;—this is hypocrisy. But to call yourself good to yourself, and knowingly justify the evil—this is that sin not to be forgiven, either in this world or the next, or in any other world. You have judged yourself; and "with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be

Digitized by Google

judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

To deny the truth as to these things is to take the name of Truth in vain. Yet who is there so wise as not to be foolish before his idols? Who is so reverential, so sincere, so exalted, as not to require some symbol of his heart's highest emotions? Some require the fetish, some the crucifix, and some the mental image. A pious man whom I dearly loved, bred in all the ancient forms of strict orthodoxy, confessed to me that he always prayed to a vast Being—a God seated on a cloudy throne in the form of a man, with a long white beard! These are all infirmities of inheritance. Better the pictured idea, if it gives the true ideal; but better yet none, if that be possible. "Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed." Better the Vedanta philosophy; better Nirvana; better the Zingari's trust in the Great Name and the healing hand; better the wild men's Great Spirit, than no philosophy, no belief, no trust, no hope nor God in the world. But far better than all is that faith, at once subtle and simple, which, needing for itself no objective symbols, is yet in a communion with all souls.

It is possible to say of superstition, with the arch-infidel, Voltaire, "*Ecrassez l'infame,*" and yet to stand in awe of the genuine emotion evoked by the solemn litany of the cathedral and to join the choir invisible before the elevated host. In fact they are foolishness—in effect sublime. The folly is in the idolatry inseparable from the symbol; the sublimity is in the devotion. The one is of the earth earthy, the other "the sublimest strains that reach the Majesty on high." So comes the Truth to the hearts of men—the Truth whose kingdom is not of this world, and that "hath no form nor comeliness."

Why should man be religious? What need is there to bridle the tongue? What reason for being true, honest,

Digitized by Google

kind, faithful, just? The wicked flourish like green bays. The avaricious do not visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction; they often live long lives (contrary to Scripture, more than "half their days"), and dying leave riches they cannot tell who shall gather. Though they have devoured widows' houses, and though, as hypocrites, they have made long prayers, yet Nature seems very complaisant toward them. It frequently happens that they are not plagued as other men. Why not, then, try the chance of an evil life, get all the sensual satisfaction out of this life, and let another care for itself?

If the sole evidence we had of the reality of existence were of the physical senses, then perhaps it might be worth while to take chances. But in this world there is no such thing as chance; and there is no such thing as another world or another life. The life that now is constitutes only a manifestation of the enduring and substantial life; it is the crest of a wave—the ocean flows on forever.

Think right, and you will become right. Thoughts are the ultimate atoms. Deeds are the molecules out of which the elements of character are made. And character is soul.

THE value of the Truth cannot be made to depend on the recommendation or certificate of any person, however great an authority he may be; it is beyond all praise. The reason why men have so much difficulty in seeing the truth is because it is so simple that even a child can behold it; but the minds of the worldly-wise are complicated, and they seek for complexity in the Truth.—*Franz Hartmann, M.D.*

O THOU that pinest in the imprisonment of the Actual, and criest bitterly to the gods of a kingdom wherein to rule and create, know this of a truth: the thing thou seekest is already with thee, "here or nowhere," couldst thou only see!—*"Sartor Resartus."*

Digitized by Google

# WOMAN IN SERIOUS POLITICS.

BY JOHN POWERS.

In considering this important question, the primal object should be to replace our every-day picture of the average feminine aspirant for public notice by a mental conception of a very different type of woman. The world-sun of the nineteenth century has brought to fruition many strange and bewildering human types; but, to my mind, there is no mental phase so full of significance and pathos as the so-called advanced woman, who walks uneasily and nervously across the semi-public stage of political life. She finds herself there inadvertently, as it were; yet she is held and steadied in her place by the sense of a wrong against her sex, to be redressed by persistent effort along such political lines as she can reach and influence. Her methods are mostly rudimentary, though occasionally she evinces a desire to step out on a much higher platform than her brother man—as instanced in temperance agitation—as a political factor. Aside from this and a few other notable exceptions, the standing of the average woman in politics is not what it should be. The reason is not far to seek. A public career holds many unseen perils, and an untrained nature is ill fitted to assume its responsibilities.

Man's example to Woman has not been a reasonable or helpful one. As she follows him, and takes a deeper and deeper interest in political life—with the same superficial preparation in economics, national history, and party politics—she unwittingly places herself in a painful and often ludicrous situation; for the blunders in manner or

Digitized by Google

method that might be overlooked in a man are rarely excused in a woman by the press and the people at large. This attitude of the public has two deep-seated reasons. The first notion—that a woman in politics is an absurd anomaly, to be suppressed by fair or foul means for the good of the race—is widespread. The second is an unexpressed but nevertheless powerful reason against approval of the public career for Woman. It originates in the conviction that Woman is made for higher work, and that she descends from her God-made pedestal when she steps into the arena of modern politics. Is this a true or false view? We think it is the latter; yet conservative men and women have many excellent reasons for holding this attitude toward one of the most sweeping and widespread tendencies of Anglo-Saxon life.

So far we find that untrained and almost illiterate women have too frequently been drawn into the complex demands of political life. These women have suffered keenly and labored nobly, albeit blindly, for the betterment of their sex. In doing this, however, they have often sacrificed the interests of home and family and neglected to avail themselves of the large experience in self-control and fortitude that repeated failures along legislative lines have given them the opportunity of acquiring. But let us see if, with wider avenues and championed by abler representatives, this unsatisfactory position of Woman in politics cannot be changed into a different and highly important factor, not only in the revision of her own public and private destiny under the law, but also in the upbuilding on a stable basis of the still far from free and equal position of her brother man.

The age-long blunder of Man has been the arbitrary disfranchisement of Woman; and the modern condition that confronts him in his own camp is the destructive abuse of the powers of the ballot through greed and igno-

Digitized by Google

rance. Man has, as yet, been unable to cope with either of these great hindrances to the higher development of the race because of his lack of moral courage and wise foresight. He has been blind to his own best interests in both cases, as we shall see.

All fair-minded persons will assent to the proposition that the destinies of man and woman are indissolubly joined. They rest within the known scheme of the universe as practically one unit, or sphere, in space and time, fulfilling a distinct and mighty purpose. If we imagine one-half of this unit striving to debase or lessen in value the other half through a mistaken sense of self-superiority, we can see from the beginning an inevitable loss to both parts: the greater, perhaps, accruing to the so-called stronger half, and the oppressed half learning, through mental and physical suffering, the invaluable lessons of life more rapidly than the self-constituted superior half—thus drawing toward a conscious spirituality with a more certain step than man. In this case the woman would evolve naturally along higher lines of life; and with the speedier evolution in moral courage would come a greater responsibility in righting the man-made mistakes of the world. This she certainly has been striving to do, and with no mean results from her efforts in many avenues of activity.

An unfortunate conception of Woman's mental and physical infirmity, based wholly on lines of sex, has retarded the advance of civilization; and the world to-day seems actually waiting for a well-equipped woman to step forward in the affairs of life and lift the veil that hides truths that many of us are diligently seeking in science, art, literature, religion, and politics. Her place will be conceded without question when she appears before us in the true grandeur of womanhood—wise in counsel, steady of purpose, patient and compassionate for the suffering

Digitized by Google

and ignorance of the world (having herself gone through these phases and risen above them slowly but surely), with a brain well stocked, a pliant and well-controlled memory, and a supreme devotion to the highest duty of a human being, *viz.*, the uplifting of others.

These attributes shall fit Woman for her place in politics, where indeed she is sadly needed—to raise us above the murky atmosphere that now bewilders us into a saner view from the higher feminine outlook. And when, through perfect fitness, she takes this place, she will be in a position to aid her brothers, who feel the brand of economic and political slavery upon their necks and are blindly struggling to free themselves from something of the same kind of bondage that they have inflicted upon Woman. Having suffered and freed herself, she will be able to give the advice of victorious experience. The unit, or sphere, of united man and woman along all the lines of life will have to become manifest in the world before we can unravel the tangled skeins of modern civilization—and find our way, out of the labyrinth that threatens to mislead us, into the equable, God-filled civilization of the future.

LOVE is the foundation of all obedience. Without it morality degenerates into mere casuistry. Love is the foundation of all knowledge. Without it religion degenerates into a chattering about Moses and doctrines and theories—a thing that will never kill nor make alive, that never gave life to a single soul or blessing to a single heart, and never put strength into any hand in the conflict and strife of daily life.—*Alexander Maclaren.*

A MAN may beat down the bitter fruit from an evil tree until he is weary; while the root abides in strength and vigor, the beating down the present fruit will not hinder it from bringing forth more. —*John Owen.*

Digitized by Google

## IS DISEASE HEREDITARY?

BY ELIZA CALVERT HALL.

Not long ago I was talking with an orthodox minister about disease and the alleged influence of heredity. He told me of a friend who developed tuberculosis, though belonging to an apparently healthy family. Being curious to find out the origin of the disease, he searched the family records until, five generations back, he discovered an ancestor who had led a vicious life and reaped the consequences in the shape of a diseased body. The tuberculosis, of course, was a "heritage" from this remote ancestor, and the victim was slowly dying of it.

"Well," I remarked, "if I should find myself the victim of such circumstances, I would assert my will-power and fight the thing off with all my might."

"Ah!" said my orthodox friend, with a solemn shake of his head, "but there is the passage in God's commandment, which we don't read often enough: 'I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me, and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments.'"

Of course, this put an end to the argument. There is no use in wasting words on a man that looks upon any of the Ten Commandments as a death-warrant for the whole race, issued by an omnipotent being who is very jealous, very vindictive, and very partial. That such a being should be worshiped in this nineteenth century only shows that we have not advanced intellectually very far beyond the condition of the South Sea Islanders or the African savages.

Digitized by Google

I have never heard an analysis of the commandment quoted by my friend from any pulpit; and I have frequently asked orthodox persons to explain its inconsistencies, but no one has ever done so. In the first place, the visitation of the iniquity is said to be limited to "the third and fourth generation." After this period the descendants of the iniquitous man should be exempt from punishment, according to the scriptural promise. We know, however, that this is not the case. The man mentioned by my ministerial friend was in the fifth generation from the man whose vices were the alleged cause of his disease. He should not have been afflicted at all, if the word of the Hebrew Jehovah has any value; but we all know that "hereditary" diseases do not stop with the third or fourth generation.

Again, this visitation of the iniquities of the forefathers is said to be limited to the people that "hate" God; and, to make assurance doubly sure, it is added that mercy will be shown to "thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments." Here also the facts of every-day life contradict the statements of the commandment. The law of heredity knows no distinction between good people and bad—between those that hate God and those that love him. "Hereditary" consumption and bronchitis are as frequent among "saints" as among "sinners."

The idea of God, like everything else, is subject to the law of evolution. The barbarous Israelites could formulate no better idea of the Deity than that expressed in the above commandment; and their low, brutal conception still hangs like a dark cloud over the intellectual horizon of this closing century. It is, moreover, one of the most serious obstacles to mental and physical wholeness that we have to deal with.

One's idea of God determines his health and his hold on life. There is no more pathetic sight than that of a

Digitized by Google

man clinging to a slender thread of life—longing and praying to live—yet deep in his soul cherishing the conviction that he is doomed to death by a God who visits "the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation." There he always stops. His reasoning powers are so atrophied from disuse that he does not see that if he is in the fifth or sixth generation, or if he loves God, he has, by the terms of the command, a right to ask exemption from all penalty.

There are thousands of human beings dying because of their belief in this "jealous," revengeful, vindictive God, who had his birth in the imagination of a barbarous people; but the conscience of this age has evolved a nobler conception of the "Great First Cause," and there are life and healing in the thought of a God who is Spirit only, who embraces in his being all that the heart of man could desire, and in whom "we live and move and have our being."

Educated people smile at the superstition of the ignorant peasantry of England and Ireland, who believe in the power of a curse pronounced by a man or a woman; but how much better is the educated Episcopalian or Presbyterian who bows the knee to a God who has anathematized the race, and whose curse works itself out in all manner of disease?

"But what is heredity?" asks some sufferer who is bending under the weight of his ancestors' misdeeds. Merely this—the negative working of a beneficent law. We would think it hard if we did not inherit good from our ancestors; and if we inherit at all, we must inherit everything. Heredity is a mighty stream that carries on its tide shell and pearl, death and life, things beautiful and things ugly, and lays them all at our door. What better way could there be? We might, indeed, have been created perfect; but who would not rather achieve perfection than

Digitized by Google

have it thrust upon him? Who would not rather be the sculptor, achieving perfection of beauty in the statue of marble, than the marble that merely lends itself to the toil and is made perfect through the efforts of another?

If the inheritance from our dead forefathers were fastened on us forever by the mandate of a jealous God, or a vindictive devil—though there is no difference between the two—then heredity would be an evil thing. But the same law that brings the "good" things from our ancestry brings also the "evil;" therefore, "all is good," or may be good, if we so will it. What a thing is to us depends entirely on our mental attitude toward it. If you choose to regard your inherited weaknesses as a burden never to be lifted, you may manufacture an immense amount of misery for yourself, and finally "curse God and die"—a perfectly natural proceeding, under such circumstances. But if you say to your inheritance: "You are only the stuff on which I am to try the sinews of my soul. You can stay with me for a time, that I may gain strength in the struggle to cast you out; and when that mission is accomplished you must go, or rather vanish like the phantasm you are:" how the shadow of evil disappears before such an attitude as this!

Our popular beliefs about heredity are terrible drawbacks to health and happiness. They match in fearfulness the beliefs in endless hell and reprobation that are just beginning to lose their hold on the consciences of miserable men. There are people that never know one happy moment because of the awful menace of this law of heredity, as falsely set forth by preachers and by scientists who know no laws except those of matter. There is insanity in the family, or cancer, or consumption; and the fear of the mad-house, or of a loathsome, lingering death, poisons every joy of life.

And yet *disease cannot be inherited.* You may inherit

Digitized by Google

your grandfather's lands or money or stocks or bonds, but you cannot inherit his gout or his insanity. The former are *things* that may be handed down from one generation to another; but disease is not a thing, and cannot be inherited. The disease you have is your own, and of your own making; what you have inherited is your grandfather's power of mental imagery in the conscious mind, or the results of this imagery in the subconscious mind. You have inherited a mode of thought that manifests itself in bodily disorder, but you can substitute another mode of thought that will result in health. If you have "inherited your grandfather's liver," so to speak, it is more than probable that you have also inherited his pessimism. Go to work to overthrow the pessimism, and the liver will right itself.

No inheritance from ancestry is a thing to be dreaded or deplored, if man will only recognize his inborn power to create by means of thought. This is the message of Mental Science to every sufferer; and by it heredity loses its sting, for its message to humanity is no longer "Suffer, and die," but "Strive, and be free."

THE mind of a human organism can by an effort of the will, properly directed, produce measurable changes in the chemistry of the secretions and excretions, in the vaso-motor blood supply to areas and organs, and in the temperature of selected areas of the body, and so on. All of this goes to prove that the mind has a direct effect upon the functioning of the cells which compose an organ, and that if we can learn how properly to train and use the mind we can produce definite effects upon any physiologic function.—*Professor Elmer Gates.*

THE true, the good, and the excellent are always simple; error is elaborate.—*Goethe.*

Digitized by Google

# EMERSON'S INFLUENCE ON MODERN THOUGHT.

BY JULIA HIRSHORN.

"Know thyself; trust thyself." This is the keynote of all of Emerson's writings. As a skilled musician takes a theme or motif and elaborates it, bringing forth a variety of melody and sound, but always keeping the original idea in mind, so Emerson took this thought as his fundamental principle and built upon it a monument of pure and noble sentiment that remains as a blessed remembrance of the great seer and an invaluable gift to posterity. His own words, "he builded better than he knew," are applicable to himself; and he had the satisfaction, during the latter part of his life, to see the tenor of general thought rise in a marked manner. "The exaltation of national character produced by the civil war," says Morley, "opened new and wider acceptance for a great moral and spiritual teacher; and from the close of the war until his death, Emerson's ascendency within his own sphere of action was complete and the public recognition of him universal."

"Know thyself;" be true to that which is best and highest according to your inner conception; listen to the guiding voice of conscience and analyze the real motive—these are some of the great lessons Emerson teaches. Look into your own being and see what kind of a plot you are expected to till. A farmer does not know what kind of grain can be raised on his soil until he has tested it; neither are we aware of our own ability until we have investigated the material we have to work with. If upon entering your garden you should find a box containing a hoe, a rake, and a spade—tools that you had never seen

Digitized by Google

before—would it not be your first endeavor to find out what those implements were good for? Then why can we not do so in the more serious affairs of life? Why do we continually strive to produce conformity instead of developing individuality? Why not make a fresh path instead of following the old highway of tradition, and seek by individual effort to find a new solution to the time-worn problem of how to live the most useful and happy life?

Emerson did not follow a certain school of philosophy, nor was any man his teacher. As the bee, passing from flower to flower, culls the essence of sweetness from daffodil and daisy alike, so Emerson mastered the great minds antecedent to and coëxistent with him, absorbing the best that each could give. He continually reiterates the fact that Mind is supreme, absolute, eternal; the basis of all being; God inherent in man. He was a pure idealist, faithful to his thought, and having supreme confidence in spiritual laws.

The elevated thoughts that occur to ordinary persons in moments of exaltation, and the exceptional deeds of bravery or courage produced by sudden inspiration, were Emerson's normal status. As an aeronaut, swinging in his little car, sees only the beauty in the *unity* of the world below, so Emerson, wrapped in his mantle of lofty thought, overlooked the petty cares and vain strivings of the average mind and presaged the ultimate destiny of man—the greatness to be finally attained by humanity through the regeneration of the individual. He taught that all improvement is natural growth, and by his clear vision and unerring judgment directed many weary travelers toward the right goal, helping them to overleap the mental boulders that had to be surmounted ere they could follow the direct path of true belief. He insisted with truth that our thought-pictures constitute our happiness and our misery; that all true happiness

Digitized by Google

comes from within. He therefore counseled his readers to think rightly.

As the individual mind can be swayed by the exertion of will, so in time may all be influenced. It is merely a matter of extending power in the right direction. By recognizing the dynamic energy of good in preference to the apparent force of evil, the former can be made to overrule the latter. It is a case of survival of the strongest as well as of the fittest. The true basis of regeneration is to make man conscious of the fact that health, which is right living, and happiness, which is right thinking, are due to the internal state and can be governed by will. Character is the achievement of personal will—the ego that rules the passions and makes them subservient to the perceptive laws of duty.

Emerson teaches us to judge life by its depth, rather than by its duration. As physiologists claim that the body undergoes an entire change every few years, thus dividing human life into specific epochs, so we may divide our spiritual life—a new era beginning with each successive advance on the plane of spiritual thought. Our main trouble lies in the fact that man is too prone to magnify the success of his fellow-men; he is too quick to underestimate his own ability and thus lose courage. If we consider what a long, slow process Nature has undergone before producing a simple little blade of grass, an acorn, or an apple-blossom, we shall realize that real progress can come only through slow, steady development, and that slow growth, apparent failure, and renewed energy and courage will surely aid toward ultimate success. Another vital difficulty lies in the fact that we fancy we can improve upon the ways of a Power great enough to have made this universe. Emerson said: "Stand aside, and let God think"—the divinity within, which is continually striving for the ascendency and

Digitized by Google

which man ordinarily terms Love, Goodness, Truth, Honor, Beauty, etc.

This is an age of cynicism and uncertainty—consequently an age of inquiry. Science has shaken many of our fundamental beliefs and thrown us into this Era of Doubt. Electricity is a new though welcome guest, which by one step has overthrown the old theories, though we have not yet probed the full measure of her strength. Religion has, in a great measure, cast off its old mantle of theology; the word of the Scripture, symbolical in its significance, has long been misinterpreted, and men have been taught to think of a severe, revengeful God rather than of a loving Father. The descendant of eight generations of clergymen had the courage publicly to disavow his belief in some of the rites of the Church, and taught: "He that helps man, helps man; he that tells the truth helps mankind." Thus Emerson looked with less faith upon the past and with more hope upon the future.

The old traditions are fast losing ground; newer and broader meanings are being attached to the text of the Bible. In all quarters of the world man is beginning to realize that he is more than a human being. From every enlightened pulpit brave men are teaching that Love, Hope, and Faith are the divine Trinity that should rule the world, and that "the real religion of the day is reverence of character."

May we trust the words of the prophet? Present indications show that the seed planted by Emerson, in spite of the ridicule and abuse it met with at first by many of his contemporaries, has fallen on fecund soil. Although its growth is slow, yet it brings a steadily increasing crop under the title of *New Thought*, and the stumbling-blocks of the past are fast becoming the stepping-stones of the future.

Digitized by Google

# A DAUGHTER OF LOVE.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

## *CHAPTER X.*

### LOVE.

When I got back to my rooms, I found Holinder lying on the sofa smoking a cigarette. "Did you arrange the business with the newspaper?" I asked him.

"No; there's something wrong with me, I guess," said he.

"The brandy-and-soda is in the left-hand cupboard," I replied.

"I'm going to quit drinking; I'll quit smoking too," he added, tossing his cigarette-stump into the fireplace. "I don't understand myself."

I took off my hat and overcoat and sat down. "Dyspepsia, maybe?"

He looked at me gloomily, and with a certain anxiety. "Something's wrong with my mind, I believe," said he. "Of course, I know I've been off my head, or something, for years past. I was looking over the old files of the paper to-day, and found things there about myself, apparently, that were all Greek to me. It's one of those cases of altered personality that one sees every now and then, I suppose. But it isn't that that troubles me. There's no one in this room besides ourselves, is there?"

"No snakes, or green elephants, if that's what you mean," I returned, smiling.

"I've not been drinking; I'm sober, and serious too," said he, sitting up on the sofa. He was pale, and his eyes

Digitized by Google

were fixed on me with a painful intentness. "My health is all right, and in other respects my mind seems to work naturally; but two persons are following me about—sometimes one alone, sometimes the two together. I know they are not real; but they're not mere visions, either. They see me, and they come to see me—to tell me something, maybe."

"You need a good sleep, my dear fellow," said I. "It's just an ordinary hallucination, such as you must expect after what you've been through. What sort of persons are they?"

"A man and a woman—a girl; the most beautiful creature in the world. She's dark—Oriental. We have known each other somewhere; but I can't remember how or where. There's some kind of obstacle between us. If I could only get over that, it would be all right. Or if she could only speak, and tell me what it is."

Of course, this interested me. "Is there anything particular in her appearance?" I asked, after a pause.

"She has a ring on her left hand"—and he described the peculiar ring that I had often seen on Tania's finger.

"And what about the man?" I continued.

"I don't see him so clearly; but I have thought that he resembles me, only he looks much more of a fellow than I ever was; and he is dressed in some queer Eastern style—armor, a cuirass, and gold ornaments, somewhat in the antique Roman style."

I had been expecting to hear a description of Carmagno; but this startled me. I had carefully avoided saying anything to Holinder about his former condition, and the circumstances and persons that accompanied it. But here he was, haunted by a vision of Tania, and of himself—with a difference. If he had seen Tania and Carmagno, it might have been explained merely as a survival of an impression produced on his physical sight, in his former

Digitized by Google

state, which his present mind could not recall; but there could have been no such impression upon his retina of the vanished Holinder—in that Roman garb, too! It must have been objective, not subjective—have come from without, not from within; the spirit that had recently been incarnate in himself, appearing to him, with Tania—for what purpose? Moreover, when I came to reflect upon it, was it not strange that this apparition should have resembled himself? The fact that it had temporarily inhabited his body had not seemed to me to involve its resembling that body. But if it *did* resemble it, then might there not be a deeper bond between the two than we had heretofore imagined? Was this commonplace Holinder that I had known merely a receptacle, which fulfilled the purpose for which it was made only when it received the soul that Tania gave it? Had it, up to that time, had but an animal or vegetative life? In that case, the normal Holinder was not the first, but the second one; and the change that had recently come to him, instead of being a return to the normal, was a reversion to the preparatory state. And I was roused by the reflection that this reversion might be only temporary. It had been brought about by what might be regarded as an accident; was it not conceivable that the effects of that accident might wear away, or be overcome?

However, I did not wish to encourage Holinder's imagination. "The impression will probably wear off in a day or two," I said. "Wasn't it more vivid at first than it has been since?"

"Rather the other way, I should say. They want me to do something; and until I do it, they will be with me. But I don't know what it is. Heaven knows, I'd do anything for that girl! I don't say I'm in love with her, for I'm not fit to be that; but I worship her; and if I were like that fellow that's with her, perhaps I might have a chance. I

Digitized by Google

wish I hadn't lived such a beastly, useless life all these years. Then I might have been of some good now."

"How do you know they want you to do something?"

"She beckons to me; but when I go toward her, she moves away."

"Well, why don't you follow her?"

"She wouldn't move away if she didn't wish me to keep my distance, would she?"

"What should she do but move away, if she wanted you to follow her? For aught you know, she may be the apparition of a real person, who wants you to help her. Of course, it's probably all hallucination; but it might be worth while to make the experiment, and you could stop whenever you chose."

"By Jove!" exclaimed he, jumping to his feet, his cheeks flushing, "I'd follow her to the bottom of the sea, or into the crater of Mauna Loa, if I thought she wanted me for anything! I'd die for her so quick it would make your head swim!"

"Dying for a woman is seldom done nowadays," I replied. "If they don't care for you, it isn't worth while; and if they do, they prefer you alive. It probably won't come to that. When did you last see the apparition?"

"Just before you came in. When I heard your key in the door I looked away, and when I looked back they were gone. But . . . Why, look there!"

I looked at Holinder, and then in the direction he was pointing. All I could see was the portiere before the door, which seemed to wave slightly. The portiere was a bit of old tapestry that I had picked up in France a few years before, and it had on it the representation of a couple of figures, greatly faded: a woman and a man, in the queer pseudo-classical garments that one sees in old tapestries and nowhere else. But so strong is the force of suggestion that it did seem to me, for a moment or two, as if these

Digitized by Google

figures were free from the woven fabric, and were assuming the semblance of persons I had known. The room was rather dusky, for it was already late in the afternoon. Be that as it may, I cannot deny that I had fancied, or thought I fancied, that the girl had beckoned, and that as she did so I had caught the gleam of a ring on her left hand. The next moment, there was the tapestry, as before.

But it was evident that Holinder's vision was not thus restricted; and I was struck by the reflection that whereas the other Holinder had, by his own account, ordinarily been unable to discern these shadows of realities, or of the ideas of the mind, this commonplace Holinder could discern them. The commonplace may have some faculties that are lacking in the unusual: perhaps the unusual ought to be based upon a commonplace foundation, in order to get the best results.

"I'll go," muttered Holinder, half aloud, with his gaze fixed on what appeared to me to be vacancy; "if you want me, I'll go!"

He stepped forward as he spoke, somewhat uncertainly, but in the direction of the door. Realizing that he might be led outdoors, I looked about for his hat and coat, but could only find the former, which I caught up and gave to him—he taking it mechanically. I hurriedly put on my own, as he passed through the doorway, and followed him. Events ape themselves. The other Holinder and I had pursued a phantom a few nights before; and now, here were Holinder and I pursuing—what? That was more than I could say; but it was my business to see that my poor friend did not get himself into mischief. As the cold air struck my face, my sympathetic persuasion was dissipated, and I said to myself that I was chasing a crazy man. Chasing phantoms—chasing crazy people; well, do not many of us do that a great part of our lives?

Digitized by Google

"Do you know where you are going?" I asked Holinder, as I came up with him on the sidewalk. Our pace was an ordinary one. He did not turn his face as he spoke to me, but looked straight ahead. "You were right," he said; "she wanted me to follow. She will lead us to the place; it will not be far."

"Is the man with her?" asked I.

"Yes—no; he's right here beside me. Can't you see him? He's so close that I feel him almost as much as see him. Oh, I'm glad I came! I feel twice the man I ever did before. I wish I'd seen her years ago!"

I glanced at him as he said it, and it seemed to me—though it may have been imagination—that he looked twice the man he had been ten minutes before. There was an inspiration in his face—a purpose and a power that were strange to the commonplace Holinder. It was more like the greater Holinder who had vanished.

It was a clear, cold evening, and as we passed the corners of the westward streets I saw the red glow of sunset low down on the horizon, like fire. The shops were brightly lighted; people passed and repassed us rapidly, their breath showing like little puffs of white mist in the intense cold. There was a rumbling of street-cars and all the vague, indeterminate roar of the city. Then suddenly I heard the sharp tones of a bell rapidly ringing, and a sharper roar accompanying it, and above all the fierce, measured outcry of "Fire! Fire!" and there was a thundering of galloping hoofs, and vehicles drawing suddenly to the sides of the street, and the running of the gathering crowd in one direction, coming up from the side streets and merging together and pressing onward—all pressing forward the way that we were going. A fire in New York: what could be more ordinary? And yet how interested people always are in it! "Let us get out of the rush," I suggested to my companion.

Digitized by Google

He paid no attention to me; and I saw that he was eagerly intent upon the goal of the movement, which was apparently just around the next corner. At that moment a hose-wagon passed us at a gallop, and one of the firemen, hanging on at the side, was thrown off by a swing of the vehicle and fell heavily to the pavement, his fire-helmet rolling from him as he struck. Before I could restrain him, Holinder had snatched up the helmet, put it on his own head, and leaped into the fallen fireman's place; and the wagon thundered on and swept with him round the corner. I tried to follow it, but the police had already formed a cordon, and in a few minutes a rope had been stretched across the entrance of the street and the crowd was held back. But I was in the front line, jammed against the rope; and looking down the street I saw that the house that was burning was that of my own friends, the Cathcarts.

I happened to remember that my card-case was in my pocket, with my cards as a newspaper correspondent in it. I got it out and touched the big policeman before me on the shoulder; he half turned, with a surly "Now keep back there, will you?"

"I'm a press-reporter," said I; "here's my card; let me through."

He glanced at the bit of pasteboard. "Oh, you're all right," he said; "get under here!" and he lifted the rope and I passed in.

The fire had apparently begun on the lower floor of the house, but had already eaten its way upward on the right and was burning fiercely. It must have been about half-past six, and I knew that the Cathcarts would be dressing for dinner at that time. The bedrooms were on the third floor, so that if, as was likely, the staircase was on fire, their escape would be cut off. My heart sank as I thought of it, and in my anxiety for them I gave no thought

Digitized by Google

to all poor Cathcart's invaluable paintings and sketches, which would burn like tinder and could never be replaced. Cathcart would not be saved without his wife; and I shuddered to think of what might happen.

In this hurry of emotion I had not thought of Holinder. But there were two or three ladders up against the house, and I now saw a man spring upon one of them and begin to mount lightly upward. He had a coil of rope on his arm. As he turned to shout some direction to those below, I recognized Holinder. Embers from above were falling on his helmet. "He ain't one of our fellows," said a fireman near me, "but he's got sand!" "There's a woman up there, but he'll never get her," said another. "It's the hottest blaze I've struck this year."

The water froze on the muzzles of the hose, and the rounds of the ladders were slippery with ice. The streams of water were insufficient. Smoke poured from the windows, mixed with flame. I thought I saw a man's head and shoulders appear for a moment at the window above, on the sill of which Holinder's ladder rested. He waved his arms and vanished again. It must have been Cathcart. I never expected to see him again: within there was certain death. But Holinder had reached the window; I saw him hang the rope over the pole of the ladder, and then he swung himself across the sill and was swallowed up in that hell of smoky flame. I gave a groan.

"He's a brave fellow; and bravery sometimes regenerates a man," said a voice near me. I turned, but only saw a tall figure moving away. Not until he was lost in the throng did I remember that the voice was Carmagno's.

A stream of water was turned upon the burning woodwork of the window. It hissed and sputtered and blackened, but the deadly glow within was not abated. Suddenly, against the glow loomed black a staggering shape—a man, carrying another, who was insensible.

Digitized by Google

Instantly two firemen had leaped upon the ladder, while half a dozen more ranged themselves with a netting below. The man above seemed to rest his burden against the sill, and then vanished once more. Meanwhile the hose was so directed that, while the stream did not strike the figure directly, a small cataract was deflected upon him and kept him comparatively safe. Just then there was a dull, prolonged crash from inside the house, and a terrible leaping upward of flame. The roof had fallen in, carrying the floors with it. All was over!

The firemen had managed to seize the insensible figure, which I knew to be Cathcart, and had lifted it out on to the ladder. One had him by the upper part of the body, the other by the legs; and thus they were bringing him down. But, just as they passed the second story, the ladder slipped sideways, and down came the three in a bunch. The men with the netting shifted their position in time to break the fall of Cathcart and of the lower of the two firemen; the other came heavily to the ground, and lay with a fractured leg. But what of Holinder and Mrs. Cathcart?

I confess that it was a matter of comparative indifference to me, at the moment, whether my old friend Cathcart would revive or not, or even whether he were alive or dead. I took no step toward him, but remained where I was, staring into that empty window, with its red background of roaring death. Was there life, as well as death, beyond there? I have certainly never felt greater anguish than I did during those few moments. The firemen had given up hope; their experience told them that the falling of the roof must have carried everything and every one with it.

Yet they were mistaken; and the sudden bursting out of a great roar of cheers and shouts accompanied the appearance of Holinder, with Mrs. Cathcart in his arms.

Digitized by Google

He had rolled her up in the voluminous folds of a curtain of embroidered silk, heavily lined, which was saturated with water. Perceiving that the ladder was gone, and disregarding the frenzied cries from below to let her drop into the netting, he coolly took his knife from his pocket and cut several holes through the two edges of the curtain, through which he passed an end of the rope, thus inclosing the woman in a sort of sack, open at both ends. Rapidly running the rope through the holes, he brought its two extremities together, grasped them firmly, and with a prodigious exertion of strength lifted the heavy burden over the sill, when he began to lower it steadily earthward, bracing himself back against the inner woodwork. The crowd stood watching him, almost in utter silence. It did not seem possible that human nerves and sinews could endure the strain. But human powers are sometimes superhuman. Down came the swaying burden, which at last landed in the net as gently as a mother lays her baby in the cradle. With what a tumult of joy the feat was greeted!

Now, if Holinder could make fast the rope above, he need only slide down it and he too would be safe. But while he was apparently looking for something to fasten it to, a shout went up, "Stand from under—the wall's falling!" With unspeakable horror I saw the whole front of the building waver and totter. The crowd scattered right and left, but I could not stir; I could think of nothing but Holinder. The wall fell inward. At the same instant it seemed to me that Holinder sprang on the window-sill and then leaped forward and outward into the air. Was it suicide? No! He caught the shaft of the telegraph pole opposite the window and quite twelve feet from it, and slipped unharmed to the ground.

*(To be continued.)*

Digitized by Google

# EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

## NATIONAL EXPANSION.

IN war, as in peace, it is usually the unexpected that happens. At the inception of the Spanish-American conflict, but few minds were able to foresee that among the early developments of the struggle would be the agitation of a policy of conquest on the part of the United States. Yet in high political circles this idea has already supplanted the humane and unselfish purpose that was originally and officially declared to be the sole basis of our operations.

The promoters of this new program offer the most seductive and ingenious excuses for their advocacy of an American colonial system, illustrating anew the principle that appetites grow with what they are fed upon. It is held that the acquisition of territory, even when not contiguous, always means the annexing of an additional source of wealth and power. Moreover, it is urged that, in view of the alleged inability of Spain to reimburse us for the cost of the war, we shall be in duty bound to "retain" Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines in lieu of other indemnity. And it is even insisted in some quarters that this would be for us the most satisfactory and profitable outcome of the concluding negotiations. In support of this position it is asserted that our growing population and commerce are in need of new "outlets"; that our present domain is inadequate and needs expanding; that the time has come for the United States to *assert* her supremacy by participating more directly in the affairs of the world; and that the blessings of liberty to which our republic is "dedicated" can only be conferred on other peoples through our own authoritative initiation.

Digitized by Google

MIND does not approve of the worship of tradition. It is our belief that the past has no claims on the present or the future, beyond the lessons taught by experience. We hold that precedents should guide only where conditions are similar. Yet it is our firm conviction that the time has not yet arrived when the United States should abandon the Monroe doctrine and reverse its historic policy of non-entanglement with other nations or races. Such a proposition will not be in order until even-handed justice and equal opportunities shall be dealt out uniformly to the people of our own land.

The spirit of conquest has its rise in the mania for *possession*, which is the incentive to monopoly. And monopoly is simply licensed greed. Its forms are multifarious and constantly increasing; but without exception they have a common root in the ancient and fundamental monopoly of the *soil*—that natural element which is as necessary to human existence as the very air we breathe. The effects of this economic error in the relations of individuals and the government of communities—the treating of land as private property—are seen with striking suggestiveness in this new, free, and progressive country. Here we have a system of land tenure that within the present century has produced several thousand millionaires and about four million tramps—a vast army, composed of the idle poor on the one hand and the indolent rich on the other. This spectacle is coincident with our possession of millions of untilled acres, including hundreds of square miles of virgin forest, abundant mineral deposits, and cultivable soil—held out of use by its fortunate owners until the industry and necessities of other people shall impart to it a rise in value.

Under a system that recognized the just and equal right of all men to the use of the land of their own country—that treated the soil as it regards the other three elements of Nature's bounty: the water, the air, and the sunlight—these United States could support in prosperity and happiness ten times their present population; and

Digitized by Google

there would be no need of "territorial expansion" for hundreds of years. With the clear vision of a seer, this fact was recognized and the remedial system presented in terms of the most convincing logic by a man whose bronze bust was recently unveiled in Greenwood Cemetery in the presence of two thousand people—Henry George. This friend of humanity proposed a scheme of taxation that must eventually be adopted if the progress of society is to continue with advancing intelligence. Under its operation the cry of "room to expand" would sound absurd, and the hordes of the involuntary poor would disappear because legalized greed would no longer stand in the way of natural law.

When civilized beings are *forced to struggle* for a mere mortal existence, appeals to their spiritual nature are either unheard or are treated with the pathetic indifference of despair. "Slavery to matter," therefore, is less a degradation of the higher self than a necessity of human life as at present governed. Not poverty, but the *fear* of poverty, is the bane of our civilization. Out of this mental condition arise avarice, selfishness, political corruption, many diseases, and almost the whole calendar of crime.

To acquire and defend outlying territory involves our embarking on a military career—and a military democracy is a solecism. Such a policy is fraught with danger even to a despotism or a monarchy. The decay of the Roman empire was coeval with the extension of its domain. As there is a limit to the length to which an ocean steamship can be built to ride the waves in safety, just so there are boundaries beyond which a republic cannot extend its area and remain a unit. The national integrity of *our* Union is due in a great measure to its transversal railroad and telegraph lines.

The acquisition of foreign territory is one thing: the annexing of alien races is quite another. The policy proposed by our imperialist advisers would bring us face to face with problems of a kind of which we have quite enough already. What with a large percentage of semi-barbarous immigration and an African element of eight

Digitized by Google

million native *citizens*, we have assuredly sufficient "civilizing" on hand at present to occupy the attention of our best statesmanship for many generations. Civilization, like charity, should begin at home.

As no amount of material indemnity can adequately repair the loss of the several hundred lives of American soldiers that have been sacrificed in our aggressions toward Spain, were it not better, for the sake of our reputation for consistency and fair dealing, to adhere to the terms of our Government's original declaration? When the loss of the "Maine" and our cash expenditures shall have been compensated for—as they must be, under the rules of "civilized warfare"—should we not be content with the granting of political freedom to the Cubans by our elimination of the last vestige of Spanish sovereignty from this hemisphere?

## EVOLUTION NECESSITATES REINCARNATION.

Now that we know the evolution of the body, it is time that we learned the evolution of the soul. The biologist shows that each of us, physically, before birth runs through all the phases of animal life—polyp, fish, reptile, dog, ape, and man—as a brief synopsis of how the ages have prepared our tenements. The preponderance of special animal traits in us is due, he says, to the emphasis of those particular stages of our physical growth. So in infancy does the soul move through an unconscious series of existences, recapitulating its long line of descent, until it is fastened in maturity. And why is it not true that our soul-traits are the relics of former activities? Evolution proves that the physical part of man is the product of a long series of changes, in which each stage is both the effect of past influences and the cause of succeeding issues. Does not the immaterial part of man require a development equally vast? The fact of an intellectual and moral evolution proceeding hand-in-hand with the physical can only be explained under the economy of Nature by a series of reincarnations.—*E. D. Walker.*

Digitized by Google

## REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

VIBRATION THE LAW OF LIFE. By W. H. Williams. 176 pp. Cloth, $1.25. The Temple Publishing Company, Denver, Colo.

During recent years a good deal of misinformation has been spread broadcast concerning the vibratory forces of the universe. The literature of the subject is very confusing, though not abundant. Glimmerings of the truth that vibration is the real secret of the law of growth and of existence itself, however, have been had in various quarters of the West, while to Eastern occultists the subject has been for centuries a matter of the profoundest scientific study. But the lack of practical value and lucidity that we find in the results of Oriental researches in this realm has been admirably supplied by Mr. Williams in the present volume. "A system of vital gymnastics, with practical exercises in harmonic breathing and movement" inadequately describes its contents, in which is included an immense variety of information and instruction of vital importance to all who would conform to Nature's laws and thus secure life's choicest blessings. It is a most excellent and timely work, for which the author is entitled to the gratitude especially of practitioners of the healing art.

THE KING'S DAUGHTER AND THE KING'S SON. By Agatha Archer. 279 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Fowler & Wells Company, publishers, New York.

Although this story is offered as "a fairy tale of to-day," yet it is practical to the extreme of idealism—the characters being intensely human and the incidents worldly in the best possible sense. The author is a member of the "King's Daughters," and she appeals directly to women, though *any* friend of humanity, regardless of age or sex, may read her narrative with profit. It really describes the growth of a soul—healthy, wholesome, natural—into spiritual self-consciousness. While the work is profoundly reverent, even from an orthodox Christian standpoint, yet the author's conclusions and reasoning processes are thoroughly in line with the advanced scientific methods and purposes of the New Thought. The volume affords a good illustration of the rapidity with which the present metaphysical movement is affecting thinking minds in all classes of society.

Digitized by Google

HEILBROUN. By Fanny M. Harley. 133 pp. Leatherette, 50 cents. F. M. Harley Publishing Company, Chicago.

The sub-title of this book is "Drops from the Fountain of Health," which aptly describes its twenty-five fascinating chapters. The author is the well-known editor of *Universal Truth*, in which much of the material has already appeared, though it has lost none of its freshness by that preliminary publication. The work is virtually an epitome of the New Thought philosophy and practise, especially as applied to healing. Its keynote is the superior need, utility, and value of *self*-treatments in the attaining of health and happiness. The volume is a fitting supplement to the author's earlier works along similar lines, and should be read by all who would keep abreast of the times. The subject-matter is plainly presented, in both thought and expression, and commends itself to readers of the most diverse shades of conviction. "Heilbroun" deserves a wide circulation.

## *OTHER NEW PUBLICATIONS.*

PRACTICAL GUIDE to the Investigation of Spiritualism, Healing, and the Occult Sciences. By Professor George W. Walrond. 32 pp. Paper, 15 cents. Published by the author, Denver, Colo.

PENTECOST. The Opening of a New School of Inspiration and Brotherhood of the Christ Life. By Dr. John Hamlin Dewey. 29 pp. Paper, 10 cents. J. H. Dewey Publishing Co., New York.

WISDOM AND FOLLY. A Treatise on the Problem of Life and the Laws of Compensation. By John T. Dow. 56 pp. Paper, 20 cents. Published by the author, Duluth, Minn.

THE VOICE IN THE SILENCE. By Sarah Wilder Pratt. 92 pp. Leather and gold, 75 cents. F. M. Harley Publishing Co., Chicago.

THE ROAD TO PROSPERITY. By T. W. Wood. 78 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Charles H. Kerr & Co., publishers, Chicago.

VOX POPULI *VS.* VOX DEI. By Joseph D. Payne. 126 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Published by the author, Marietta, O.

Digitized by Google

# MIND.

Vol. II. SEPTEMBER, 1898. No. 6.

## WHAT OF THE FUTURE LIFE?

BY C. G. OYSTON.

Man's intuitional feelings are an earnest and a prophecy of the future. Experience acquired by the soul is ever retained. Science has shown that no particle of matter can be destroyed; therefore spirit-substance, which is superior thereto, cannot possibly be absolutely lost. Spiritual impressions and convictions are indelibly stamped upon the tablets of the soul, and constitute part and parcel of its individuality. Why is it that a large majority of the human race firmly believe in a conscious existence after death, without the requisite scientific evidence for that conviction? It may be urged that this belief is not a conviction, but a galvanized condition of slavish fear born of priestly cupidity, intolerance, and despotism; but this objection is not valid, because they who have outgrown the fear retain the conviction. Moreover, no soul can conceive of ultimate annihilation, for such is an impossibility. Even the barbaric tribes of the Soudan are utterly devoid of fear of future unpleasant contingencies. They court death as a means to convey them to the desired haven of joy.

Man being an eternally progressive entity, past and future, is not the conviction referred to the result of former experiences? Is it not because the soul, laden with

Digitized by Google

the accumulated treasures of spiritual thought obtained prior to its present contact with matter, retains its impressions, which persist through all changes, and because intuitional assurance is voiced in positive intimations from within? The "trailing clouds of glory" that we bring may become condensed in tears of adversity and sorrow; but esoteric memory is perpetuated, and we *feel* what we have *known*.

The sweet dew-drops of divine sympathy that descended into our thirsting hearts in the morning of life here on earth fructify the memory with loving thoughts that are a perpetual benediction. Though we may leave our native land and spend decades in a foreign clime, remembrance clings round those early associations, and we are ever present: for time and space are to the soul unknown. We anticipate a reunion at some future period, and the fond expectation is as a gleam of sunlight through a storm. We do not realize that conditions may have changed, in obedience to the law of progress. We live in that past, and it has become a part of our very being. Truly, "we live in heart-beats, not figures on a dial."

Human immortality has been scientifically demonstrated through the instrumentality of objective phenomena at the spiritual seance; therefore, it will be unnecessary to elaborate on that theme. But, assuming this absolute assurance, let us proceed to ascertain the nature and condition of that future life.

To do justice to our subject, we must reason from analogy, as we are dealing with unseen conditions. The invisible forces of Nature surrounding us are the most potent, and of course in their essential elements are purely spiritual; consequently, we may reasonably hope to find analogous surroundings when we pass to that more ethereal realm. Our earth, being solidified or crystallized spirit, is therefore a model of the spiritual world proper,

Digitized by Google

and we may augur of the future from the present. Science maintains that this material globe could be rendered gaseous by the application of sufficient heat; therefore, it is logical to assume that primarily a gaseous condition obtained, and that, previous to its becoming objective, the earth was invisible, *i.e.*, spiritual; for what is fire but atoms in motion?

All that we see around us is in reality a spiritual manifestation—the visible effect of an invisible cause. What is it that keeps this world of ours suspended in space? What is it that by natural selection unites atom to atom, and makes physical existence possible to man? We are gravely informed that it is by virtue of the law of gravitation. And what is that? Is law intelligent? Or is it the means whereby Intelligence manifests itself? When a machine is put in motion it acts in obedience to the power that gave it propulsion. Unless intelligence control the mechanism, destruction is inevitable. Intelligence is a property of spirit; therefore, intelligence is the controlling power of the planet.

Clairvoyance has revealed that, surrounding this physical orb and impinging upon and associated with its atmosphere, is a substance, invisible to the material eye, but a most potent factor in the economy of the universe. This fluid, aura, or ether, is the medium of communication between the visible and invisible worlds. It is too ethereal to be absolutely material, and not sufficiently refined to be purely spiritual. This means of association between the two realms renders it possible for life to exist upon this sphere of physical operation. The interblending of light with this magnetic envelope promotes a perpetuation of human life and activity on this grosser plane of being. The more attenuated and ethereal this substance becomes, the nearer it approaches spirit proper. Upon this atmosphere of ether our thoughts ascend, and of

Digitized by Google

course seek association with the spiritual home that we left, primarily, to measure our strength with matter. Our future surroundings, therefore, will exactly correspond to the quality of thought evolved while on earth—in accordance with our particular phase of spiritual unfoldment.

Thus, basing our reasoning upon analogous representation and spiritual inspiration, let us examine the universe in miniature; *viz.*, the human form. The material body is a segregation of atoms held in suspension by the spiritual being for the purpose of supplying experience that cannot be obtained elsewhere. Now, what moves this physical form? You may have an unlimited amount of bone, or muscle, or ether, but no motion or life can possibly be displayed through such agencies alone. It is the thinker that wills; the will expands the ether; the ether operates upon the nerve, the nerve the muscle, and the muscle the bone—and activity is manifested. The ether interpenetrating the atmosphere of the earth also suffuses the human nerves, which of course contain no blood. Intelligence thinks, and all the powers of the earthly form obey its mandates. By the process of breathing and the combustion of food, the ether is distilled from the blood, enters the nerves, forms a connecting link between mind and matter, and, by continually surrounding the body with the surplus substance, man becomes related to the metaphysical realm; and thus communion and inter-spiritual relationship are rendered possible. The spiritual being proper (in a higher realm of unfoldment) can thus transfuse, infuse, and suffuse the magnetic emanations from the earthly incarnated spirit, make his or her presence felt (although invisible to the material eye), and of course communicate sympathy, love, and impressions.

The embodiment of the thought of each person in material life is an infallible criterion of unfoldment spir-

Digitized by Google

itually. The nebulous, cerebrated conception of the artist is presented to his fellows as an objective evidence of his spiritual perception and refinement. The architect displays his "frozen music," which is a faithful index of his appreciation of the beautiful. The musician, in harmonizing vibrations of sound, indicates his true relationship to the divine sphere of harmony. The poet blends soul to soul, with Nature, and not only establishes a reciprocal love between himself and his surroundings, but he elicits a sweeter appreciation of external beauty from his fellow-beings. This aggregation of refining influences has its corresponding effect upon Nature herself, and she thus voices the true condition of man's spiritual unfoldment.

The essence of human thought continually ascending on the magnetic and spiritual atmosphere also saturates the ether, and necessarily becomes absorbed by the vegetable and animal worlds. Thus external conditions reflect the true state of advancement of the race. Vegetable and animal life are co-partners with man in eternal progression. The moods of Nature are responses to impulses from the human soul. Man sighs and Nature sighs, reciprocal in sympathy. As humanity on earth becomes more refined and spiritual, so Nature adorned as a bride for her husband becomes more beautiful and ethereal, and external life recognizes the divine kinship of the soul of man.

To enlarge upon this theme (which can only be suggestive, not elaborate), and carry these ideas to their logical conclusion, the reader is requested to accompany the writer in thought into the spiritual world proper. Through the avenues of spiritual inspiration we are assured that every external condition there manifested is an embodiment of thought. Divest that world of its human inhabitants, and the world itself would cease to exist. The phases of spiritual unfoldment vary in degree

Digitized by Google

from absolute darkness to a brilliancy dazzling to the most powerful spiritual eye. The spirit that has enshrouded his aspirational impulses in groveling pursuits and selfish aims may be wandering to and fro among dreary deserts, quagmires, and marshes, with no evidence of relief to his weary being. Every object suggests and reflects back reminiscences that, like fiery coals, burn the altar of the spiritual consciousness, and will continue to burn in their horrible malignity until purification be accomplished. He has ample leisure to review his past, and every incident of material life finds its correspondence in hideous representations of thought-forms embodied.

The millionaire, who while on earth may have adorned his home with the choicest expressions of artistic genius in order to assume a degree of spiritual perception and superiority over his fellows, will find that all this reflected spirituality is but borrowed plumes. The refinement of others will be of no avail to him in the spiritual realm.

Every soul will stamp its individuality upon the external, and each thought will find its symbolization exact and true. However, there are human beings in that higher world so eliminated from all grosser associations that their homes are indeed ideal bowers of beauty, made ever more lovely by their occupants' perceptions and desires. Sweeter flowers than ever bloomed on earth spring into objective being, obedient to the gentle demand of these august souls, whose thoughts blend in sweet accord like the first smiles of love. There are rivers pulsating with spiritual life; mountains bedecked with inexpressible and indescribable hues; forests constituting orchestras of divinest music—while the atmosphere is everywhere vibrant with inspiration and joy. There each embodiment of supernal love and beauty, responsive to the suggestions of the spirit, breathes strength, animation, and inspiration. One vast panorama of ever-changing

Digitized by Google

glories renders monotony and insipidity impossible, and intellectual and spiritual activity makes existence a divine benediction. Thus, ever unfolding the potentialities of soul-individuality, our human brethren, summering on the towering heights of eternal progression, beckon to the dust-clad pilgrims on a lower plane of being and point onward to heights beyond, where God-attributes may be unfolded that are superior by far to our present highest conception of the divine Creator.

## RISE AND PROGRESS OF A SOUL.

BY BOLTON HALL.

There was a man that cried that life was hard, and that all went ill with him. Therefore he snarled at men, and wailed that all the world was bad.

God said to him: "Your hell is in your heart."

The man cried out: "Though I do righteously, yet the wicked beat me down." Therefore his hand was against every man. He sighed that not a God, but devils, ruled the world.

God said: "The school for you is my earth."

Again the man cried out: "There is no happiness below for me; for men have trampled on my rights, and I have been a fool. I shall be happy in a better world."

God said: "Such heaven as you conceive, I give."

Once more the man cried out: "I am not holier than other men; for are not all one flesh? In the sins they do and the fights they make, I must needs take my part; yet I am one with God."

God answered him and said: "My brother and son, my Kingdom is in You."

Digitized by Google

# PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

**Spirit is the great life on which matter rests, as does the rocky world on the free and fluid ether. Whenever we can break our limitations, we find ourselves on that marvelous shore where Wordsworth once saw the gleam of the gold.—*Mabel Collins.***

Two great races, the Aryan and the Semitic, have given to the world the greater part of its religious thought. We, as a people, belong to the former; but we take our religion from the latter. The Aryans probably had their origin in India, and thence spread over Europe. The Semitic race remained in Asia, with the exception of the Jewish branch, which became scattered over the face of the earth; and for two thousand years its members have been the shunned outcasts of all nations. It is from this branch that we have taken our religion, although we are of a different race—the descendants of a people whose religion antedates that of the Jews. We have looked upon the Jews as our inferiors; but we have gone to them for our religion, and the only authority on religious questions recognized by Christians is that derived from the writings of the Jewish people in the Old and New Testaments.

Prior to the coming of Jesus, the Jewish people had no strong conceptions concerning immortality. Occasional passages are found in the Old Testament intimating a belief in immortality; but these occur only among the most "inspired" writers. Many passages give a very different impression; for instance, Ecclesiastes iii. 19-21: "For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them: as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath; so that

Digitized by Google

a man hath no preeminence above a beast: for all is vanity. All go unto one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again. Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth?"

In fact, among the whole Semitic race—the Syrians, the Babylonians, the Chaldeans, and the Egyptians, as well as the Jews—immortality never was explicitly taught. The belief of the ancient Egyptians was that the soul left the body at death and could go where it willed—during the day, but must return to the body at night. The soul would continue to live so long as the body remained intact; but as soon as the physical structure was disintegrated the soul was annihilated. Consequently, every effort was made to preserve the body. Pyramids were built, and in them were placed the embalmed bodies of the kings; tunnels were dug under the Nile, and bodies placed in caskets were hidden there. The Chaldeans' belief was about the same, but they differed from the Egyptians in one respect. They believed that the departed soul retained all its earthly desires; therefore, the family or friends of the dead placed food and drink near the tombs—otherwise the deceased persons would wreak vengeance upon the living. There were no thoughts in connection with the dead to cheer the living. In the Hebrew mind even of to-day it is very doubtful if a belief in immortality is firmly grounded. Go to any of the large Jewish cemeteries in Europe or America, and on certain days you will find them filled with people mourning and lamenting—crying in anguish over their departed. It is a sight never to be forgotten.

Prior to the Christian era, there was a gloomy grandeur about all the religions of the Semitic people, but not much to inspire the soul with hope concerning a future state. In order to find a religion of hope, we must resort

Digitized by Google

to the Aryans, who began early to burn their corpses. This very fact proved that they did not regard the dead body as necessary to the soul. The word *epitaph* (from the Sanskrit) means "the place of burning." The practise of cremation would not have been introduced unless the people believed that the departed soul could not return to the body. The very names of the Aryan gods conveyed the idea of hopefulness to the mind. There were Devas, the bright and glorious one, and Yuma, the great god of the departed. The meaning of *Yuma* is "self-restraint."

In the early Aryan religion the worship was extremely simple. There was no priesthood, but people prayed to the gods and sang hymns of praise. They believed that when the outer body passed away they would have a body very much like it, but more ethereal, which would live eternally. After the coming of the priesthood, however, different castes arose, and religion became largely ceremonial. But the idea of immortality never was obliterated. Thus we see that the Aryans and the Semites differed much with regard to immortality. Among the latter it was either not believed in at all, or was made dependent on the preservation of the body or on some other condition. So far as we know, not until the coming of Jesus was immortality declared a fundamental principle. Thus we can readily understand what a New Testament writer meant when he said that Jesus brought life and immortality to light. With Jesus, the *spirit* was ever the quickening and renewing power: the body was of very little consequence. Again, we find Paul basing his hope of immortality on the fact that, if it is possible for one soul to attain it, then, according to the eternal and unchanging law of God, all souls must do likewise.

We come now to the question, Can we know and realize immortality in the present? This brings us face to face with another question, intimately related to it: Can

Digitized by Google

we know anything, while in this life, of the life that lies beyond this plane of mortal sense? The two questions are so closely related that we will consider them together.

Not long ago, the Right Honorable Arthur J. Balfour, leader of the British House of Commons and a member of the Royal Psychical Research Society, declared in a public lecture that there could be no doubt whatever that under favorable conditions communication could be established between persons in this life and those that had passed to another plane. The greatest living English scientist, Alfred Russell Wallace, and many others of like eminence, take exactly the same position. Thus we see how men of importance and influence in the world regard the matter.

It is claimed by many that we can know nothing concerning any plane other than our own material one; but that claim is based largely on the assumption that because *they* have not proved otherwise, no one has. Usually, people that assume this attitude give but little evidence of spiritual development; while, on the other hand, many who are highly developed, spiritually, declare that nothing could shake their belief in the realities of another plane of existence. Those claiming to have developed certain soul powers say that they not only see but *converse* with the departed. Still others are sometimes under an influence that is apparently foreign to themselves, and while in that condition *talk* of things of which in their normal state they have no conscious knowledge. We find yet others who are impelled to *write* many things that it is not possible for them to know through external means. How is this done? Some of our occult scientists say that it is through the action of the subconscious mind; but this hypothesis utterly fails to explain many occurrences that have come under my own observation.

Many of the world's greatest teachers of spiritual thought have made statements similar to the following:

Digitized by Google

"As it is in the heavens, so is it on the earth." "As it is in the highest, so is it in the lowest." What do they mean? Simply this: There is one universal law acting in and through all things, and, if we understand the operation of that law on any one plane of thought, we have the key that unlocks the secrets of the universe.

How are spiritual phenomena that come to us from other planes of thought to be considered—disregarding, of course, the opinions of those who are entirely skeptical? Many fully believe in "spirit-communications," but with opinions greatly at variance. Some seem to have an idea that departure from its physical body endows a soul with correct knowledge of all things spiritual, and that, no matter what the communication may be, it must be accepted as truthful. Others are never so happy as when engaged in obtaining certain kinds of "physical manifestation"—rappings, table-tipping, playing on banjoes, etc. If the matter were to end here, we might well say, Deliver us from a knowledge of such things! But does it? Why not apply a little of the common sense we use in other matters? Why not "try the spirits," and find out if they are of God? Why not follow the injunction of the apostle?—"Beloved, believe not every spirit." Why not recognize the working of universal law here, as well as in purely physical phenomena?

If very ignorant persons, still in the body, should come to us claiming to be possessed of great knowledge and understanding, it would not take us long to discover that they were impostors and that we could not depend upon their statements. It would not make an uncivilized Indian a professor of mathematics to take him from the plains and place him in Yale College. The mere fact of his being there would not give him an understanding of mathematical law. If a man is a liar or an ignoramus in this world, his passing out of the physical form will not

Digitized by Google

make him a Washington nor an Aristotle. The law of spiritual development is that man must work from within his soul outward; and growth is a question, not of place, but of earnest desire on the part of the ego.

When considering "spirit-communications," many persons, apparently wise in matters pertaining to the physical world, lose all their common sense and believe anything that purports to come from a departed soul. An untutored Indian, whose advice is neither asked for nor accepted in this world, is considered competent to advise on the weightiest subjects after passing into the "spirit-world." Let us look at these facts in a rational manner, without being either bigoted or gullible. There is a "happy medium" between the two extremes. When statements purporting to come from Socrates, Carlyle, or Emerson, are infinitely below the standard of thought left by such men on this plane, the fact is alone sufficient to bring discredit on the communication. The law is one, no matter what the plane; and if our application of it is true regarding mundane affairs, then its truth is only a question of degree on the higher plane. Look at the different planes of thought existing in *this* world: do you suppose that in another world people will be equal in development? Far from it; the mere discarding of the body will produce no change of soul. If a man is a liar here, he will be a liar there until he learn better. If he goes out of this world with a mind filled with hatred and malice, he will take that with him; and until light and truth enter his soul, dispelling the darkness, these attributes will continue to characterize him.

Messages that come from highly-developed souls on the "other side" show that the moral and spiritual natures are not greatly changed by what we call death. People that go out of this life retaining their sense desires and a love for earthly pleasures live close to the earth plane.

Digitized by Google

Their forms are gross and non-luminous, unlike those more spiritually developed. They do not look to the higher influences of their own plane for light, but rather to the people on earth with whom they have more in common. Neither can the spiritually illuminated of their own world help them until they become awakened by the aid of souls on this plane, because there is no point of contact. When once awakened, however, they may be acted upon from both planes of thought. In the light of this we can see why the early Christian Church prayed for the souls of the departed, and why one of the greatest Churches of to-day continues to do so. There is no "hell" on the other shore bounded by time and space, but there *is* one formed out of the conditions of untrue thoughts; and its duration is extended only by preferring darkness to light. What men sow they must reap, here or elsewhere.

The quality and condition of the spiritual body are determined by the spiritual nature. We know this to be true on this plane; and that which is true here must hold good on all other planes. Again, there are thousands of people in the slums of our great cities that have no point of contact with the spiritual-minded; their bodies must be cared for and their minds quickened before there can be that spiritual awakening which can bring them in touch with the spiritually developed, who would be willing and glad to help them if the time were ripe. On earth we find conditions analogous to those said to exist on the "other side." Take the city of New York, for instance. We find here people living on many different planes. The sun shines for all; the same atmosphere is for all: yet some are cold, miserable, and hungry, while others have everything that heart can desire. We see many degrees of physical and spiritual development; yet all are living in one place, and the place that is heaven to one man is hell to another, according to the way he relates himself

Digitized by Google

to his environment. He becomes wrongly or rightly related to his environment through the use or misuse of his mental and spiritual powers.

There is, as we know, a right way and a wrong way to do everything. Spiritual scientists believe that when they are in accord with law on this plane they must obtain true results, and when in opposition they obtain false results. In psychical research, therefore, whatever may arise, we should always *apply the law.* Idle, curious, heedless investigation can bring no gain, but rather harm. One's own mental and spiritual condition will determine the class of souls one calls about him from the unseen world. If one earnestly strives to unfold his own innate spiritual powers, the endeavor will aid him in comprehending all the mysteries that perplex him. Jesus said: "In my Father's house are many mansions." When we step out of the houses of clay we now inhabit, those that we shall enter next will be beautiful or otherwise as our thoughts have been good and true or the reverse. We may select a mansion that is beautiful if we *will* to do the Will of the Father. "Believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God." (I. John iv. 1.)

---

MODERN science looks upon the universe as being a conglomeration of dead matter, out of which, by some unexplainable process, life may become developed in forms. The science of Paracelsus looks upon the whole of the universe as the manifestation of a universal principle of life, acting through the instrumentality of forms. Modern science seems to regard the forms as the sources of life; the science of Paracelsus looks upon the forms as being the products of life. Forms are, so to say, condensed forces or crystallized space; but space itself is life, and there is no dead matter in the universe, for that which "dies" returns again into the matrix of Nature, to be reborn into other forms and to serve again as an instrument for the manifestation of life.—*Franz Hartmann, M. D.*

Digitized by Google

# HOW TO THINK.

BY JEAN PORTER RUDD.

What people need, more than anything else in the world, is to learn how to think: how to make a right use of the motor power with which their Creator has endowed them. Down to the days of Columbus, the science of navigation was so little understood that mariners ventured out to sea with their lives in their hands and a dread of every conceivable sort of unknown danger: even so, to-day, we trim our little craft and set sail upon our voyage of life without either chart or compass or pilot. Those of us who weather the storms and reach safe harbor cannot tell the younger ones how we did it, nor why we were successful here or almost suffered shipwreck there; while the younger voyagers, setting sail joyously, hopefully, and confidently, yet journey forth upon a trackless, unknown sea.

Again, all the processes of Nature are guided and governed by immutable law. The natural world is a world in which nothing ever happens. Cause produces effect; effect, in turn, becomes cause. We know that, if we plant the seed and fulfil the required conditions, in due time we shall reap the harvest. We have learned that in the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms the reign of law is absolute. It would seem as if only Man—the poor, blind, stupid, blundering, human animal—had been left by the mystery of fate to hew out his own way, to break his own path, to sink or to swim. Apparently he has been left without an unerring, infallible guide—such as even the meanest earth-worm has—to teach him how to adjust himself to conditions or how to conquer

Digitized by Google

them, and without any one to foretell, except in the vaguest way, how, in any individual case, a given line of action may possibly result.

It has remained for the end of the nineteenth century to reveal to the consciousness of average men and women certain glimmerings of a scientific conception of mental laws that, when understood, will revolutionize the world. Throughout the ages the greatest minds—poets, philosophers, prophets, and seers—have apprehended these laws in part: have caught glimpses and gleams of truth, which they have given out again in warning, prediction, parable, or poem; but it is only in our day that a knowledge of mental laws is coming home unmistakably to the average mind—the working-man, the working-woman, the child—the every-day, commonplace people of whom our world is full, and who, by the way, are the very best sort of filling that a world could have. Blessings on the common people: the unknown, obscure persons that—standing faithfully, each in his own place, and doing faithfully, each his own daily task—are the pillars and the bulwarks of our civilization!

Through the investigations of physical scientists we have learned that Thought is dynamic; it is both force and motion. Thought is a force in the same sense as is electricity; it is the most potent known energy in the universe. Thought being both force and motion, the process of thinking is the motor power by which our lives are guided and governed. Thinking builds cells in the brain; it changes the structure of that organ in exact accordance with the quality of thought generated, and thereby changes our relations to one another, to our environment, and to life.

When first I learned that the quality of our habitual thought creates our conditions, whether for weal or woe, and that, by the control of our attention and conscious

Digitized by Google

direction of mind, we have the power to attract to ourselves such conditions as we will, I felt like an astronomer who suddenly discovers a new planet. I said to myself: "This great theme shall be my study. I will understand it; I will know it; I will make it my own. If it be true, as metaphysicians claim, that the laws of the human mind are immutable and that they work as unalterably as do the laws of seed-time and harvest, then I will know them, will search them out and understand them, if I have to give my life to the study!"

Thought is force; thought controls; thought creates. To my mind, this is the most important discovery of our century, the most stupendous fact that has ever dawned upon the consciousness of the race. Let us think it over and try to realize, in some measure, what it means. Our minds are constantly generating thought. We are thinking all the time; every instant of our waking hours, and even when we sleep, we are using a force more powerful, far more subtle, and infinitely more dangerous than electricity. Whether we know it or not, whether we believe it or not, even though we laugh to scorn the idea as visionary or sensational, we are inevitably using this mighty force either for good or ill, for sickness or health, for poverty or wealth, for sorrow or gladness, for failure or success. Truly, it behooves us to learn how to think.

Heretofore, from not comprehending or even dimly apprehending the nature of thought-power, the race has gone on using or misusing this force in a childish, ignorant, haphazard fashion: surprised and rejoiced when it blunders into "good luck," always expectant of and stoical or complaining under "bad luck," always looking for "something to turn up," and never for a moment imagining that "luck" can be controlled, or that, given certain habits of thought, corresponding conditions will ensue as surely as night follows day.

How, then, has the race used its grandest possession—

Digitized by Google

the Power of Thought? For answer we have only to look about us over a heartsick, suffering world, sunk in weakness, sickness, poverty, sorrow, and discord. Imagine a child at play with electricity. Imagine a backwoodsman picking up a live wire in one of our city streets. Knowing that electricity will serve us like a good servant if we know enough to direct it intelligently, but will blind, cripple, mutilate, or destroy us if we ignorantly meddle or play with it, we are most careful to safeguard both the force and ourselves from all possibility of harm. Yet are we not continually *thinking* disaster and sorrow into our hearts and lives, thus misusing a far more potent force than electricity and hurting ourselves to death?

Not until quite recently has Thought been generally recognized as a dynamic power. Through countless ages the race has been engaged in thinking wrong thoughts: thinking war, plunder, rapine, spoils, oppression, slavery, bloodshed, robbery, malice, revenge, murder, guile, selfishness, hypocrisy, avarice; thinking also poverty, limitation, sickness, helplessness, misery, and sorrow. In other words, that great, overgrown, silly, obstinate child, the Human Race, has heretofore used the powerful dynamic force of Thought chiefly to its own hurt and even destruction.

Not everybody is thinking wicked thoughts, such as avarice, murder, and revenge; but there are few of us who are not guilty of thinking discouragement, despondency, envy, jealousy, or ill-will—who never think at random, or complainingly (either against fate or our fellow-beings), or flimsily, illogically, and negatively. I think it safe to assume that there are few persons in the world that would not be glad to better their conditions —that would not willingly exchange want for plenty, sickness for health, and dread of the uncertain future for a large, calm, grand, understanding faith in universal Good.

Digitized by Google

We hold the motor power in our minds; but until now we have not known this, and we do not yet know how to use it. What we lack is recognition of a beneficent truth. We are not at the mercy of every untoward event that may chance to darken upon us. We may learn how not to be sick, or poor, or unhappy. We are endowed with a royal gift by our Creator—with a guiding force that, rightly understood, cannot fail us (because based on immutable law), but will guide us into the very joy of joys: the joy of *life.*

Misused, misdirected, mistaken thought is the cause of all sickness, poverty, and sorrow—all un-ease. This is not visionary imagining, nor a mere speculative statement: it is the latest discovery of scientific investigation. It is a demonstrable proposition, as demonstrable as is any problem in mathematics. The day is not far distant when the science of mind control, now in its infancy, will take rank among the exact sciences, to be formulated and studied, and to prove itself of inestimable benefit to mankind. Even now people are learning that they must not dare to indulge a wicked or a weak habit of thought. One might as well take frequent spoonfuls of poison as to worry; while to think thoughts of resentment, malice, hatred, or revenge, is less wise than to thrust one's hand into fire.

Our thoughts are winged messengers, charged with the mission to bring back to us the very quality of burden with which we send them out. If we load them with fear, anxiety, and apprehension, we shall draw to ourselves poverty and misery. If we send them out in waves of resentment and ill-will, we shall attract disaster and heartache. But if, instead, we send them out as white-winged doves, bearing loving-kindness and joy, peace and good-will, to all the world, we shall receive them back laden with all that tends to make the heart glad.

Digitized by Google

# BODY, SOUL, AND SPIRIT.

BY HENRY SEWARD HUBBARD.

In approaching this subject, I have decided to use the phraseology of our Western world and to treat it chiefly from an independent standpoint. It will be of advantage to view it with as long a perspective as possible. I will take the position, therefore, that Man, as an energetic, positive, molding force, playing upon his surroundings and shaping them to his will, is the Spirit of the planet he inhabits. I fully recognize, however, that not all men are thus effectually active in their consciousness, save as they may become identified with movements that they neither originate nor guide, large numbers being not sufficiently active in temperament to do even as much as this. *Effectual activity*, then, is presented as an element that is never absent from any manifestation of that phase of normal life known as Spirit.

The earth, as a material background upon which the energies of man are continually playing, and from which he is earnestly evoking or commanding whatever lies within his power for the supply of his needs, belongs to the phase of life that may be called Body, and whose essential characteristic is *apparent stability*. The associated life of man, with its division of labor and of honor, is the means by which the race at large is able thus to act upon the whole earth, with proportionately greater results.

Where, now, shall we look in the world-panorama for our key to the phase of life known as Soul? Surely it must be in those results which, brought into being by the interplay between Spirit (man) and Body (matter), are yet

Digitized by Google

distinctly different from either—the great institutions of our civilization. The railroads, telegraphs, steamship lines, post-offices, factories, shipyards, hotels, banks, newspapers, and corporations generally, no less than the churches, schools, museums, hospitals, and homes, may all be regarded as a part of the Soul of our planet, each contributing its own quality to the composite nature of that Soul.

The action and reaction referred to as taking place between Spirit and Body, as viewed from this standpoint, are strongly suggestive of the characteristic law of chemistry, which is expressed as follows: "Whenever two or more substances act upon one another chemically, they lose their characteristic properties, and new substances with new properties are formed."

To avoid error I would emphasize the fact that I am comparing modes of action only, not actors nor things acted upon. The play of Spirit upon Body, producing Soul as a result—an entity different from either, and having characteristic properties of its own: in this will be found the key to the mystic realm of Soul.

I have said that Man, as an active agent in the shaping of events, is the Spirit of the planet. It now becomes necessary to subdivide the men of action that make up that Spirit into two classes, or rather to recognize the difference that exists—one so radical and comprehensive in its nature as to affect them in body, soul, and spirit. The source of the influences that move the members of the first of these classes to action is Body, as already described, or materiality in general. These influences reach their consciousness through their physical senses, *i. e.*, through the brain. While they may have an intellectual acquaintance with other sources of influence than those that lead to sense-gratification or to the amassing of wealth, yet they have no experimental knowledge of any such influence that would sway them in the least in

Digitized by Google

forming any important decision. These are the "captains of industry," railroad contractors, wholesale dealers in commodities, kings of business, etc., who have great executive ability, and are envied and more or less hated by half the men they employ.

The other class finds its sources of action within, rather than without. These men make education primal in importance, and the prizes of professional life the goal of endeavor. The cultivation of heart and brain, the building up of the personality by any and all the various means adapted to this end, the attaining of prominence in the world of art, of science, or of religion by worthy effort, even the attaining of political preferment for noble ends—all these attract and stimulate to years of effort those whose sources of activity are *within*. They seek these prizes for the honor of holding them, and for their opportunities of usefulness. Any material considerations overbalancing these nobler motives would mark them as belonging to the other class. It is among these that we must look for public-spirited men and women—those that place the interests of society or church, of State or nation, above mere personal considerations; while it must be admitted that the desire to receive whatever honor or credit attaches to labor on any exalted plane may at times lead to very undignified strife.

Religious and educational institutions, musical and literary societies, publishing houses of good character, life insurance and trust companies, organized charities, and many other such fruits of the higher civilization are the results of the play of the active forces of this division of spirited people upon the elements of life. By common, although not universal, consent, these institutions are recognized as superior values in the domain I have denominated the Soul of the planet; while the more material aspects of this domain, as previously described, need not therefore be ignored nor underestimated.

Digitized by Google

Having now sketched in outline the two classes of people who together make up the Spirit of the earth, and having pointed out the different fruits of their labors in the domain of Soul-life, it only remains to indicate a little more definitely what elements of the realm of Body are used by this second class in producing their contribution to the domain of Soul. It is easy to see that the coarser elements—the forests, minerals, food supplies, etc.—are not primarily drawn upon by these as by their confrères. Rather, it is the body of the race itself upon which they act in promoting soul-growth—using as their instrument the magnetic influence of public speech to arouse and crystallize the sentiment necessary to serve as a foundation for noble institutions of whatever kind. That which is legitimate in the rule of the few over the many is found here; and it need hardly be said that the arts of the demagogue are but base counterfeits of this noble power.

The action of the law, or *mode of motion*, that I have designated as the key to the domain of Soul can readily be traced in the forming of the various institutions of that domain. Let me repeat the law in its essential meaning: When two or more entities are of such a nature that they can and do act upon one another as chemicals act, they lose their characteristic properties, and new entities with new properties are formed. Take, for instance, that feature of the law—the loss of characteristic properties of the original entities in forming the new entity—and observe men that become integral parts of a corporation. While on duty they often part with nearly all of their distinctive character as men and become simply animated portions of the machine. Their position requires it, and they bow to the necessity. It is only when they are able to enter in spirit into the thought and purpose for which the institution was formed, approving that purpose and so maintaining the finer elements of their nature by permitting them to flow into it, that they can hope to preserve

Digitized by Google

their individuality until released from such a bondage. On the other hand, those whose motives and purposes were of a low order may be uplifted by thus becoming a part of an organization of a higher order; hence, the transforming effect of the action of this law upon men varies with the conditions and men involved, exalting some and depressing others.

It may be observed that my first illustrations of the action of this chemical law, whose presence in the domain of mind has not to my knowledge been hitherto recognized, had to do with the cosmos in general, while the last pertained only to the race, beginning and ending with it. It appears to the writer that much of the difficulty heretofore met with in analyzing human nature has been due to a lack of understanding of this great law, in consequence of which scholars have failed to separate men into the two classes into which they naturally divide themselves where any question of action is concerned.

We observe that one class of men always give to external considerations a predominating influence. "Will it pay?" they ask. The environment controls the individual. But the other class, when able to perceive any attainable prestige or any principle involved, are equally certain to act from the opposite cause, sacrificing externals and pouring out money like water to gain their point or defend their honor. The individual here controls his environment. He belongs to the spirit of the race, as the other belongs to its body.

Let it be observed that we are in the domain of *mind*, not morals, in this consideration. The distinction is wide, and greatly needs to be made. It will be equally serviceable to both classes by its tendency to correct an error almost universal among both; namely, the assuming that the differences that exist between them are only superficial. They are not. They are radical; and the representatives of the two classes cannot hope to agree in their

Digitized by Google

views upon any subject of importance, for they never act from the same motive, even when they do precisely the same thing. They must agree to disagree in society, church, and politics, or endless strife results.

A fully-developed, individualized personality of one of these classes may be said to consist of a body, a soul, and a spirit; the other, of a spirit, a soul, and a body. In the first, the man's fortune is most distinctly visible, then his character, and finally the man himself. In the second, the *man* stands out; his name commands respect even from those who know nothing more of him than his name; his character shines, even in the light, and his fortune may be spoken of as we notice the setting after we have admired a jewel.

Two palatial residences designed by the same architect may stand side by side on a noble avenue. One represents nothing more than the ability of the owner to pay for the construction and the furnishing; while the wealth of adornment and princely hospitality of the other are but the mirrors of a soul in which they existed before they became externalized. Both residences are furnished without regard to cost; but a discerning eye can perceive at a glance that one is a home and the other an exhibition. Young men that are determined to be rich often forget to inquire whether they are to be masters of their fortunes or their fortunes are to rule them. If they are not subject in spirit to their environment, they cannot go too slow in laying the foundations of their future success.

The further application of the law herein laid down to the analysis of individual character should not be difficult to thinking minds. Many would prefer to apply it for themselves in this field, and the opportunity will be left open for a time to any who may wish to make the attempt; after which, if desired, the writer may be heard from again on this more practical phase of the subject.

Digitized by Google

# FIAT MORALS.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

## V.

"Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor."

Regarding Moses not only as a religious leader but as a statesman of the highest order, it is evident that the setting apart of one day in seven was a wise political measure, chiefly in that it provided a fixed and stated period at frequent intervals for the observance of those strict rites that were the essentials of Hebrew worship. Moses felt himself obliged to give a reason for this edict, and with consummate tact he did so: "For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day." He forestalled the probable querulous questionings of his people, in the same spirit with which sagacity ever acts—whether as a general to his forces, a father to his children, or a subtle man to the simple multitude—assigning not the real reason that is dominant with him, but the specious one that shall be convincing to the others: the childish, the womanish, the irrational.

The symbol was then paramount; Moses utilized it. This was not hypocrisy, nor false witness. The righteous man is lord of his subterfuges.

Moses was very successful, but great success bore its usual bitter fruit: the people learned to imagine vain things—so vain that the great reformer Isaiah cries vehemently: "Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto me; the new moons and sabbaths, . . . and your appointed feasts my soul hateth."

Digitized by Google

Isaiah is very bitter too; but then the righteous man is lord of his passions. (Note well I have not said lies or tempers, but diplomacy and energy.)

The earliest mention of the observance of the first day of the week instead of the seventh is found in an address to the Roman ruler Antoninus Pius by Justin, about the year 150 A. D. Here meetings or assemblies only are referred to; and it appears evident that the early Christians held for a long time to the new code of their liberty, regarding themselves as enfranchised from all the harassing observances of the ancient Jewish law. Of this, they who are so disposed may read fully in Justin, Tertullian, Origen, and others. Later, ceremonials, one by one, crept in, and little by little ecclesiasticism invaded liberty, till liberty ran wild in license and manners became debauched to an extent that History blushes to relate.

New light came with the great Protestant schism. The light was there, but the torch-bearers—how feeble, foolish, and fallacious were they; how little they understood the value of the gleam! As to what Wycliffe, Huss, Calvin, Luther, and others—the leaders of the new opinion—thought and taught concerning the demands of an Almighty as to a holy-day, it would be needless and painful to amplify. These men were human as Rome was human, and uttered much for doctrine that those who ignorantly revere them, if they knew, would look upon as "erroneous and strange." For us it will be sufficient briefly to trace to their source the present prevailing divergent sentiments of the people of America. We find this source in the conflict of opinion that waged so long and bitterly between the laxity of the Cavaliers and the austerity of the Puritans.

By James I. of England—and by his son Charles, less forcefully and more foolishly—efforts were made to establish by law such a mode of Sabbath-keeping as should

Digitized by Google

permit on that day certain sports and recreations. In the year 1618 a royal mandate was issued wherein a few such matters as bear-baiting and bull-fighting were interdicted, while the people were left in most respects practically free to select such other forms of amusement as suited their pleasure. But in the year 1644 the long Parliament of the ascendant Roundheads, in abhorrence of what they considered a desecration, ordered all copies of this manifesto to be called in and burned "by the common hangman."

It is impossible for us, inheriting the glorious results of the political enfranchisement for which they wrought, to think of men like Hampden, Pym, and Eliot as actuated by other motives than those of sternest duty. They and their associates were justly offended by the vices and frivolities of the age. But, made sour by oppression, in their turn they poured from the vials of their righteous wrath an acid sectarianism as a beverage for the people of England, which, being drunk—the most with wry faces—has set so many of our Presbyterian teeth on edge.

The question of the religious sanction of Sabbath observance in this country is almost wholly one of habit and of heritage. Scan the geography of these United States, and, with history open, observe how the sections were colonized—whether by Catholics, Cavaliers, Continentals, or Puritans. Trace out the limits of that region wherein the Puritan Sabbath is preserved more or less rigorously: how it broadens over New England, thence flowing in wide channels hither and thither toward the South and West, gathering in local pools in isolated localities, every one flooded from the same original spring of opinion.

I confess to a fondness for the old-fashioned, sweet, morbid, Puritan Sabbath. The chime of church-bell; the conservatism of the formulas of childhood; the litany of

Digitized by Google

habit, each word fragrant with the odors of early and happy association;—these all, if I had the power and should choose my personal gratification, I would cherish. But, seen through the microscope of intellect, these drops of sentiment turn foul, infested by the animalcules of selfishness.

Rattle a shibboleth for the bees of opinion to swarm: such as the word "holiness." What is it to keep "holy" one day in seven? Who would be so irrational as to claim (even if only one form of religion prevailed throughout the world) the arrogant and intolerant prerogative of vicar and nuncio of the Infallible? With countless forms existing, how much more irrational! How little wonder that men stand appalled and terror-bound at sight of that inquisition, "What is Truth?" But a few years ago, and Rome, absolute in all Continental Europe, was persecuting the Episcopacy of the Faith's Defender in England. Then the Episcopacy, politically triumphant, persecuted the non-conformists; and they in turn, having gotten the chance in the New World, indulged to the full their religious ardor with irreligious ire upon Roger Williams and the meek Quakers. *Holy* is a grand word; but, having been set up as a scarecrow to fear honest asking, all the pestilent brood of blackest tyranny and superstition have made it their perch, not their terror.

To attend church services devoutly; to teach, exhort, edify; helping all and interfering with none;—this is indeed a "holy" keeping of the day. If all did this in spirit and purity, what a grand world this would speedily grow to be! To pass the day in another fashion—in rest; in peaceful outings, pastimes, sports, innocent recreations; welcoming all and disturbing the repose of none;—this, too, I am fully persuaded, would be also "holy." If all did this in harmony and brotherly love, what a grand world this would soon become! But as yet the devotees

Digitized by Google

of both forms of fancy are arrayed against each other, sometimes in sullen displeasure and again in outspoken animosity.

The ripples plashing and the swell of the surf lazily heaving—these, perhaps, think themselves living: that the vitality they seem to have is their own. But it is to the storm of the far past they owe their life. It is not our opinions, but the evil that men have done living after them.

While we are philosophizing let us pause one moment to be grateful that men have given over the habit of leaping at each other's throats, at least for such differences; grateful, not to any remote phantom, not to any hypothesis, but just grateful. Is that idea too tenuous for some dull wits? Then let us write the same idea in another form: *let us be happy.* None think it necessary to be happy *to* God; neither is it necessary so to express gratitude. Just—be grateful.

Between Pharisee and Philistine, we philosophers find ourselves poised upon an extremely narrow fulcrum. To enunciate an abstract truth and stand steadfast to it: this is our duty. Though it be unpopular—though it seem unwise—still stand steadfast. The greatest obstacle to the conservation of ancient good is ancient goodness—frozen forms of folly. The greatest obstacle to enlightened liberalism is the unenlightened liberal. These obstacles obtrude everywhere in all paths of progress.

In the matter of Sabbath-keeping, the true virtue lies in the principle of rest. In this as in other ways it is impossible to make men moral by law; yet the time has not come in the world's history when law can be safely abandoned. What is the "Lord's day" to him that acknowledges no Lord? Pent in by barriers of custom, what is left to the Plebes of our great cities but sloth, dumb forgetfulness, or debauchery? Let labor beware of

Digitized by Google

the abolition of the day of rest. Let the passionate proletariat take warning by history, lest liberty—when it comes (and it is slowly coming)—shall fall into a vicious license. Let them take warning from Continental Europe, where the classes that here cry "Onward!" there call a halt, demanding, "Restore the rest-day!" And the demand is just. Unless the law remain imperative (and it can only remain imperative through public opinion), a few years and our American artisans would find that the keen competition or the grinding combination, the exigencies of assumed necessity, the insolence of power, and the pitilessness of soulless corporations—in spite of trades-unions; in spite of all devices, skilled or unskilled—would grind their faces as never they were ground before.

And now we come to the sceond part of this commandment—a part the complement of the first; of equal importance, but by common consent (or, rather, common indifference) almost wholly ignored: "Six days shalt thou labor." Who regards this as of equal force with that other edict: "One day shalt thou rest"? Nature is not a noun; that is only its name. Nature is a verb; for, as grammarians tell us, a verb is a word expressing action or being. Nature does both—*is* both; Nature is Action and Being.

Man, the best product of Nature, should first be natural; and Nature's first command is — *Work!* But some of us, "through our traditions," have made this law void—the idle rich and the lazy, rich or poor; and all, or almost all, seem to look upon labor as an evil. This, too, in another way, is natural—the result of an inheritance of degradation from the early autochthon. Caste has differentiated mankind socially. At first there was slavery, then serfdom, then competition; and now the first few drops pattering upon phalansteries and communes bid fair to turn to a steady downpour of fertility-fetching coöperation.

Digitized by Google

And yet, *prima facie*, the present aspect of business seems as remote as possible from that ideal condition—more indeed like a reversion to the far primitive type, whereby conditions exuded upward the land and labor lords and spread out in vast viscous layers the masses doomed to toil. But the feudal system of affairs is gathering fast. Signs and portents fairly fill the sky. One by one, industries and arts, like globules of quicksilver, run together and coalesce. The "trust" has apparently come to stay: to demonstrate for one thing by what insidious and specious pretexts liberty may be imperiled, and for another what admirable results may follow from *intelligent* monopoly—simplifying processes and cheapening both production and distribution. The master minds that planned these business campaigns have done wisely in making the people their partners; and so long as they continue to do this they will have the people for friends. But by and by, as in the history of political feudality the Lord Paramount appeared, so will it be in commercial affairs. Some time, somehow, some way it will come—the suzerain will appear. No trades-unions, nor Knights of Labor, nor allied workers, nor any force will arrest his inevitable progress. He will not vanquish them in warfare, but, like the ancient Peruvians, will have the address to attach them by assimilating them. He will show them the velvet glove and conceal the iron hand. He will stroke them and they will purr, waking only from their languor to find their talons pared and fangs pulled.

Now, and in all the past till now, the efforts of men have been directed toward the attainment of (in one word) idleness—a release from the obligation of the law of labor. But the success of the combinations will show the people how to shape the one effectual combination. What has been done and what is being done for the benefit of the few may be done for the benefit of all. It is a God-law and

Digitized by Google

will prevail. You may always know a God-law from a man-law—a principle from a fiat—by one sure sign: that of God is universal; it is not a respecter of persons, nor for that matter a disrespecter. If Nature issues no patents of nobility, neither does she *lettres de cachet.* Her beneficence shines in the sun, revives in the rain, and holds rewards and penalties for all alike—all, that is, who are in the way, wantonly or worthily.

Though we look forward and not backward to a Golden Age, yet it must not be forgotten with what slow steps Progress treads. With the futile experiments of the past —of St. Simon and Fourier and others—it seems hopeless to anticipate the success of even the most magnificently conceived plans of social optimism. The most notorious of recent theories, that of Edward Bellamy, is fatally defective in leaving wholly out of the reckoning the individualities of men. Thomas Huxley declares that Nature is "no school of virtue, but the headquarters of ethical enmity." And this is eminently true if Nature be considered solely as a mechanism; but here is no account taken of man himself: of man, risen to his rightful height, the delegate of Deity; man, unmortgaged to his flesh, his title "free and clear."

Never was there a worse error than that a majority are forever doomed in favor of a few. It is the everlasting Will that *all* should be saved. As to the way, I hope to present a few arguments in an ensuing paper; but of one thing be very sure: there is no righteous monopoly of power, either for kings or capital. These things are "fiats," and, like all such, not based upon the eternal, destined in the end to eld and oblivion. The divine right of money must go the way of the divine right of kings. Against all tyranny the people stand at last. *Tramite recte:* In the way, and rightly there.

Digitized by Google

## WHAT IS MENTAL SCIENCE?

BY IRENE ALLAN TOWNSEND.

Mental science is simply a common-sense way of looking at life. "It is not a religion, although it includes religion." Its principles are as old as life itself, and as fundamental. The mental scientist bases his conclusions upon a study of evolution, both physical and psychical. Evolution is always from lower to higher, upward and outward, and always leads toward freedom. And true freedom might be defined as "liberty from all that binds the soul and obedience to all that uplifts."

While humanity has existed, men have asked the same questions: Why? Whence? Whither? What was my origin? What shall be my destiny? And ever have they been confronted by the calm, inscrutable face of the Sphinx, in which each has read the reflection of what seemed most true to him. Thus have been reared our religions, most of them having their origin in fear. Man felt some power, greater than his own, and called it God. In his ignorance he worshiped what he did not understand, and so peopled the woods, the streams, and the sky with gods. Then, as he gradually grew in knowledge, one day there dawned the idea of *one* God instead of many, sitting upon a throne somewhere, to whom men owed obedience as a duty. Later, a new light began to gleam, and men talked of love instead of duty, and of *God in all.* Thus we have a hint of the three great historic ideas, or views—the pagan, the Jewish, and the Christian—which are really a history of the evolution of mind, of self-consciousness, of intelligence.

Digitized by Google

On the physical side, evolution teaches that life never appears without *purpose;* and, instead of an "extra-natural Creator," we find a power *in* Nature itself that has brought us so far along our pathway. From a study of the *process*, we learn the *law* of growth. We find always that *purpose* has been inherent in the manifestation of life, and has been expressed in desire. All along the way it has been in answer to a deep-felt want that each new organ and higher form of life has appeared. Unconsciously, in part at least, this has been done until man, the thinker, appeared; but it is the same power and law of attraction, from the first grain of sand that drew other grains to itself and formed the crystal—the plant that knows its needs and is able to reach out for them—the animal that desiring new organs was able to create them—to man, who not only possesses all this stored-up ability, but who *knows* that he possesses it; in other words, knows himself.

John Fiske, in recent lectures, proved how far back conscious, ethical purpose ran; for instance, the ant showed unmistakably the beginnings of love and self-sacrifice. In a recent course of lectures on botany, Professor Coulter has had much to say about the helpfulness of plants—how different families of plants will be found together, each bringing to the other something it needs, being mutually dependent. All plants and animals are a vast co-operative society, their interests growing ever toward unity—a *community*.

The mental scientist, from what he has learned from evolution, from a history of education (civilization), and from scientific investigation, deduces his view of life. Recognizing behind every expression of life, purpose, will, and intelligence, he says, "All is Mind;" that Universal Mind, or Spirit, first existed; and that the desire for higher and higher expression is what has created form. Every-

Digitized by Google

thing, then, he says, is some form of intelligence, of life, which is omnipresent and of which we are individual expressions; that this indestructible Life Principle (or Universal Mind, or God) and man are absolutely *one*, as the plant and its blossom are one, or the tree and its fruit.

"This Life Principle is unlimited. It holds the visible universe in place, though invisible. It is Law—the law of attraction, and the very essence of love." What a new dignity life takes on as one thinks of himself in this way! A part of God; an expression of love, of truth, of wisdom! Possessing potentially the same spiritual equipment as a Shakespeare, a Buddha, or a Jesus!

Man has been taught the worm-of-the-dust theory so long, and has called himself humble, weak, powerless, and worthless, until he has apparently become so because of his thinking! Let him, getting a glimpse of his divine origin, his "heredity from God," claim power, strength, health, and all good, and watch the result! The mental scientist believes in good, not evil. All about us we see existing conditions that are far from ideal; yet we say evil, as an entity, does not exist, and these conditions, which do certainly exist, are but the efforts (the gropings, perhaps) of men toward good; that all so-called evil is good in the making; and that even the murderer, in a mistaken way, is searching after what he for the moment believes will better his condition. It is evolution all the way; and, until each person sees for himself that *love* is his truest expression, mistakes will continue to be made. It is like our taking the clothing from one arm and then wondering that the rest of the body is cold.

Experience is the greatest teacher; "our mistakes are the stepping-stones by which we rise to higher things." Which has gained the most—the woman that keeps her "baby face" through life because she has not thought and felt, or she whose face shows lines of strength of character

Digitized by Google

built by bravely grappling with life's lessons, and in whose eyes shines the light of peace: the clear vision that sees beyond the moment and the pain, and realizes that we are not the victims of caprice but the children of a universe of law and order?

Mental science holds that man is feeling his way from animalhood to divinity, and his guide is the irrepressible desire for happiness. He is on the road toward finding himself—that higher Self that is absolutely *one* with the Father. Desire for better and better modes of expression has made us what we are—has built our bodies. Desire is a force, a power. "True desire is the motive power behind all action, conscious or unconscious." Until we recognize our unity, our oneness with all life, and make that motive power *love*, we do not live up to our highest self. I am not referring to a weak sentimentalism, but that divine selfhood that is the center and core of every one's being, and that once realized, as mental science teaches it, cannot degenerate into ignoble selfishness.

At last people are looking at the world with new eyes. The old religions that condemned the body are passing away. Scientific experiment and physiological psychology are proving what the mental scientist has always claimed: that man is a unit; that all is mind; that body, soul, and spirit are only varying expressions of the one substance; that body helps soul as much as soul helps body; that the whole universe, instead of being mechanical, brute matter, is *spiritual*—a great, living, dynamic, divine reality; and that within every human being lies the power to build both body and soul in one grand harmony. Spirit is the positive part, which can control, and body the negative. Thought is the great factor of growth, and the most powerful force in the universe. The world has not yet adequately recognized this tremendous power of thought.

Digitized by Google

Our *actions* must be controlled, we have said, but our thoughts may go gadding about at will. At last, however, we are beginning to realize the importance of controlling and directing *this* mighty force, and the actions will take care of themselves. "Thought is mental action, conscious self-activity. It is a substance generated through the brain, and when sent forth by the brain constitutes a force and has the effect of a force." It is upon this that the mental scientist rests his power to grow, to conquer environment, and to heal disease. If, as evolution has proved, it has been intelligence and thought-power that have brought the race along its pathway from the first cell to its present condition, had we not better recognize our own powers and *go on building?*

Every one of us is the product of our past thinking—of our beliefs, every one of which has helped to form our bodies. For the body, instead of being "too, too solid flesh," is in reality plastic material, always changing. Its condition is dependent on the imagination, which is the creative power, and the pictures that through our thinking we imprint upon the mental tablet. We know from personal *experience* that this is so to a certain extent. We know how hope will brighten the eye; how fear will blanch the face; how sudden sorrow will turn the hair white, poison the mother's milk, and produce disease and death. We have known these things as facts; but we have not interpreted the process, nor found the law.

The mental scientist believes in law, and locates all cause in Mind. He does not believe that man is at the mercy of the elements; the prey of any amount of microbes; the victim of all sorts of disease-germs continually on the alert to devour him. There is no magic about this, nor is any blind faith required. It is simply a recognition of law—the law of Being, which affords us a belief

Digitized by Google

in our own powers and the ability to demonstrate our theories. It appeals to intelligence and reason. Inharmonious mental emotion underlies every disease.

The metaphysician approaches a patient from a standpoint directly opposite to that of the medical schools. Dealing with mind alone, he reaches the physical system through the brain. Appealing to the intelligent soul on the plane of understanding, correct action is established in mind and thereby re-enacted in the brain-cells, which transmit it through nerve-circulation to all parts of the body. Wrong action therein being thus corrected, the patient is cured. I have heard people say: "Oh, all you have to do is to *think* you are well and you will be well." As *they* think it, it is not true. And yet it is literally and absolutely true that "as he thinketh *in his heart*, so is he." But there are different kinds of thinking; and it certainly is not the spasmodic or occasional thought that will change any condition, but rather the calm, quiet undercurrent of thought that goes on uninterruptedly and that is able to give a logical reason for its every process. It has been made a part of the thinker.

The aim of the mental scientist is always to work from the center of self, the higher Self—from within outward. He does not believe there is any such thing as martyrdom, or self-sacrifice, or "duty." If he chooses to do a hard thing it is because he really *prefers* it to an easy thing, no matter how much he may persuade himself it is a "sense of duty." Lincoln once said that all men were prompted by selfishness in doing either good or evil. His companion was objecting to the theory, when they crossed a bridge and discovered a number of little pigs in the slough, unable to get out and in danger of drowning. Lincoln stopped the carriage, ran back, lifted the animals out, and returned to his friend, who triumphantly asked, "Where does selfishness come in in this little episode?" "Why," said

Digitized by Google

Lincoln, "that was the very essence of selfishness! I would have had no peace of mind all day if I had gone on and left those pigs in the slough. I did it to get peace of mind, don't you see?"

Mental science is not a theory, nor something to be learned and then laid away in a convenient corner of your memory. *It is a life*, or it is nothing. It is a constant living in the ideal, which is after all the real world. Every reality that exists to-day was first an ideal; and the one who believes most in his ideals works the hardest to give them expression. Mental science is the most practical thing I know of. It awaits no future time or place, but enables one to live here and now—in the midst of the whirl, unrest, worry, and fret—a life of peace, order, and harmony, constantly creating conditions for himself because he has found himself, his spiritual Self, which is one with all power.

We have not believed this: we have believed ourselves to be poor, weak creatures, controlled by circumstances. We have been slaves, instead of free men and women—slaves to custom and habits of thought. Prejudice has played a tremendous part in our development. Our beliefs have been cut and dried and handed down to us, and we have been taught to *accept*, not to reason. As a race we have not done very much thinking for ourselves. Intelligence has not occupied the throne with reason at her side; so it is not strange that we are almost, as Emerson says, "a mush of concession." "No animal was ever foolish enough to make a shell that he could neither enlarge nor get out of. Man only builds a shell that he fills and then refuses to feed further."

The tide, however, has turned the other way. A wave of spirituality is sweeping over us, and we are beginning to look beyond the material to the spiritual, which it symbolizes. The world's greatest Teacher saw this; the new

Digitized by Google

**education teaches it. Our greatest poets and philosophers, like Emerson, Browning, and Whitman, have voiced it. Science is everywhere demonstrating the truth of what the idealist and the occultist have claimed. Recent discoveries of science directly tend to prove the power of mind over matter; or, as the mental scientist would put it, the power of the positive over the negative, of the higher over the lower. Scientists are finding, instead of so-called natural laws, that there are higher principles of harmonious vibration that are infinitely more potent.**

**To recognize with the mental scientist that in every soul lies the possibility of unlimited development, at once tears down the walls we have built about us from our ideas of heredity and environment; or, rather, it shows that within ourselves lies the power to overcome all limitations.**

---

We should not follow in the footsteps of men, but in the footsteps of Nature; we should not act on account of hearsay, but on account of our own understanding. The first man that learned anything useful was taught by Nature; let Nature teach us as she taught him. If my art is to be based upon a firm foundation, it must be based upon my own understanding, not upon that of another man. A physician should have God before his eyes, visibly and tangibly; he should see the truth, not shadowy or as in a dream, but tangible and without any doubt. Our science should be based upon a perception of the truth, not upon mere belief or opinion. Information received from men can assist us in forming opinions, but it constitutes no knowledge. True knowledge consists in a direct recognition of the Truth, and is taught by Nature herself.—*Paracelsus.*

---

We are all sculptors and painters, and our material is our own flesh and blood and bones. Any nobleness begins at once to refine a man's features—any meanness or sensuality to imbrute them.—*Thoreau.*

Digitized by Google

## MIND—THE MAKER.

BY ELIZABETH LOIS STRUBLE.

The soul of the universe is Mind. "From the soule the bodie form doth take." Mind, the soul, *thinks* its body into form. "Matter" is thought; life is mind, in which all thought, or matter, or consciousness, *is*, and by which it is held in form.

Mind never *began* to think. Present knowledge and reason, however, tell us there was a time when thought was in a nebulous or unformed state. Then two thoughts were brought together in mind, and, behold! a form, or *idea*. Then three thoughts together—attracted—formed another idea, which in turn and by the addition of still other thoughts grew into yet other forms, or ideas. So has Mind, the Maker, continued through countless ages to arrange and rearrange its thoughts (or consciousness) in forms, or ideas, more and more complex. An "end" to this process is unthinkable.

Man is the present result of all this effort of Mind to sound its possibilities in the way of thinking. It has been said that "Man is God's idea." Is there any real thing that is *not* God's idea? Will not the man of to-day, compared with the man of the future, seem but as the beasts of the field in comparison with man at the present time? "God's idea," good and powerful as he is, is still capable of infinite improvement.

The visible form is the idea, formed in individual mind, which is essentially one with Universal Mind, or Law, or God. Individual mind, or the *I am*, continually notes new room for improvement in his idea—the "sum of his beliefs," or body. As it is the nature of mind to think, man no sooner recognizes a deficiency than he straight-

Digitized by Google

way *thinks* about that deficiency until he discovers the particular combination of thoughts that will "overcome," or fill in the void. A deficiency *recognized* becomes a sort of vacuum that draws from space—from Mind—the material with which to fill itself, the force of its drawing power increasing as its recognition of the deficiency increases. This drawing power is what we lightly call desire, or longing, or wishing, there being no difference in *quality* between the lightest wish and the steadiest and loftiest desire or aspiration.

Perhaps for generations man may recognize a deficiency in his "statement of being," or body, and yet see no way to overcome it; but the time will come when he shall find the key to the combination. He will draw from the universal reservoir the thought-material he needs. Why does he not succeed earlier? An illustration will answer. A small boy is overcome with the magnitude of his father's wisdom and the smallness of his own. He desires great wisdom for himself. Does it come suddenly; or does he *think* daily until he gains all the thoughts and combinations of thoughts that lie between his childish statement of truth and his father's comparatively perfect understanding? Is not this the secret of the long-delayed answers to our desires? It is said that desire, if trusted, will attract the thing or state desired. Not only is this true, but desire will have its answer, sooner or later, whether trusted or not. When we *trust* desire, however, we are nearest to its fruition. When we have "faith, nothing doubting," the harvest-time is near at hand. Strong faith—the *feeling* of faith—soon ripens into realization.

Believe in the fruition of your desires. Nothing is too great for you—nothing too far away for realization. You are in attendance at the School of Life. You are daily gaining new ideas. All your experiences are but kindergarten methods of teaching you ideas that in their ulti-

Digitized by Google

mate arrangement will be the thing you desire. All experiences are working for your good—all the Mind of the universe is aiding you in your efforts. Trust the good Mind; trust your desires and yourself, and go on your way rejoicing. Rejoice!—for joy is power. There is need of rejoicing, for you need power. There is cause for rejoicing, for the way grows brighter and brighter, even unto the perfect day of realization.

Why can we not bridge more quickly the chasm that lies between the understanding of the child and that of the father? Why do some people attend classes in mental science day after day, or read all the lessons extant, and never seem to make practical use of the ideas there taught? Because mind always thinks in an orderly manner. The nature of the truth already realized will determine the kind of ideas next formed. There is no attraction between the foundation-stones and the roof-tree of our mental mansions. The foundation-stones attract the sills; the sills attract the floor, the walls, etc.: and thus, in *due time*, the roof-tree and the slates. Because this is so, man in past ages could not conceive of "heaven" as here upon earth. The new heavens and new earth and immortality lay centuries and millenniums beyond his time, in fact as well as in fancy. But desire in him has continually sung:

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll! Leave thy low-vaulted past.
Let each new mansion, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free, leaving thine outgrown shell
By life's unresting sea."

That so many living to-day believe in the possibility of immortal man's being resident in a heaven on earth, desiring such a realization and believing it possible for the present generation, is proof that the embodiment of the idea is near at hand. The completed idea, the realized ideal, is approaching with quickening tread the Now.

Digitized by Google

## WHEN DAY IS DONE.

BY FRANCES A. MORONG.

The summer Day, in crimson robes of splendor,
Sweeps through the golden portals of the West;
Faint, far-off music from that land of wonder
Echoes in ripples on the river's breast.

With loving hands o'er all the dimming landscape,
Calm Twilight draws her gauzy, shadowy veil;
While Evening gray, like nun with gentle footstep,
Wends silently her way o'er hill and dale.

Only a few, far, friendly stars are gleaming—
Torches for Evening as she goes her way;
Later will come a host to watch the dreaming
Children of earth and toilers of the day.

Minor the music sighing thro' the tree-tops;
Weird are the shadows thrown athwart the way;
Ghostly the mist that rises from the river:
Spirits now weave the web 'twixt night and day.

Chill is their breath: it hovers o'er the marshes;
O'er the dark alders by the water's side;
Over the pale, sweet lilies; through the rushes
That gently bend before the ebbing tide.

Down by the haunted pool their voices echo,
Telling of what has been and is to be,
Binding the threads 'twixt day and night and morrow,
Summing the record for Eternity.

Digitized by Google

## A DAUGHTER OF LOVE.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

### *CHAPTER XI.*

"In vain produced, all rays return:
Evil will bless, and ice will burn."

It may be remembered that Carmagno had asked us to dine with him. The date named was four days after that of the fire.

How the Cathcarts and Holinder had escaped being burned to a crisp, or at least scorched out of recognition, I never precisely learned; but there was not a mark of consequence on any of them.

We walk through mortal existence, threading our way between death and life at each moment of our progress, and generally without knowing it. Then, when the hour strikes, we are no more. But it is not that we meet disaster or death, but that we so constantly escape, that is the miracle. Holinder and the Cathcarts were as safe in that blazing house as was our party of six, sitting round Carmagno's table; only they did not know it till afterward. Carmagno may have known it before, of course; all is cause and effect, and could be reasoned out, had we but knowledge of all the conditions—and some of us, no doubt, have more knowledge than others. Beyond that I can say nothing. But it may be of significance that Cathcart, on the very day of the fire, had suddenly made up his mind to return to Europe, and as a first step had packed up his pictures and sketches and the more valuable of his curios and had had them moved to a safe-deposit vault; so that he lost nothing of any importance that money could not

Digitized by Google

replace—and of money he had enough. What put that notion into his head? Let us consider it an accident: there are perplexities enough in this world without making another out of that.

Tania was looking particularly well and happy that evening. When their house burnt them out of it, the Cathcarts had accepted the invitation of Carmagno to lodge temporarily with him; and there, of course, they found Tania, who appeared to be expecting them. Carmagno had been at the fire; you will recollect that he spoke to me at the moment when Holinder entered the blazing window from the ladder. His presence there was opportune, and it may have been fortuitous. We are always saying, "What would have happened if so-and-so had (or had not) happened!" But the speculation is unfruitful: we never get an answer.

As for Holinder, I will only say that he was the great Holinder again, and better than ever; for there was a gentleness and quiet animation about his manner and look that had been lacking before. Now that he had got his own soul back, I presume it took more kindly than before to its quarters. Or it may have been only the effect of sitting next to Tania at table. Both of them looked as if they were where they belonged, and knew it; and, glancing at them, at times, it almost seemed to me that they were really one person—that is, the two complementary parts of one. She fully found herself for the first time in him; and *vice versa*. But it is always so with true lovers.

Carmagno, in evening dress, was simply a kindly and attentive host, from whom emanated an influence that made us all serene and happy—our best selves. But what a face—what a presence that man had! The form of youth and grace, but the look of wisdom and power. Nothing else is so extraordinary to us as this combination, because we are so accustomed to associate wisdom with

Digitized by Google

the signs of age. By the time our minds are furnished, the body is in ruins. But it was not so with Carmagno.

I had the privilege and felicity of sitting at Mrs. Cathcart's right hand. She is a woman that, merely by existing in a man's neighborhood, makes him good, or at least better than he was. I might call her a harmony, a melody, a consolation, an inspiration; but after all she was just a tender, lovely, human creature: the incarnate bloom of fragrant womanhood. And honest, innocent, transparent Tom Cathcart was her husband! The ways of Providence are not *our* ways. It knows whom to put on guard over its choicest creations; and we others, who think ourselves so clever, are humiliated as we deserve to be.

Upon the whole, it is only my personal modesty that prevents me from saying that we formed an ideal dinner party, though we were four men to two women. It is a mistake to divide up the sexes, on these occasions, on a numerical basis. Govern your invitations by the quality and character, not the number or sex, of your guests. The *partie carree* basis does not produce society.

Dinner is the finest function of civilization, because, properly administered, it soothes and stimulates the senses and faculties just enough—not too much. This dinner of Carmagno's was perfection. I don't remember what we had; it may have been soup, fish, fowl, and a joint, or it may have been *entrees*, or it may have been nectar and ambrosia; at any rate, it lifted us into our highest sphere of being. Our conversation had a wide range, and you can understand that we had many matters of interest to ourselves to talk about. But there were one or two topics, of essential import, that we talked around rather than of; until—as the evening wore on, and on the table there remained only the sparkle of glass and silver, the glow and gleam of wine, and the beauty of flowers and fruit—Carmagno's eyes met ours with a grave smile, and

Digitized by Google

he said, "I will ask you to drink the health and happiness of Tania and Holinder."

"God bless you, my dear—God bless you, my boy!" said Tom, with all his heart.

"A thousand years are but as yesterday, and as a watch in the night," said that low, clear voice at my right hand.

"May there be more like you!" I added.

"May they have such friends!" said Holinder.

"May the world be as happy as we are!" said Tania.

"All the works of God are miracles," continued Carmagno; "and all miracles are law. The great and universal miracle is marriage. Nature is the marriage of form with substance; the soul is the marriage of good and truth; and creation is the marriage of God with his creature. The marriage of man and woman is its symbol; and through their true union God maintains his presence in human nature. In all true marriage he is the conjoining and unifying Spirit, and his influence goes forth from it, continually to redeem the world. So only can the world be redeemed: not by words of mortal wisdom, not by deeds of mortal heroism or self-sacrifice, but by the pure estate of marriage, which is creative and contains the seeds of the Infinite. From each conjunction of a loving man and woman proceeds a broadening stream of good, multiplying upon itself forever and blessing and ruling the world by Love, which is God. When we have done our utmost, studying through lifetimes, comparing all experiences, acquiring all knowledge, commanding every power of Nature, and turning all to the accomplishment of our highest conception of benefit to humanity, we shall find ourselves outstripped and put to shame by the simple mutual love of a man and a maid, who give themselves trustfully to each other and feel each other's happiness as their own. For wisdom is but the form that love spontaneously assumes; all other so-called wisdom

Digitized by Google

is as form without substance, which is a phantom, and powerless."

Now, I was much surprised to hear Carmagno thus glorifying marriage; for he had seemed to be the opponent, all this while, of the marriage of Tania and Holinder. So I said, "Can there be no wisdom of love, apart from marriage?"

"Unless he have marriage in his heart, the man cannot be wise," Carmagno replied. "Crooked minds and narrow hearts have made the paths of the world twist awry these many thousand years. And it may happen that he never touches her hand in this life, or looks into her eyes; but unless he has faith in his bride, and keeps her place pure and open, he will lose her and wisdom too."

"But is it not all a lottery, whether they meet, or know each other when they do?"

"Love's eyes are never blind—but it must be *love;* yet the ways that are to be one to eternity may not always meet in time. Earth has lost the form of heaven; but it will regain it—and the sooner for such as these!" He fixed his eyes smilingly on the lovers as he spoke.

"The heavenly world of happiness and use," said my neighbor, with a sigh.

Then Tom, with his simplicity, said the thing I wanted to say but flinched from. "You've changed your opinion, haven't you?" he asked, opening a peach. "At least, my notion was that you were rather against these young folks coming together."

"Have I not come out of the wilderness to confess to you, and to ask your forgiveness?" returned Carmagno, putting one hand on Tom's shoulder, and in a tone of humility that brought tears to my eyes. "Searching for truth, I turned my back on it, and journeyed far, gathering what I thought were treasures at every step; but when I thought to buy with them the one 'pearl of great price,' I found my hands held nothing but chaff and peb-

Digitized by Google

bles. Then I looked up, and perceived that the path of my error was an orbit that had swept me round to my starting-point again; and the Lord whom I had left stood before me as a little child. For though we flee to the uttermost ends of the earth, He is there!"

"You lived for others," said Tania.

"Who was I, that I should assume God's office?" returned he. "He alone is the Redeemer; but I separated myself from men that I might save them. And therefore I separated myself from Him. We are creatures, and our use is but as instruments of Him; without Him, though our work were as that of angels, it returns to us as dross. I saw you, in those days, Tania, and it was given me to perceive that through you should be done great mercies for mankind, and that I should be with you in them. But you were the touchstone by which God tried me; and I was found wanting. I sought my glory through your help: and I lost you, leading you also astray; but the sin done through you was my doing, and the punishment was mine. But still my heart was hardened in my own conceit; and when the time was ripe I sought you again. Oh, merciful Power, I thank thee that thou didst cast me down and let me know that thou art God!"

I can only record the words, and that but stumblingly. We seemed to see a seraph humbling himself before us. He passed his hand over his eyes.

"You have forgiven me—and you," he went on, addressing Tania and Holinder; "and He that is forgiveness itself reveals to me, for my comfort, that my office was to bring you together—no more than that, and no less. For by your marriage you become one being from whom shall issue measureless blessings to mankind: greater and wider than that which the Messiah I dreamed of could have wrought. The only Messiah is marriage; for it is the image and witness of the Lord."

I have pondered these words, and tried to read between

Digitized by Google

the lines; and sometimes I think I see what they would convey, and then I miss it again. Judith, left to her own maiden intuitions, would have saved her people, not by slaying Holofernes, but by identifying herself with them; so that, in loving her, Holofernes would have loved and spared them likewise. But, misled by Carmagno's ambitious argument, she slew her lover, and thus usurped the function of divine Providence; and all had to be begun over again. The rest is clear. Carmagno awoke from his vision of redeeming the world through Tania to find that he was to do so by being the link uniting her to Holinder. But these are only my conjectures concerning a matter that in the nature of things can never be demonstrated to anybody's satisfaction.

As we sat there, the light, which proceeded from a hemisphere of milky glass set in the ceiling of the room, became gradually dimmer, until we were almost in darkness. But it was a clear darkness; and through a window, as it seemed, at the end of the room, we saw the midnight sky, with the stars shining in it. But among them I at once noticed a large planet new to me, which glowed with a splendid luster, and appeared, in a manner I cannot convey, to draw near to us, though still retaining its relative position in the heavens. As I gazed at it, it filled the field of vision with its soft but overwhelming light—as if an unknown world, with all its seas and continents displayed, hovered almost within our reach. It hung there, a majestic ship of the skies; and there was an impression on my mind, having no relation to physical vision, that Carmagno stood there and waved his hand to us in farewell. But was he not seated yonder at the head of the table? The planet slowly receded, and at the same time the light from the globe in the ceiling of the room brightened out. The window through which we had looked was a panel of the wall; and Carmagno's chair was empty.

(*The End.*)

Digitized by Google

# EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

## THE PERSONAL GOD IDEA.

THE tenacity of an ingrained mental conception is often so powerful as to defy for centuries the assaults of the keenest logic and the most plausible and persuasive arguments. Thoughts are things so profoundly real that, when definitely formed and steadfastly adhered to, their persistence is paralleled only by their potency for weal or woe. When buttressed by antiquity and the enslaving power of superstition, nothing short of the hard crucible of individual experience can dislodge them from the human mind. In the history of mankind, the strength of a dominant idea, when formulated on the lines of truth and justice, has been the sustaining power of every forward step; on the other hand, the same element, when based on error or anything inimical to the moral or social welfare of humanity, has been the cause of every reaction in the progress of the race.

Ideas, like other entities, may undergo a change of form, but not of substance. Among the recognized needs of human beings, the want of something to "worship" was among the earliest. As the mind of primitive man could grasp only what was concrete, visible, and objective, the era of stone and wooden idols antedates every other *fact* in religious history—save, perhaps, the worship of the sun. With the dawn of a brighter intelligence, a conception arose that suggested man's latent capacity for abstract thinking. He evolved the idea of numerous gods—some good but most of them demonic, and all invisible—which eventually became merged

Digitized by Google

in the notion of one great Deity whose habitat, like his symbol the sun, was beyond the clouds.

It was in this age and mental atmosphere that the Hebrew Jehovah had his birth. Belief in this personal Deity is even to-day the cardinal requirement of Judaism and of all branches of Christian theology—from the Roman to the Unitarian. Contemporaneous with the world's most marvelous epoch of rational thought, of scientific achievement, of political liberty, and of spiritual enlightenment, the persistence of the idea that the Creator of the universe is a personalized Being dwelling in a localized heaven would seem to be morally and logically impossible. The conception appears to do violence to the facts of observation; it is not consistent with the omnipresence, infinity, and other qualities universally attributed to the great First Cause. Moreover, it suggests a being of opposite character—a personal devil; though the existence of His Satanic Majesty is happily approaching the mythical in most balanced minds. It is safe to assume that both personalities originated in two perverted human instincts—fear and selfishness; and their continuance is attributable to the fact that, even in matters of thought, we find the line of least resistance by running in a rut.

Another reason for the persistence of the belief in a personal God lies in the fact that *men do not really stop to think;* and this applies to some who are paid annual salaries to do so. Yet many have conscientiously thought in wrong directions. In the effort to reconcile God's sovereignty with man's free agency, wasted volumes have been written—for the tenets of tradition are gradually losing their hold on our mental processes.

While not doubting for a moment the sincerity of theologians and others who recognize the "hand of God" in earthly events that have their indorsement and sympathy, and the "work of the devil" in occurrences and movements that run counter to their views, yet

Digitized by Google

we feel constrained to point out the unjust responsibility with which the Almighty is thus being charged. If God is in the habit of interfering in the affairs of men, why does he not do so at all times? And if he should, how can *man* justly be held responsible for the outcome of any condition whatever? If we are not the arbiters of our own destiny, what becomes of our boasted individuality? If God is to be thanked for sending us blessings and benefits, shall he be held accountable for failing to prevent our sufferings and sorrows?

Early last July, the President of the United States issued a thanksgiving proclamation requesting the people to "bow before the throne of divine grace and give devout praise to God, who led our brave soldiers and seamen to victory" at Manila and Santiago. Ignoring the incongruity presented by the President of a *Republic* in asking his fellow-citizens to "bow before a *throne*" anywhere in the universe, we should like to ask why several hundred of our troops were killed—if our aggressions had divine authority. If our army and navy were the agents of *Deity* in freeing the Cubans, why were not the latter released years ago from the yoke of the oppressor? Other pages of the same newspapers that contained Mr. McKinley's pious address to the American people were filled with the details of the sinking of an ocean steamer off Halifax. In this disaster nearly six hundred people were drowned; yet, while half a dozen clergymen went down praying for rescue and granting absolution, most of the murderous crew were permitted to save their own lives by refusing succor to helpless women and children. Of course a personal—therefore limited—God could scarcely be expected to be in two places at once!

When will men cease to lean upon an external divinity? Observation, logic, history, and experience unite in proving that the human race—individually and collectively—must accomplish its own salvation *unaided from without*. In our navigation of the

Digitized by Google

waters of life we are equipped with a rudder and compass in the shape of intellect—a quality of the mind, which is an outgrowth of the soul: this immortal entity being an organized differentiation of the infinite, eternal, spiritual substance of Divinity. God is Being—not *a* Being. For man's crimes, his errors of judgment, his hypocrisy and egotism and selfishness, man alone is responsible; for his triumphs and successes when in the right, his good deeds, and his efforts to enlighten the ignorance of his fellows, he is to be congratulated upon his achievement in developing and giving expression to the divinity that lies *within* him—not in securing the special favor of a God that resides without.

## ONE YEAR OLD.

WITH this issue, MIND completes its first year and its second volume. As the majority of subscriptions expire with the current number, we trust our friends will favor us with *prompt* renewals. This is especially important in view of the business stagnation that resulted from the "war scare"—a kind of agitation that is ever inimical to the propagation of doctrines that have a spiritual basis. The severity of the recent financial stress has compelled several metaphysical journals temporarily to suspend publication; but the success we have had under most adverse conditions and the many words of commendation we have received from interested strangers encourage the publishers of MIND to continue undaunted in the good work of spreading the light of the New Thought. Subscriptions have been received from sources that indicate a thorough appreciation of this new magazine in quarters not hitherto identified with the movement; and it shall be our constant endeavor to merit a continuance of such support. The Premium List announced in our advertising department is offered to old and new subscribers alike, and to it the attention of all our readers is respectfully invited.

Digitized by Google

## THE PSYCHIC REALM.

The influence of the mind over the conditions of the body is a subject which at present is attracting widespread attention. Among thinking people, and especially psychologists, this interest is taking the form of closer observation of psychic phenomena, and of experiment where experiment is possible; and on the part of the public generally, learned and unlearned, refined and vulgar, it shows itself in widespread curiosity regarding occult influences and a disposition to make trial of different forms of faith cure, mind cure, Christian science, and mental healing. Whether this ferment in the public mind is healthful or harmful—a toxin or an anti-toxin—is a question concerning which there is a great diversity of opinion, but the fact itself is conspicuous. However fanciful may be the forms which this special interest in psychic phenomena and psychic power may take, it is still a form of mental, or, rather, psychic development. It is better to think concerning matters appertaining to the mind and its powers, even though loosely and fancifully, than not to think of them at all; for the contemplation of psychic subjects is in itself elevating and healthful. It only needs intelligent direction; while not to think of them at all is simply brutish. It has been objected to this interest that it points backward toward supernaturalism, superstition, and diabolism; but surely this is wide of the truth, since the most intelligent modern thought upon the subject considers it merely the recognition of a fact—a power in Nature that was formerly unrecognized or else was reckoned as above and beyond Nature. It is the finding of powers and faculties in man himself that were formerly supposed to belong to gods alone. The influence of these studies, therefore, is not degrading, but elevating; it is putting man in touch and harmony with the divine eternal energy that is in Nature.—*Dr. R. Osgood Mason in the New York Times.*

A PERSON that peremptorily denies the existence of anything beyond the horizon of his understanding, because he cannot make it harmonize with his accepted opinions, is as credulous as he that believes everything without any discrimination.—*Franz Hartmann, M.D.*

Digitized by Google

## MENTAL THERAPEUTICS.

In their struggles with disease and death, doctors have always had a hard time of it. Their victories have been frequent enough to keep their consciences fairly clear, so that the poor living which the world has given them has seemed to them well earned. But so many times their cures have been merely temporary, and so often they could not cure at all but only palliate, and besides this, the fact that the great volume of sickness is practically undiminished, and that nearly all the deaths in the world, even from a doctor's standpoint, are premature, in spite of the long-drawn battle which has lasted through all time, keeps them constantly on the alert for still more effective weapons of warfare. Doctors are hard, conscientious students, and are constantly endeavoring to improve their methods, and are always willing to indorse and make use of any measure of true merit that will render valuable service in either curing or preventing disease, and just as soon as they are persuaded that suggestive therapeutics has an available and reliable healing power they will be only too glad to give it their hearty support and encouragement, and make use of it for all it is worth.

The advocates of mental healing should be patient for recognition. A too ready acceptance of every measure which presumes to healing power is by no means desirable, and true conservatism on the part of the guardians of the public health is the only safe policy for the people, because otherwise quackery and humbuggery would be rampant and lead to endless confusion and disappointment, while on the other hand any measure of true merit can well afford to wait patiently and undergo a sufficiently long and severe test at the hands of competent judges before receiving whatever recognition its real value entitles it to. So many cure-alls have been tried and found wanting, so many theories have been so auspiciously inaugurated and have so ignominiously failed to fulfil their promises of relief, that every new cry of lo, here! and lo, there! is naturally looked upon with suspicion, and only upon the presentation of proper credentials does any measure become entitled to even a trial of its merits.

The credentials of mental healing, however, are all right. Its

Digitized by Google

processes are rational, its frequent cures have demonstrated beyond the possibility of a doubt its practicality and efficiency. . . . While it has already passed into quite universal recognition as a power, there remains yet to be defined its legitimate sphere of application and its limitations. . . . For the purposes of the present consideration we wish simply to recognize the fact that the power of mind to dominate matter for both weal and woe has now been so well established as to deserve universal recognition at the hands of the medical profession, and to outline as well as we are able what seems to us, for the present at least, its legitimate field of application.

All phenomena which we call facts, because we can prove their existence by sense perception, are beyond all question simply the products of forces. The forces themselves we can neither hear, see, smell, taste, nor touch. The harmonious operation of forces which we call health is by no means a naked reality, but appeals to our consciousness only through the symmetrical forms which it takes on. The discordant operation of indwelling forces which alone constitutes disease is equally hidden from sense perception, which is able to recognize merely its ill-shapen results. Both health and disease are therefore as incapable of diagnosis by physical means as are gravity, electricity, and every other power.

Those who have heretofore fancied that they could detect the presence or absence of either health or disease in its incipiency must correct their impressions. Only by their fruits are they subject to our ordinary means of diagnosis. We know that whatever man has invented or constructed in the physical world has been accomplished by the combined action of his thoughts and feelings. What he wanted has invariably been his motive power, and what he thought has under all circumstances furnished it shape. The heads and hearts have thus fathered and mothered every creation of man. Such is likewise the universal plan of all creation. God's love, clothed with his wisdom, has brought everything that is into existence. All the products of God's creation are pronounced by the Creator himself, not merely in his written word but in the very fact that he created them, to be good. Both his love and his wisdom must therefore be infinitely good and infinitely true, as their combined operation is infinitely perfect.

If the loves and the thoughts of man are equally responsible for

Digitized by Google

all that he is and becomes and accomplishes, and if the results are unsatisfactory, the real fault must lie with what he feels or what he thinks. If he were equally pure-hearted and clear-headed with the God who made him and sustains him, all his works would be correspondingly perfect. His health would be perpetual and disease would be unknown. In searching for the causes of disease, therefore, in their incipiency, we must inquire into his affections and interrogate his mental operations. In both God and man, love is life, and truth is its form. In God we can only presume that his love, which is infinite, is pure and unselfish, and bestowed in all its fulness upon his entire creation. He must love it for its own sake, and his sole source of satisfaction must be in giving. His infinite wisdom must be co-equal with his love and unerring in its operation. With him there can be no sin, sickness, or death. In man, love may be of two kinds—a love of God and man's neighbor, or a love of self. His thoughts can be true and logical, or false and inconsistent. Love of God and the neighbor, united with true thinking, never made anybody sick. Such result would be perfectly incongruous with such a cause. All sickness, therefore, must result from some form of selfishness married to some type of falsity. The radical cure of disease, therefore, involves his being shorn of selfishness and established in the habits of correct thinking. And is this not the true scope of mental healing?

In a good many cases, when the causes of disease have been removed, the disastrous effects, which may have gone no further than mere functional derangements, will speedily disappear. And in such cases mental therapeutics should furnish ample remedial measures. . . . The present scope of mental healing, it seems to us, therefore, is the eradication from the human heart of selfishness and of falsity, and its present limitations we would define to be the boundary lines, which we are willing to confess are more or less indefinite, between functional derangements and organic pathology. Mental and physical healers have not the slightest occasion, therefore, to be jealous of one another, but on the contrary should join their forces in a combined attack upon sickness and death, each having a task sufficiently arduous to satisfy all laudable ambitions for work and usefulness in the interesting pursuit of the health and happiness and longevity of the human race.

Digitized by Google

If mental therapeutics can purify the wicked hearts and straighten out the tangled brains of men; if it can purge humanity of its selfishness and inaugurate correct thinking, no honorable-minded practitioner of medicine would interfere with its labors, but on the contrary bid it a hearty God-speed and aid it in its work in every possible manner. . . .

Those who give their exclusive attention to the study of mental healing will have ample opportunity for the exercise of all their powers in the eradication of selfishness and ignorance from mankind, and in doing so they will undoubtedly make many cures and relieve much suffering. For that task they are well fitted, and in that labor they will not be handicapped or interfered with by any doctor who has the good of humanity at heart, who will only be too ready to join their ranks and help them.

There is no condition of health or disease in which the element of fear does not do serious mischief. Let suggestions be aimed at it until every vestige of it is destroyed. There is no condition of health or disease in which jealousy is not harmful. Let it be suggested out of existence by all means as speedily as possible. There is no condition of health or disease to which greed is not so extremely detrimental that it deserves the earnest consideration of all mental healers. It is a common as well as grievous fault. There is no condition of health or disease in which sensuality, in all its types, is not only disgraceful but also disastrous. Suggestive therapeutics is especially fitted to cope with it, and a warfare of extermination should be at once inaugurated. There is no condition of health or disease in which hatred is not a dangerous attribute. Let it be marked by psychic specialists for complete extinction. There is no condition of health or disease that worry does not disturb and damage. Let wholesome thought currents be directed against it until it is annihilated. Let mental healers attack insincerity, distrust, infidelity, skepticism, and ignorance, and all errors of the heart and mistakes of the head, until every thrill of selfishness is extracted from the hearts, and every false thought or suggestion is swept from the brains of men. . . .
—*Dr. E. H. Pratt, in the Journal of Orificial Surgery.*

Digitized by Google

## REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

SOME PHILOSOPHY OF THE HERMETICS. 109 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Published by B. R. Baumgardt & Co., Los Angeles, Cal., and The Alliance Publishing Co., New York.

This remarkable work, of unknown authorship, will go far toward removing many of the perplexities of "mysticism," as that term is commonly understood. While possessing but ordinary literary merit, its profound suggestiveness is of value and importance especially to those whose higher faculties of perception and spiritual discernment are somewhat developed. It is enriched with hints whereby individual growth along true lines may be promoted. The work is of composite character—addressed to all orders of mentality. Its twenty-four chapters embrace a wide range of subjects—not the sacred canon of the ancient Egyptians with fragments of which Cyrillus, Lactanius, and Suidas have already familiarized us, but rather questions of human interest included in the original Hermetic philosophy, which, says E. A. Hitchcock, "is nothing but the truth of Nature clothed or set out under a veil." The "veil" in the present volume is easily penetrated by occult students, and the work should awaken a new interest in mystical matters.

HEALING: CAUSES AND EFFECTS. By W. P. Phelon, M. D. 99 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Hermetic Publishing Co., Chicago.

While ostensibly a work on the basic principles of metaphysical healing—which it presents in a most thorough and attractive form—this volume contains much valuable information on collateral subjects. The author represents a class of professional men that is already numerous—a medical doctor who, having proved by experience the inefficacy of drugs in all genuine healing, has studied the higher methods of the mental practitioner only to become a convert and advocate of the metaphysical system. Dr. Phelon's researches in the psychic realm have been extensive and valuable, and the results of his investigations are seen in his clear presentation of the esoteric side of mind cure and the rationale of various forms of occult phenomena. This latter feature of the book will doubtless commend the subject of spiritual healing to minds that have hitherto held aloof from an examination of its claims.

Digitized by Google

YOUR PRACTICAL FORCES. By Ernest Loomis. 124 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Ernest Loomis & Company, publishers, Chicago.

"How to use them" is the pregnant sub-title of this work, which consists of seven essays on the proper application of one's vital energies "in all business and art." Readers of the *Occult Science Library*, in which they originally appeared, will be grateful for their republication in this permanent and durable form. The articles embody a number of simple, practical rules whereby the latent psychic forces of man may be most effectually employed in the betterment of his condition, in the attainment of health and happiness, and in the thorough application of all useful knowledge. The author's fundamental postulate is that *vibration* is the *modus operandi* of all growth, the secret of existence, and the basis of all life-manifestation. In clearly teaching how to control, conserve, and regulate the vibratory forces of man's material, mental, and spiritual constitution, he has rendered an undoubted service to the race and contributed much to its psychic literature.

HUMANITY AND THE MAN. By William Sharpe, M. D. 88 pp. Cloth, 50c.; paper, 25c. Hy. A. Copley, publisher, Canning Town, London, E., England.

"The Training of the Adamite" (sub-title) is a poem of life and evolution. The present is a new edition, revised and rewritten, to which is appended a mystical poem of human evolution, entitled "The Dual Image; or, The Renewal of the Temple," which comprises the two concluding portions of the author's prior work, called "The Fall of Lucifer." Dr. Sharpe's frontispiece portrait indicates that he is what a perusal of his literary gem proves him to be—a man of learning, of wide observation, of profound knowledge, and of deep scientific research and close study of Nature. Availing himself but rarely of poetic license, his stanzas are replete with information of the most practical kind. The parallel existing between the evolution of matter and the involution of spirit is lucidly drawn; while the history of the race throughout its transition from the physical to the intellectual stage, and thence to the intuitional, is rationally portrayed.

Digitized by Google

# INDEX.

## *CONTRIBUTED ESSAYS, POEMS, ETC.*


| | | PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| ABUSE OF BOOKS, THE, | *Julia Hirshorn,* | 108 |
| AMORIS—(Poem), | *William J. Roe,* | 242 |
| ARE WE REALLY FREE? | *Stanton Kirkham Davis,* | 104 |
| BODY, SOUL, AND SPIRIT, | *Henry Seward Hubbard,* | 341 |
| CENTERS OF ASTROLOGY, THE, | *Alan Leo,* | 270 |
| DAUGHTER OF LOVE, A—(Serial), | *Julian Hawthorne,* | 46, 113, 178, 243, 305, 367 |
| EAST AND WEST, | *L. C. Graham,* | 169 |
| EIRENICON—(Poem), | *Laura Sterrette McAdoo,* | 274 |
| EMERSON'S INFLUENCE ON MODERN THOUGHT, | *Julia Hirshorn,* | 301 |
| EVENING PRAYER—(Poem), | *Elizabeth J. Warren,* | 163 |
| EVENING WITH THE STARS, AN, | *Isabella Ingalese,* | 12 |
| EVOLUTION OF POWER, THE, | *Charles Brodie Patterson,* | 7 |
| FAILURE OF AGNOSTICISM, THE, | *James Armstrong,* | 22 |
| FIAT MORALS, | *Hudor Genone,* | 90, 152, 221, 285, 347 |
| FORM AND SYMBOL, | *Charles Brodie Patterson,* | 211 |
| GATEWAY OF PEACE, THE, | *Jeanne G. Pennington,* | 234 |
| HELPS TO RIGHT LIVING, | *Katharine H. Newcomb,* | 125 |
| HOW TO THINK, | *Jean Porter Rudd,* | 336 |
| IS DISEASE HEREDITARY? | *Eliza Calvert Hall,* | 296 |
| IS VITAL ENERGY COMMUNICABLE? | *Dr. C. W. Hidden,* | 257 |
| JEWEL IN THE LOTUS, THE, | *Stanton Kirkham Davis,* | 217 |
| LAMP OF LOVE, THE—(Poem), | *Clarke Barrows,* | 6 |
| LIFE AS A JOURNEY, | *Charles Brodie Patterson,* | 84 |
| LIMITATION—(Poem), | *Frances A. Morong,* | 33 |
| MAN AS A SPHERE, | *Dr. Manuel Rivero,* | 138 |
| MEDICAL LIBERTY, | *Alexander Wilder, M.D.,* | 193 |
| MENTAL CONTROL OF SLEEP, | *A. L. Mearkle,* | 164 |
| MENTAL SCIENCE VS. HYPNOTISM, | *Charles Brodie Patterson,* | 144 |
| MENTAL TELEGRAPHY, | *Dr. C. W. Hidden,* | 1 |
| MIND—THE MAKER, | *Elizabeth Lois Struble,* | 363 |
| NATURAL AND SPIRITUAL, | *C. Staniland Wake,* | 129 |
| NATURAL BENT, THE, | *Bolton Hall,* | 143 |
| NEW LIGHT ON INDIA, | *M. E. Carter,* | 72, 171 |
| PROBLEM OF EVIL, THE, | *Frank H. Sprague,* | 275 |
| PSYCHICAL RESEARCH, | *Charles Brodie Patterson,* | 328 |
| REINCARNATION—(Poem), | *Agnes Leonard Hill,* | 111 |
| RISE AND PROGRESS OF A SOUL, | *Bolton Hall,* | 327 |
| SUGGESTIVE VISION, A, | *Julia A. Casterline,* | 40 |
| SUPREME REALITY OF THE GOOD, | *E. M. Chesley,* | 205 |


Digitized by Google

| | | PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| THOUGHT PHOTOGRAPHY, | *L. C. Graham,* | 123 |
| THOUGHTS ON SPIRITUAL HEALING, | *Charles Brodie Patterson,* | 264 |
| TRUE BASIS OF MORALITY, THE, | *Swami Abhedananda,* | 65 |
| TRUE DESIRE, | *Harriet B. Bradbury,* | 97 |
| TRUE THEOSOPHY, | *W. J. Colville,* | 228 |
| UTILITY OF FAITH, THE, | *Anna Payson Creelman,* | 43 |
| UTILITY OF PALMISTRY, THE, | *William Leslie French,* | 198 |
| VALUE RECEIVED, | *Flora P. Howard,* | 34 |
| WAYSIDE SUGGESTION, A, | *Jeanne G. Pennington,* | 79 |
| WHAT IS MENTAL SCIENCE? | *Irene Allan Townsend,* | 355 |
| WHAT OF THE FUTURE LIFE? | *C. G. Oyston,* | 321 |
| WHEN DAY IS DONE—(Poem), | *Frances A. Morong,* | 366 |
| WOMAN IN SERIOUS POLITICS, | *John Powers,* | 292 |


## *EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.*


| | PAGE | | PAGE |
|---|---|---|---|
| HYPNOTIC ABUSES, | 188 | PERSONAL GOD IDEA, THE, | 374 |
| IDEA OF LIBERTY, THE, | 251 | REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS, 63, 127, 191, 255, 319, 383 | |
| IS PATRIOTISM A DELUSION? | 185 | | |
| NATIONAL EXPANSION, | 315 | TEN COMMANDMENTS, THE, | 122 |
| ONE YEAR OLD, | 377 | VOLUME TWO, | 54 |
| ORIENT OR OCCIDENT? | 120 | | |


## *SELECTED MISCELLANY.*


| | PAGE | | PAGE |
|---|---|---|---|
| AS TO MENTAL HEALING, | 254 | MENTAL HEALING, | 58 |
| EVOLUTION NECESSITATES REINCARNATION, | 318 | MENTAL THERAPEUTICS, | 379 |
| IMAGINATION, | 60 | NARCOTIC ABUSES, | 61 |
| | | PSYCHIC REALM, THE, | 378 |


Digitized by Google

# The Library of Health.

EDITED BY

**Charles Brodie Patterson.**

---

$1.00 A YEAR, . . . . . 10 CENTS A COPY.

A serial publication devoted to advanced thought, giving special attention to questions bearing upon individual happiness, harmony, and health.

An able exponent of the metaphysical principles of being. It should be read by every investigator of liberal ideas.

---

## VOLUME ONE NOW READY.

Handsomely bound in cloth and gold.

**PRICE: $1.00, POST-PAID.**

☞ Back numbers accepted in exchange, if in good condition, on payment of **30 cents** for binding.

---

CONTENTS.

VOL. I.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| No. 1 | May, | 1897 | —The Spiritual Science of Life. |
| " 2 | June, | " | —Self-Control. |
| " 3. | July, | " | —Power of the Will. |
| " 4 | August, | " | —Faith and Works. |
| " 5 | September, | " | —Mental Causes of Physical Disease. |
| " 6. | October, | " | —The Giving of Mental Treatment. |
| " 7. | November, | " | —Relationship. |
| " 8. | December, | " | —Mind and Body (*Part I.*) |
| " 9. | January, | 1898 | —Mind and Body (*Part II.*) |
| " 10. | February, | " | —The Forgiveness of Sin. |
| " 11. | March, | " | —Good and Evil. |
| " 12. | April, | " | —The Teachings of the Bible. |

☞ Any of the above numbers sent, singly, to any address, post-paid, on receipt of **10 cents** in stamps.

---

ISSUED BY

## The Alliance Publishing Company,

"Life" Bldg., New York, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

## METAPHYSICAL HEADQUARTERS.

# The Alliance Publishing Company

*PUBLISHERS, BOOKSELLERS, and STATIONERS.*

A Complete Line of .....

**OCCULT, PHILOSOPHIC, and SCIENTIFIC LITERATURE**

..... Always on Hand.

Books relating to

**PROGRESSIVE THOUGHT and PSYCHIC PHENOMENA,**

**METAPHYSICAL HEALING and MENTAL PHILOSOPHY,**

**ASTROLOGY and PALMISTRY.**

☞ Also, any book on any other subject, no matter by whom issued, obtained at publisher's price.

---

Situated in a central and most readily accessible location, the convenient arrangement of our stock and the many facilities offered for the inspection of books recommend our establishment to every lover of choice literature.

☞ Complete catalogue sent free to any address.

---

### PERIODICAL DEPARTMENT.

On our tables will be found the latest numbers of the leading New Thought magazines issued throughout the world. Subscriptions are accepted for any magazine or journal at publisher's rates. And when taken in conjunction with MIND or THE LIBRARY OF HEALTH, a discount of 25 per cent. off the regular prices of these two periodicals is allowed.

---

We also invite attention to our select

### STATIONERY DEPARTMENT.

This Department is complete in every respect. The latest and most exclusive styles of Letter Papers, etc., always on hand. Engraving, stamping, and illuminating at lowest rates. Special designs in monograms, crests, or occult symbols made to order. Hand-painted dinner-cards supplied on short notice. Estimates on wedding invitations, reception cards, etc., will be cheerfully furnished. Complete charge taken of Visiting Lists. Samples sent free on application. All orders promptly filled and the best of work guaranteed.

---

ADDRESS ALL ORDERS TO

## THE ALLIANCE PUBLISHING COMPANY,

"Life" Bldg., 19 and 21 W. 31st Street, New York.

N. B.—Any of our publications may be obtained at regular rates from George Osbond, Agent, Scientor House, Norman Ave., Stoke, Devonport, England.


Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google